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ORPHEUS. FROM THE OIL PAINTING BY J. M. SWAN. R. A.

THE STUDIO

IMPRESSIONS OF PALESTINE.

BY M. K. HUGHES, A.R.E.

WHAT is one seeing mentally these days in Palestine? Instead of pictures of Crusaders in shining armour, or of Saladin with his picturesque hosts, we see khaki-clad soldiers accompanied by tanks and aeroplanes! Certainly there is no country in the world so full of contrasts and inconsistencies in things big and little as Palestine. Here are a few that came under the notice of the writer when making a tour of the country. Think of its size in comparison with the important part it has played in the history of the world! Its square mileage does not exceed

that of Belgium, and yet it has had more to do with the destinies of the Western world than has any other portion of the globe. In its short length the most violent extremes of climate are experienced, from the eternal snow of Lebanon to the sub-tropical heat of the lower Jordan Valley. There is also to be noticed the contrast of landscape—desert and fertile land. Its inhabitants, who still dress as our father Abraham did, hop in and out of the Damascus electric trams as if they had done so since the world began. The sheep are white—the goats are black—a contrast not always thought of in connexion with the sorting out of good and bad people! Europeans think these Orientals—to put it mildly—rather unwashed, but they think us very dirty because we are content to



"THE DAMASCUS GATE (ALSO CALLED THE 'SHEEP GATE'), JERUSALEM." WATER-COLOUR BY M. K. HUGHES, A.R.E.
LXIV. No. 253.—MARCH 1918

Impressions of Palestine



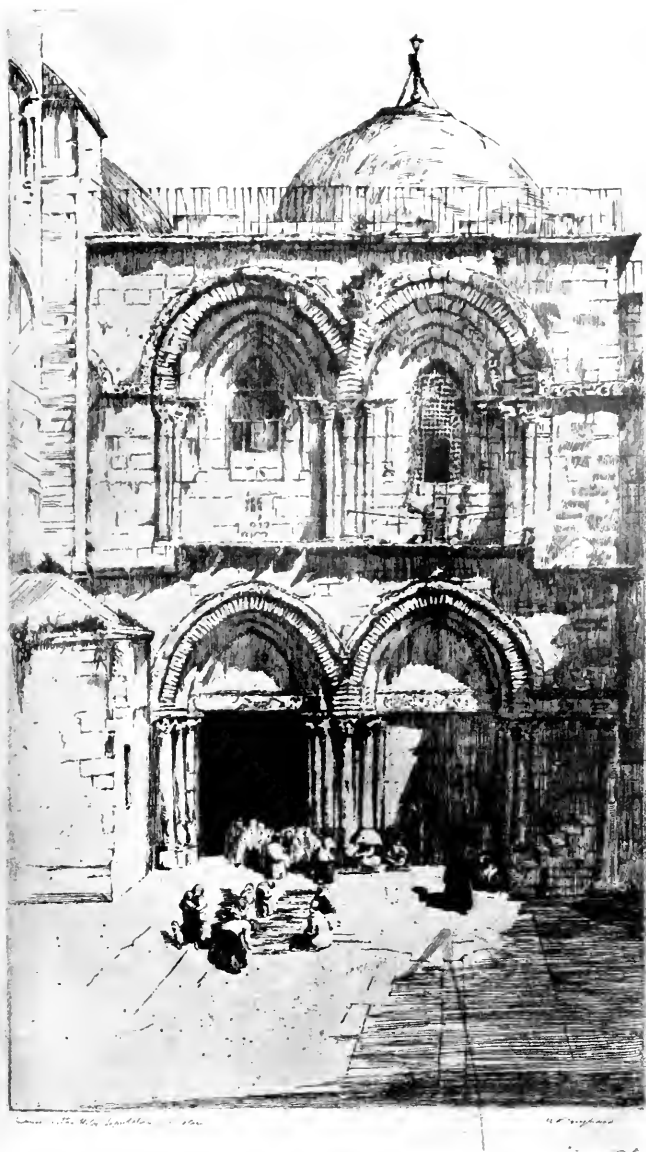
"BETHANY"

WATER-COLOUR BY M. K. HUGHES, A.R.E.

wash our hands in water standing in a basin, whereas their custom is to have a continual flow of clean water running over their hands as they wash them. They are cruel to animals—I think through ignorance rather than of deliberate intention—but very kind to children, and hold up their hands in horror at the idea of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children being needed in England.

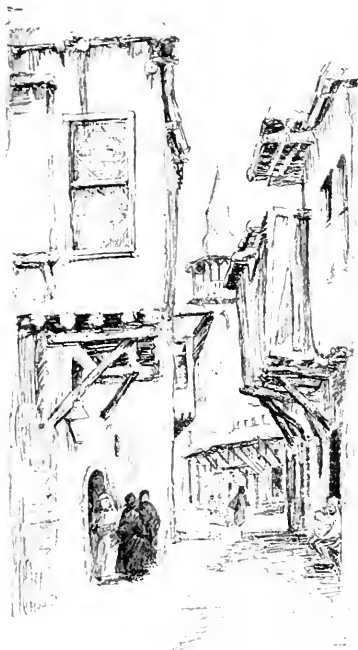
London is spoken of as the most cosmopolitan city of the world, but surely Jerusalem—especially at Easter-time—is far more so. In one street alone I found myself jostled against people from all parts. There were pilgrims and tourists from every country in Europe, and one's interest centred in the crowds of Russian peasants—the fur-capped men, the women with gaily coloured kerchiefs round their heads, all in thick winter dresses. Americans of all sorts are in the throng, and I noticed the women almost unvaryingly wore long becoming veils hanging at the back of their hats. Hindus, Persians, Circassians, Arabs, Bedouins, negroes,

gipsies—all may be recognized by features and dress. Roughly speaking, I should say that the Arab's colour is blue, that of the Turk red. Turkish soldiers in shabby uniforms are conspicuous by their round grey astrakhan caps, while the Government officials in ill-fitting European clothes wear the badge of Turkish rule—the crimson fez. The fellaheen from all parts of the country may be traced to their various towns and villages by a distinctive colour or style of costume. The Jews with their ringlets (like those of Early Victorian dames!) are noticeable in their velvet and fur hats, and dressing-gown-looking robes of the gayest silks, chiefly of yellow. Then there are Christian ecclesiastics of all denominations, the distinctive mark of whose attire is its sombreness. What struck me about the Greek priests was that they never shave or cut their hair, and for the most part seemed to succeed but poorly in the art of hairdressing. Their knobs of hair, showing beneath their black jam-pot hats, exhibit a lack of well-placed hairpins!



"CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, JERU-
SALEM." ETCHING BY M. K. HUGHES, A.R.E.

Impressions of Palestine



"A STREET IN DAMASCUS." LEAD PENCIL
DRAWING BY M. K. HUGHES, A.R.E.

Jerusalem being built on hills, many of the steep, narrow streets are a series of wide steps, as at Clovelly, and camels and donkeys travel up and down with heavy loads. Permission to sketch in the Temple area could only be obtained through our Foreign Office, and this caused great delay. Owing to the curiosity of the people, it is not pleasant sketching in the streets, though no objection is made to your doing so. I usually hired a boy to keep the children from crowding too closely round me. I was told that a few years ago an artist had a trying time because he drew a woman in his street sketch. She turned on him and soon his picture was utterly destroyed. The uneducated Mohammedans used to believe that somehow a part of themselves entered into the picture and could be harmed were the picture to be at any time in undesirable surroundings. Nowadays it is often the younger

Mohammedans who are the most fanatical. For example, when a friend of mine was sketching Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives, a youth came and looked at his work and then excitedly called to a shepherd not far off, "Come here, this Christian dog is painting our Mosque—come and we'll beat him." Luckily for the artist the older man, when he came to see, soothed down the boy by saying no harm was being done and left the sketch to be completed.

My own experience at the same place was a different one. A boy came along and began making objections to the place I was sitting in—an unenclosed rough piece of ground which he said I had no right to be in—that he was in charge of it, and that it belonged to an order of priests who had buildings not very far off. I rather took the wind out of his sails by packing up my sketching things and interviewing one of the priests, who said the story was a fabrication, and I returned and finished my sketch, the boy in the meantime having disappeared.

What would one do without donkeys in the East? They are ridden by all, young and old, rich and poor. I found them very useful for sketching trips, and leaving Jerusalem one day by the Damascus or Sheep Gate—where the animals are still bought and sold—rode up the hilly way to Bethany. This little village lies on a spur of the Mount of Olives—a collection of little houses, dominated by a ruined tower, once called the "Castle of Lazarus."

The hills around Jerusalem, which should be green with olive-trees, are but grey stony slopes. The reason of this is not far to seek. The poor inhabitants are in every way overtaxed—nearly taxed out of existence in fact—and one of the many unfair taxes is that imposed on the olive-tree owners. This tax is not levied on the amount of olives the trees may produce, but on the amount a Turkish official has previously decreed they *should* produce! The result was that many people could not afford to be owners and had their trees cut down for the wood and dug the roots up for firewood. I heard that for two years the taxes were doubled to pay for the making of new roads, etc., for the German Emperor's visit.

But now deliverance has come through the khaki-clad soldier and Turkish misrule is being made a thing of the past, and the inhabitants will soon enjoy a "land flowing with milk and honey."



JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF CLIVES
WATER COLOUR BY M. K. HUGHES, A.R.E.

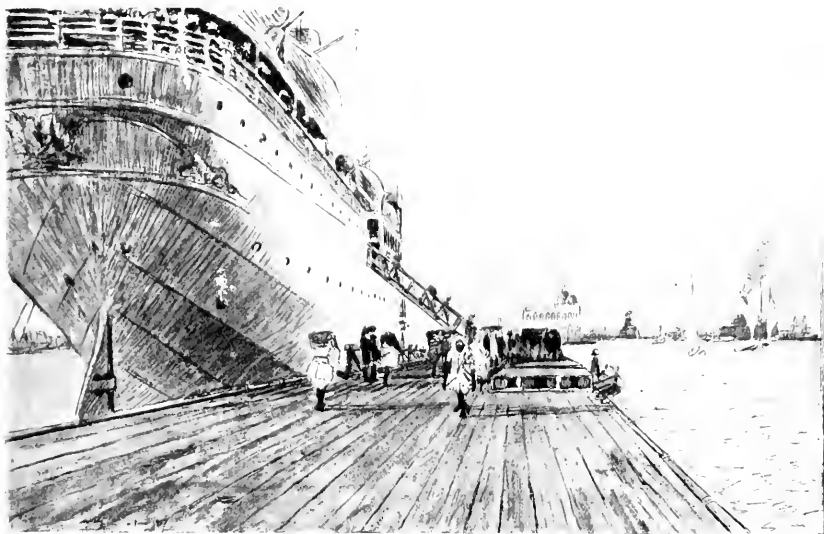


**DRAWINGS BY JAMES MCBEY,
OFFICIAL ARTIST IN PALESTINE.
BY MALCOLM C. SALAMAN.**

WHEN Second Lieutenant James McBey came to me, on his unexpected return from France, and told me that he had been offered the post of official artist in Egypt and Palestine—to do, in fact, for the British Army on that front what Muirhead Bone had done on the Western—I said, “It’s the chance of your life—of course you are going to accept?” “I have accepted—naturally,” he answered, his face lighted with gladness, perhaps with something more than gladness. It was the expression of a man who sees within his reach a great opportunity to use the very best of himself, and determines to grasp it with all his faculties. He had been recently, with special permission from Headquarters, spending his ten days’ leave sketching on the Somme front, the result of which has already been seen in a small group of distinguished etchings; but I surmised that whoever had wisely recommended his selection in the national interest for Egypt and Palestine must have had in mind not only his masterly

etching of the torpedoed *Sussex* lying pathetically in Boulogne harbour, but—and these pre-eminently—his remarkable Moorish set of etched plates. For in those, as in the innumerable sketches and colour-notes he had brought home from Morocco five years ago, Lieut. McBey had revealed an extraordinarily individual and sympathetic vision for the pictorial aspects of Oriental life and atmosphere. One felt confident, therefore, that, with the British Army in its multifarious activities and its numerous racial diversity, fighting its advance through Palestine over the historic battlefields of long ages towards the sacred places of universal reverence, an artist with such sensitive pictorial vision and vivid graphic faculty would certainly discover in a rich variety of incident and the appealing atmospheric mysteries of Eastern light the happy artistic motive.

That is just what Lieut. McBey has done. It is impossible to look through his first batch of 121 drawings, done in pen and ink and water-colour wash, without feeling convinced that he has fully justified his selection, and that the official pictorial record of our campaign in Sinai and Palestine, with its far-reaching results



“LOADING PROVISIONS”

FROM A DRAWING BY JAMES MCBEY, OFFICIAL ARTIST IN EGYPT AND PALESTINE

Drawings by James McBey, Official Artist in Palestine

stirring the world's imagination, will prove of permanent artistic, as well as historic, value. The variety of its interest so far is surprising. McBey went out to Egypt in May last, and his first lot of drawings carries us up to Gaza and Beersheba; but from the start he began to give graphic life to his alert visual impressions. On the troop-train we see the eager British soldiers gazing out at the poplar-lined fields of France. On the transport we get glimpses of the discipline, the watchfulness, the stern and strenuous activities, necessary to convey troops and stores in safety through the zones of submarine menace—the armed picket along the decks, watching and ready for instantaneous action; the attendant destroyers emitting the smoke-screen to avert the threatened danger; and in the fierce glow and shadows of the stokehold the unblazoned "heroes" of the furnaces at their vital work.

From the moment the transport reached Egypt the artist seems to have found himself happy with the sunny atmosphere and the colour and character of his surroundings. He shows this

at once in *Loading Provisions*, his farewell drawing of the good ship preparing for its return voyage, with the light native craft sailing on the blue sunlit waters close by. His keen eye for the pictorial subject, with that synthetic concentration on the artistic essentials proper to the born etcher, appears to have been in no way troubled by responsibility to his official function. On the contrary, while this would seem to have widened the range of his interests and stimulated his vision for the exceptional pictorial opportunities of a campaign abounding in scenic allure and imaginative suggestion, the artistic motive invariably dominates the illustrative matter.

That the desert has cast its indefinable spell upon McBey, as it has on many an artist and writer, he shows in his intuitive rendering of its strange lights and mysterious obscurations; but it is in the desert's relation to the military exigencies of the campaign that he finds many an impressive pictorial subject of human interest. *A Long Patrol in the Desert of Sinai* is a wonderfully spacious drawing that arrests the imagina-



"THE LONG PATROL: STRANGE SIGNALS." FROM A DRAWING BY JAMES MCBEY, OFFICIAL ARTIST IN EGYPT AND PALESTINE

(Illustration to W. T. Massey's "Desert Campaigns")



(One of the illustrations to W. T. Massey's
"Desert Campaigns")

"BACTERIA." BY JAMES McBEY,
OFFICIAL ARTIST IN EGYPT AND
PALESTINE

Drawings by James McBey, Official Artist in Palestine

tion. Dawn is beginning to steal over the desert as the camels, laden with rations and water, start upon their long slow journey, the two guides ahead leading eastward. The atmosphere is charged with mystery: the very legs of the camels suggest the tedium of this interminable treading of the sandy wastes for the soldiers' imperative needs. Two of our illustrations are chosen from the series depicting incidents of the Long Patrol. *Tracks Discovered*—reproduced here in the tints of the original—shows a group of guides on camels suddenly pulled up to examine, with keen and expert observation, some unexpected traces of footmarks in the sand. The dramatic interest of the picture is intense—with the thrill almost of Defoe's immortal invention—while the artistic presentation is of convincing vitality, the grouping of the camels, with their intent riders, conveying, in its happy spontaneity of design, the significance of the incident. This spontaneity of impression, with its inherent sense of life, which has always characterized Lieut. McBey's draughtsmanship, we find also in *Strange Signals*, one of the twenty-four drawings selected to illustrate "Desert Campaigns," by W. T. Massey, the official correspondent on this front. The curved necks of the camels—true

camels these, "gloomy-eyed and slow," as McBey rightly interprets them, rather than with Byron's "patient swiftness of the desert ship"—lend themselves, with their sun-swart, bush-trained Australian riders on their humps, artistically to rhythmic design, while the scene, with its immense sandy distance, is suffused with hot sunshine. What is it that these men are straining their keen eyes to detect upon the palpitating horizon? The tiny film, apparently of smoke, that they see may be Bedouins, it may be only mirage. This the artist himself suggests in one of the explanatory notes accompanying his drawings, notes with an apt literary touch. Here, for instance, is his happy description of *The Camp of Chabrias*, a characteristic landscape, charming in line and colour. "This, the last redoubt in the chain, was begun by Rome two thousand years ago, and finished by Australia yesterday. It was a mouth of the Nile once, and this fort and Pelusium still stand sentinels over its memory, as do Richborough and Reculver over the fickle Thames."

I wish it had been possible to include among our illustrations the superb panoramic view of the battlefield of Gaza, "the gate of Palestine," a very notable feat of spacious draughtsmanship, but no doubt it will be among the drawings



"CONVALESCENTS"

FROM A DRAWING BY JAMES MCBEY, OFFICIAL ARTIST IN EGYPT AND PALESTINE





"MONITORS BOMBARDING GAZA." FROM A DRAWING BY JAMES MCBEY, OFFICIAL ARTIST IN EGYPT AND PALESTINE

included in the new serial publication which is about to appear under the authority of the War Office. "I shan't forget soon my first view of Gaza," McBey wrote to me. "I topped a ridge unexpectedly, and before me, in almost a semi-circle, was the world's most historic battlefield, and Gaza, quiet and beautiful, at the other end. The landscape is so vast, and the air so clear, that troops resemble colonies of ants on sand-dunes, most difficult to sketch, as there is nothing large enough to cast a shadow, and to get close to the nearest of them may mean a day's journey. There are, of course, no prescribed roads. One wanders where one will, but if one takes a short cut one finds suddenly a deep ravine in the path." *Monitors bombarding Gaza*, drawn a few days after writing the above, is an interesting impression of an important addition to the historic records of this famous battlefield of the ages.

Some of the landscapes—*Katia Gannit*, *Beer-sheba*, *A Hillside in Sinai*, *Kantara*, *Tel-el-Jemmi*, *The Wadi Ghuzzi*—are of extraordinary interest, but among the most beautiful drawings are those invested with the pathetic appeal of the sick and wounded: *By the Ouse Again*—a boy from Bedford, doubtless, on a stretcher, with yearning eyes seeing visions of home;

In the Dressing-Station; *A Hospital Ward*; *Convalescents*, from the Mahemdia Hospital, watching the fishing in the Bay of Tina—a happy, sunny drawing—one of our illustrations. But perhaps the masterpiece of this first group of McBey's drawings is *Bacteria*—reproduced here in monochrome. The doctor—a London specialist—sits before his microscope in the laboratory of a field-hospital, and, as he holds up to the light with steady hand a test-tube, we see him actually seeing what science is revealing to him, while his assistant, standing by, follows his questioning gaze with the eager curiosity of the learner. The essential mentality of this tense moment of research is expressed with vital draughtsmanship and triumphant art.

It is impossible, within a limited space, to give any adequate idea of the variety of subject that has already engaged our artist's pen. In the office of the Inland Water Transport he shows us how the officers in charge, with a model of the Suez Canal before them indicating the exact position at the moment of every craft, can control the traffic of transport, dhow, dahabeeeah, lighter, and tug. In several drawings we see the significant activities of the desert railway with its wonders of transport, the focal



"THE CAMP OF CHABRIAS" FROM A DRAWING BY JAMES MCBEY, OFFICIAL ARTIST IN EGYPT AND PALESTINE

interest of one of these being a group of native labourers, in a mass of vivid colour, *Straightening the Line*, a practical incident of pictorial charm. Another such—*An Oven*—shows us the bread being baked at the Base for the men at the Front, and here the draughtsman has found his motive in the alert actions of the bakers; while in *The Cook* we are shown how empty oil-drums serve as ovens for meat rations. In the wilderness where Ishmael wandered lonely, where Joshua led his armies, where the Crusaders fought, we see the Bombay Lancers of to-day at their listening-post, keeping their night-watch, "tense and immovable, like stones sculptured in the desert," as the artist describes them, three of them watching while another sleeps—one of the most impressive drawings of the series. Of yet a different interest, topically significant, while pictorially engaging, is *Armenian Refugees making Fly-nets*—a woman of handsome type, in picturesque white jacket and head-dress, plying busy fingers, as are other women seen further within the hut. The quality of the drawings Lieut. McBey has sent home must, with their artistic truth of line, tone, and tint, whet our appetites for those yet to come now that Jerusalem is in British hands.

THE ETCHINGS OF FRED RICHARDS.

THE first impression one gets in studying Mr. Richards's etchings is, that here is the work of an architect who has turned with pleasure to the etching-needle. It is plain that if Mr. Richards is anything at all he is most certainly a good architectural draughtsman. But this fact does not interfere with the pictorial qualities that his etched work undoubtedly possesses. Certain it is that architectural subjects have chiefly attracted him wherever he has travelled in England, France, or Italy. And it is by his architectural subjects that his work is best known to the English public. Perhaps the fact that he studied architecture a little at the Royal College of Art under Professor Beresford Pite accounts for his fondness for drawing old towns in water-colour and also with the pen, the pencil, and the etching-needle, an instrument with which his chief successes have been made.

Whatever old town he has visited he has succeeded in showing its different aspects, though not always those best known. This, however, was the case with so great a master as Whistler, more especially in his Venetian etchings. ♣ And

The Etchings of Fred Richards

though Mr. Richards in his impressions of Venice has given the characteristic side of such places as the Rialto Bridge, the Church of Santa Maria della Salute, the Piazza San Marco, and the Bridge of Sighs, there is more of nature and less of art in them. But it is otherwise in a plate like *The Antique Shop, Venice*. Here he gives with skill and evident pleasure the spirit of a fascinating subject; the sparkle of bright sunshine on white walls, bric-à-brac, and rugs is contrasted with the transparent gloom of the doorway and the silhouetted forms of the two women. All these details combine to make up an etching that has a rich tonality. The two Florentine subjects here illustrated possess the same good qualities. In the first plate, *At Fiesole*, Mr. Richards does give with much truth the indescribable charm of an old Italian hill-side town. And what observant visitor to Florence who has suddenly come upon it for the first, or even the second, time can fail to be struck with the view from the Lungarno across the river to that cluster of tightly packed houses,

and to see how well the artist has expressed their melancholy charm in his plate, *Old Houses on the Arno*? *The Bridge, Siena*, is another example showing how Mr. Richards has captured the spirit of sombreness and melancholy of an historic Italian town. This plate, too, has the virtues of breadth and style.

With English towns as material he is not less happy, as the etching *Peascod Street, Windsor*, will show. The subject is good and simple, and the figures are well placed, helping the design as the artist usually contrives they shall when he introduces them. *The Quay, Bristol*, is a plate that displays Mr. Richards's best qualities, and one of his weaknesses, namely, the treatment of reflected objects in calm water.

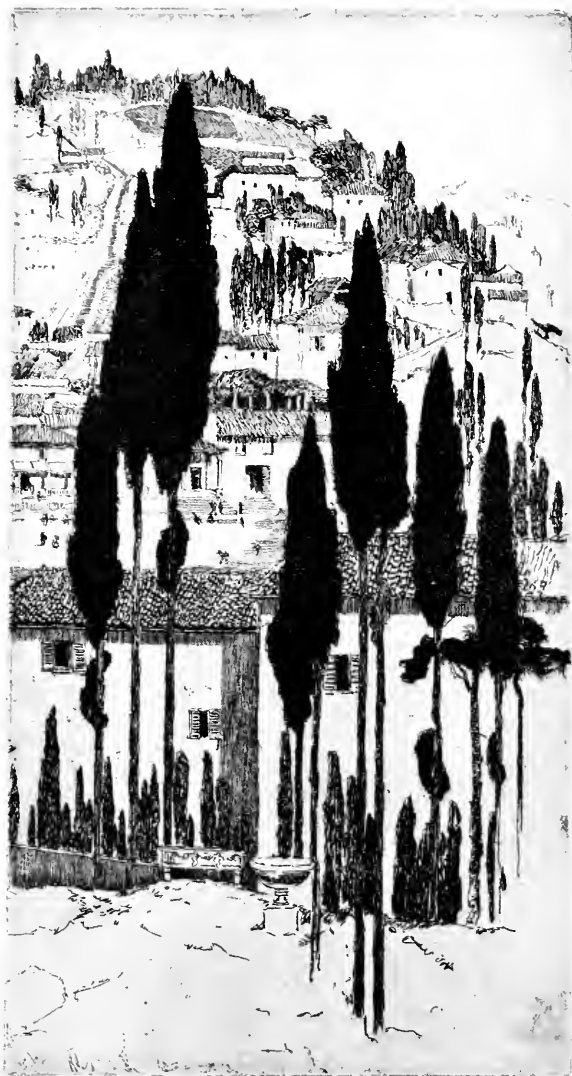
Mr. Richards was born thirty-nine years ago at Newport in Monmouthshire. He has studied and worked hard at art from an early age. He has experimented in many mediums. He has travelled much, and the results of this, judging by his etchings, are more than good.

FRANK GIBSON.



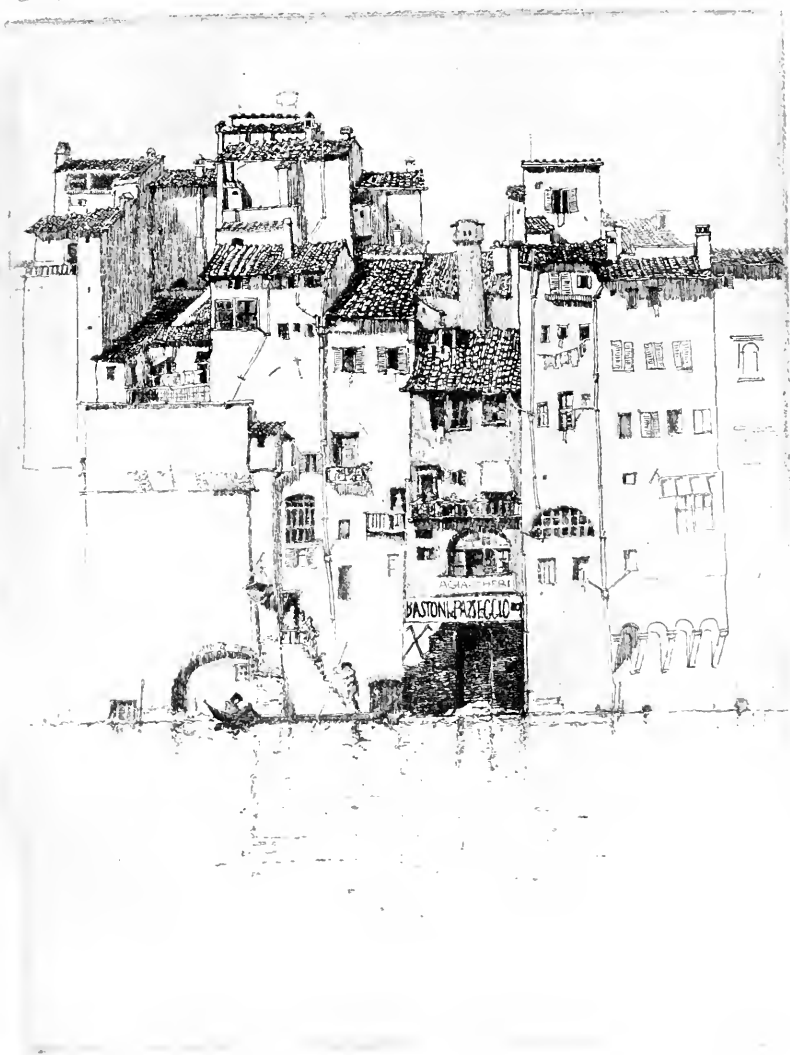
"THE ANTIQUE SHOP, VENICE"

BY FRED RICHARDS



AT FIESOLE 1912

"AT FIESOLE"
BY FRED RICHARDS



"OLD HOUSES ON THE ARNO,
FLORENCE." BY FRED RICHARDS

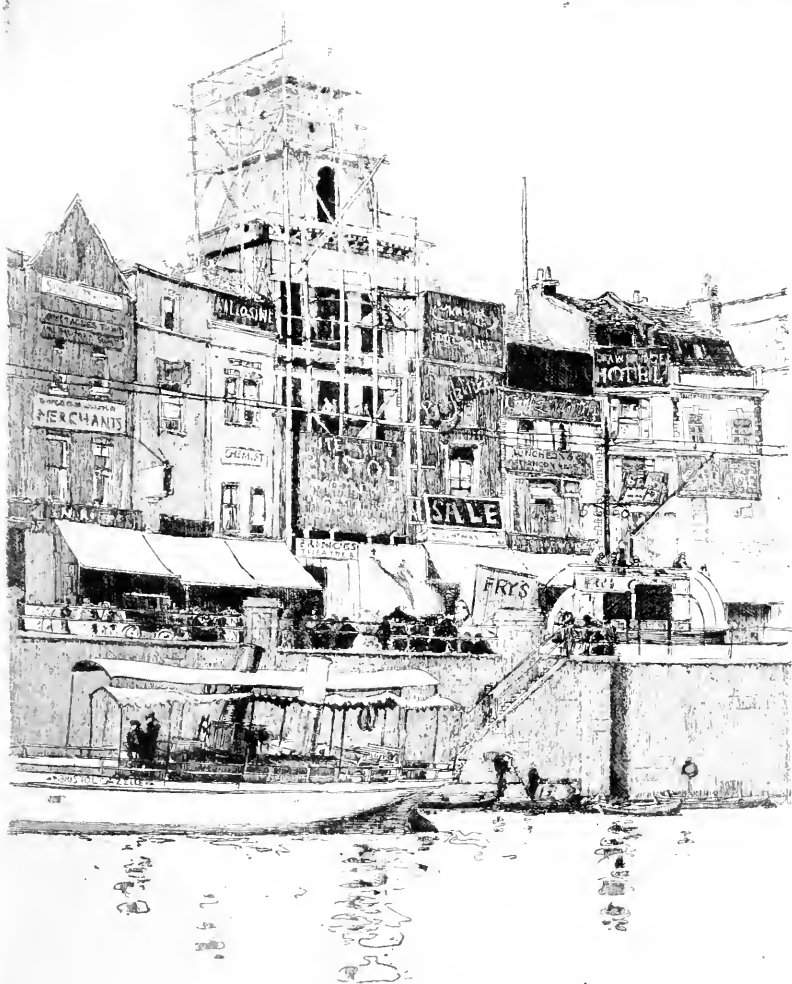


THE BRIDGE SIENA

"THE BRIDGE, SIENA"
BY FRED RICHARDS



"PEASCOD STREET, WINDSOR"
BY FRED RICHARDS



"THE QUAY, BRISTOL"
BY FRED RICHARDS

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—By the courtesy of the owner, Mr. W. Lawson Peacock, we reproduce as our frontispiece this month an important painting by the late J. M. Swan, R.A., the greatest exponent since Barye of the art of rendering animal life, either in painting or sculpture. But this canvas is more than a study of birds and beasts; it is an arresting composition in which are displayed the fine decorative feeling, the masterly draughtsmanship, the delightful colour-sense, and remarkable knowledge of anatomy which the artist possessed, and which he applied with such consummate skill and beautiful effect. The painting of the animals, especially those in the foreground, rolling and crouching in an ecstasy of delight at the feet of the youthful Orpheus, could hardly be surpassed. Here the artist reveals that power to depict the form and character of wild animals which has given a special distinction to his art. The slim and graceful figure of the musician, as he steps over the beasts and revels in the wonderful power with which the gods had endowed him, is skilfully posed and drawn, while the painting of the flesh is admirable. The colour-scheme is rich and harmonious. This striking canvas, which measures 72 by 50 inches, was exhibited at Burlington House in 1894 and again in 1909, and, before the present owner acquired it, was in the collection of the late Mr. George McCulloch.

Miss Jeanne Labrousse, whose panel *Madonna and Child* we here reproduce as one of our colour supplements, is an old student of the art school at the Regent Street Polytechnic Institute, where the kind of work of which this panel is an engaging example is practised with ardour and success. In the National Competitions many honours have fallen to the students who under Mr. Theaker have submitted work of this or a kindred character to the examiners, and on the occasion of

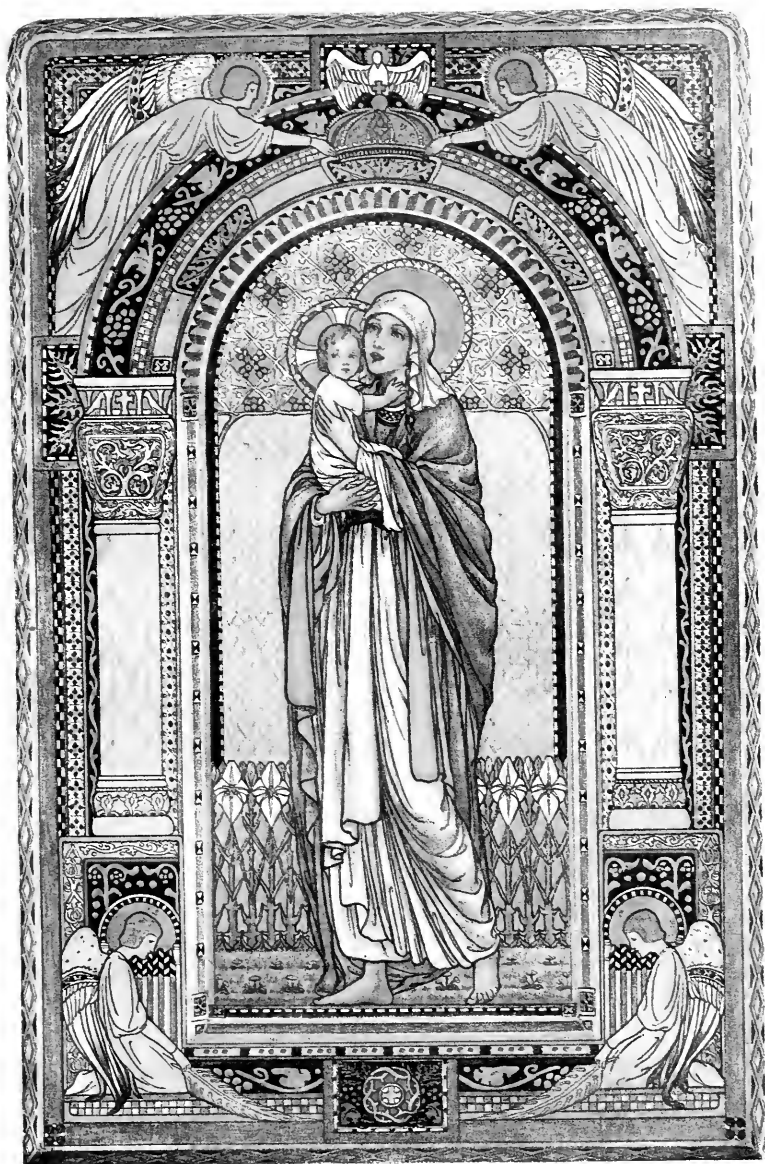
the last competition—in the fateful year 1914—Miss Labrousse's name was among the half-dozen or so at this school to whom silver medals were awarded. She has also shown a marked gift for black-and-white drawing, as will be inferred from the book illustration we reproduce.

We mentioned last month some of the artists to whom, following the precedent set by the special appointment of Mr. Muirhead Bone, facilities have been given to make drawings in the war zone. Those on the official list here include Mr. Bone, Mr. Francis Dodd, Mr. Eric Kennington, Sir John Lavery, Mr. James McBey, Mr. Paul Nash, Mr. William Orpen, A.R.A., Mr. W. Rothenstein, and Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson. Mr. Bone's drawings have been coming out serially for some time and now form two substantial volumes; Mr. Dodd's portraits of British generals and admirals have also made their appearance in reproduction; and these publications are now to be followed



PEN-AND-INK BOOK ILLUSTRATION

BY JEANNE A. LABROUSSE



"MADONNA AND CHILD" PARTLY INTD
AND PARTLY GILDED ON SE-40. DESIGNED AND
EXECUTED BY JEANNE A. LABROUSSE

by a new series entitled "British Artists at the Front," containing reproductions in colour of drawings by the other artists on the list. We have been permitted to reproduce in another part of this issue a few of Mr. McBey's drawings from the Sinai region, and also to include here some of those done on the Western Front by Mr. Nevinson which will form the first part of the new publication. Mr. Nevinson, as many of our readers probably know, went to the front shortly after the outbreak of war in 1914 as a motor mechanic and ambulance driver, and while serving in that capacity recorded his impressions in a series of pictures which attracted much attention at the Leicester Galleries and have since been reproduced in book form. Early in 1916 he was invalided home and received his discharge from the Army. He returned to France last year as an official artist, and the work that is about to be published, including the examples we now illustrate, is, of course, that which was done by him in that capacity. Whatever opinion may be entertained regarding his "geometrical" method—not markedly in evidence in the

drawings we reproduce and many others—there can be no doubt that he does succeed in conveying a convincing impression of the scene before him; and where life and movement enter into the scene, the geometric touch unquestionably helps to that end.

It is with great regret that we record the death of Professor Edward Lanteri, who died a few days before Christmas, at the age of seventy, after holding for thirty-seven years the Professorship of Sculpture at the Royal College of Art, South Kensington. Born at Auxerre in Burgundy, he took part in the Franco-German War, and afterwards came to this country at the suggestion of Dalou, on whose recommendation he became assistant to Sir Edgar Boehm, with whom he continued for some time after, succeeding Dalou as Professor at the Royal College, then known as the National Art Training School. No more eloquent testimony to his value as a teacher can be cited than that of one of his most distinguished pupils, Mr. Alfred Gilbert, who, in concluding a brief introduction to an article on the late



"AFTER A 'PUSH'"

BY C. R. W. NEVINSON, OFFICIAL ARTIST IN FRANCE

Studio-Talk

Professor's career and work which appeared in this magazine some five or six years ago, said: "England should be grateful to such a master for its awakening from a sleep of endless sorrow to a vision of future joy. It is certain that hundreds who have enjoyed his loving and unwearying care will join their gratitude to that of one who was his first pupil nigh forty years ago."

Mr. Henry Tonks has been elected by the Senate of London University to the Slade Chair of Fine Art at University College in succession to Professor Frederick Brown, who recently resigned after holding the Chair since 1892. The new Slade Professor was born in 1862, and though in early life art made a strong appeal to him, he was destined after leaving Clifton College to devote the first years of his manhood to a surgical career. He qualified as a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1888, but had already given rein to his artistic impulses during his leisure by attending the Westminster School of Art, of which Professor Brown was then principal; and continuing his studies there until the latter was called to occupy the Slade Chair, he himself shortly afterwards migrated to the Slade and became assistant professor. The co-operation of these two men throughout the twenty-five years of their association has been productive of far-reaching results, and to it is due in large measure the signal success which the Slade School has attained among the art training institutions of the metropolis. Professor Tonks has been closely associated with the New English Art Club since its foundation, and the influence he has exercised as a painter as well as teacher has been considerable. He is represented at the Tate Gallery by pastel portraits of M. and Mme. Rodin, a self-portrait, and a *Study of a Girl*. He has served during the war in the Royal Army Medical Corps, and has utilized for the service of his country in a remarkable way his combination of medical

knowledge and artistic power. He was concerned in starting a Hospital for Facial Injuries, and is now associated with the Queen's Hospital at Sidcup, that is entirely devoted to this purpose. An interesting series of drawings and models by him in connexion with the work of facial restoration is now on exhibition at the College of Surgeons.

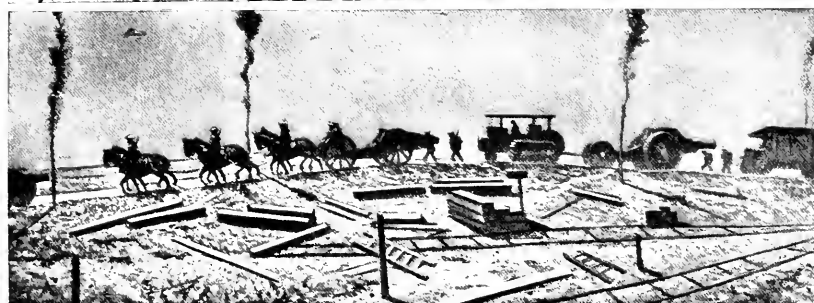
In the work of the Slade School during the current term Professor Tonks will be assisted for the time being by his predecessor, Professor Brown, and by Mr. Wilson Steer. The work of the Sculpture Department will continue to be in the hands of Professor Havard Thomas.

Mr. F. W. Pomeroy, A.R.A., sculptor, was at a recent meeting of the Royal Academy of Arts promoted to full membership. He was elected Associate in 1906. The honours list promulgated at the opening of the year contained the names of one R.A.—Mr. David



"THE ROAD FROM ARRAS TO BAPAUME"

BY C. R. W. NEVINSON



"THE ROADS OF FRANCE: A SEQUENCE"

BY C. R. W. NEVINSON, OFFICIAL ARTIST IN FRANCE

(Purchased by the Trustees of the Canadian War Memorial Fund)

Studio-Talk

Murray, President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours—and two A.R.A.'s—Mr. John Lavery and Mr. Edwin L. Lutyens, upon whom the honour of knighthood was conferred; and the name of Mr. Leslie Ward, the well-known cartoonist, was also included as the recipient of the same honour.

The gratifying announcement was made in December by Lord Plymouth on behalf of the British Committee of the Venice International Exhibition that the authorities had succeeded in transporting to Rome the whole of the exhibits in the British section which had remained in Venice since the close of the exhibition of 1914, and had in the meantime been stored in the basement of one of the palaces. The Committee through its chairman expresses its gratitude for the energetic measures taken by the authorities to secure the safety of British property at a time when enormous demands were being made on their resources.

VANCOUVER, B.C.—The Eleventh Annual Exhibition of Fine Arts which took place recently in Vancouver showed that in that Ultima Thule of Canadian enterprise some attention is being paid to artistic development. About two hundred guests were at the private view, and during the succeeding days that the exhibition was open there was an encouraging attendance of the public. About a hundred works by members and contributors were shown, including two statuettes by C. Marega, a local sculptor of much ability; and these were supplemented by a small loan exhibition in which were paintings by David Cox, William M. Müller, J. S. Cotman, J. S. Prout, Prof. Novelo of Verona, Bartolozzi, and other famous painters. There are a few collectors in Vancouver City, though it is but thirty years old, its existence dating from the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway across the continent, which reached Vancouver in 1886.



"NOVEMBER"

(British Columbia Society of Fine Arts, Vancouver)

BY W. P. WESTON



"A MOUNTAIN ROAD, WALES"

(*British Columbia Society of Fine Arts*)

BY B. MCEVOY

The B.C. Society of Fine Arts is incorporated by the British Columbia Government, but has not yet received from that Government any financial assistance. Among its members may be mentioned Tom W. Fripp, son of a late

distinguished member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, and whose paintings of the Canadian Rockies are probably as good as anything that Canada has produced in water-colour; John Kyle, a former South Kensington



"THE SENTINEL PASS, CANADIAN ROCKY MOUNTAINS"

(*British Columbia Society of Fine Arts, Vancouver*)

BY T. W. FRIPP



"A COMRADE'S LAST TRIBUTE"

(British Columbia Society of Fine Arts)

BY C. MAREGA

student, who is now employed by the British Columbia Government as Director of Technical Training; W. P. Weston, also a South Kensington student and now instructor in art in the Vancouver Normal School for teachers; and Margaret Longden, formerly a member of the Society of Miniaturists, London. Among members who have had the advantage of European training in the continental schools are Margaret S. Wake, John Kyle, Edith H. Killam, C. Marega (Rome, Florence, and Paris), J. W. Keagey, and H. J. De Forest. Australian artistic training is represented by Stanley Tytler and Norman H. Hawkins.

Beginning as a small group of artists, the Society has overcome the initial difficulties which almost invariably beset enterprises of this kind and is now recognized by the western public as a representative body in artistic matters. Its exhibitions have shown a gradual improvement in the character of the works exhibited, and so it has good reason to look forward to the future with confidence. B. M.

PHILADELPHIA.
—War drawings,
English and
American, by

Mr. Joseph Pennell were the leading features of the Fifteenth Annual Water-Colour Exhibition and the Sixteenth Annual Exhibition of Miniatures held at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts from November 4 to December 9, 1917. It might seem superfluous to comment at any length upon the quality of the works of an artist so well known on both sides of the Atlantic, but a few words of appreciation of Pennell's extraordinary display of artistic perception as applied to material that does not usually appeal to the painter, may not seem out of place here. Forty-nine of these black- and - whites illus-

trate English work, in the coal-mines, gun-foundries, forges, shipyards, and balloon-sheds, and fifty-eight deal with similar industries in America, drawn with the authorization of the United States Government and exhibited by permission of the War and Navy Departments. Charm of light and shade, of line and of colour-values expressed by the lithographic pencil, have glorified scenes and incidents of industrial activity without weakening in any way the vitality of the presentation. These drawings might well illustrate the epic Poem of Labour, so successful are they in giving form to the essentials of war work. The foreword to the catalogue is from the pen of Mr. H. G. Wells, the novelist, and the artist has added notes of comment upon each of his contributions.

* Painting in water-colours had a good showing in a group by Mr. Charles H. Woodbury, in the place of honour in the gallery reserved for the most notable work. Mr. Wm. H. de B. Nelson contributed a group of capital sketches of old buildings at Chester Springs, admirable examples



*(Pennsylvania Academy
Water-Colour Exhibition)*

"DR. F. PETERSON." CHARCOAL
DRAWING BY CECILIA BEAUX

Studio-Talk

of that most difficult art of pure aquarelle. There were also groups by Mr. Dodge McKnight, Mr. Gifford Beale, and Mr. David Milne that impressed one as not intended to convey a message to anybody but those inside a certain charmed circle. Miss Alice Schille sent a group of eight that gave the colour of things fairly well but very little definition of form. In contrast with these was a group by Mr. John J. Dull of Addingham, sketches well drawn and good in chromatic quality. Pastels and water-colours by Mr. Frederic Nunn were effective pictures of sea and sand-dunes. Mr. Hayley Lever gave boldly outlined pattern as the leading motive in a group of Gloucester fishing boats and views of the harbour. Beautifully atmospheric were landscapes signed by Mr. W. L. Lathrop (*A Gray Day*) and Mr. Charles Warren Eaton (*Gray Day, Belgium, and Silvery Night*), also a pastel by the last-mentioned artist. Gouache painting was well represented in a number of admirable works in that medium by Miss Felicie Waldo Howell, street scenes in fishing villages, mainly in New England; Miss Blanche Dillaye exhibited a poetic bit of landscape entitled *On the Wane*. *Potato Gatherers*, by Mr. Horatio Walker, was a fine water-colour of well-drawn figures. Charming in drawing and colour was the *Ballet Girl in Pink* by Mr. Louis Kronberg. Tender sentiment was the theme of Miss My Carassatt's *Woman and Child*. Mr. Childe Hassam's *Doorway of the Warner House* was the notable picture in his group.

A good portrait in charcoal was that of *Dr. F. Peterson*, by Miss Cecilia Beaux. Very like Japanese drawings was a group of local scenes by Dr. M. W. Zimmerman, especially one

view of the *Museum Tower* of the University of Pennsylvania by night. A group of nine water-colours by Mr. Alexander Robinson gave one in a summary fashion, without much definition of form, the expression of the vivid, almost unreal, colour of tropical scenery. Among the illustrators, Miss Jessie Wilcox Smith challenged attention with her group of *Water Babies*, as did Mr. Thornton Oakley in pictures of Spain. Miss Violet Oakley's studies for the mural paintings in the Senate Chamber of the State Capitol building in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, were given a specially arranged panelled wall in one of the principal rooms and were illustrative mostly of "International Unity."

The show of miniatures was quite up to the standard of excellence of other years. Among them should be mentioned portraits of *Joel*



"ON THE WANE"

BY BLANCHE DILLAYE

(*Pennsylvania Academy Water-Colour Exhibition*)



"COTTAGE IN DECAY AT CHESTER SPRINGS"

BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

(*Pennsylvania Academy*)

Chandler Harris, the "Uncle Remus" of American fiction, by Miss Lucy Hay Stanton, awarded the Medal of Honour; of *W. J. F.* by Miss Margaret Foote Hawley, of *Miss Jane L. Everett* by Miss Laura Coombs Hills, others by

Miss Helen Wilson Durkee, Adrianna Tuttle, Bertha E. Perrie, and one entitled *The Chinese Cabinet* by Miss A. M. Archambault. In addition to a number of good portraits, Mrs. Emily Drayton Taylor exhibited a very delicately tinted *Nude*. *A Poet of the Latin Quarter* was the subject of a portrait sketch of unique character by Mr. De Reid Gallatin Kilpatrick. Mr. William J. Whittenore was the painter of the portrait of the smiling young American girl, *Miss Elizabeth Stewart*, and

Mrs. Stella Lewis Marks sent a lifelike presentment of *Mr. William Plummer*. Landscapes in miniature by Miss Evelyn Bridge and still life by Miss Edith V. Cowles gave a welcome variety to the general character of the show.



"A GRAY DAY"

(*Pennsylvania Academy*)

WATER-COLOUR BY W. L. LATHROP



MISS ELIZABETH STEWART
MINIATURE BY WILLIAM J. WHITTENORE
(*Pennsylvania Academy*)

Two or three of the galleries were given over to the First Exhibition of work done at Chester Springs, the summer school of the Pennsylvania Academy, sketches of the landscape in that region in oil and water-colour. The school, opened for the first time this year in the old buildings which were formerly headquarters of General Washington's army, had an average attendance of about ninety students, working under guidance of members of the Academy's teaching corps.

E. C.

TOKYO.—An art museum is to be established on Koyasan in the near future. A committee of eight from the Imperial University of Tokyo, headed by Dr. Kuroita and Mr. Ogino, has begun investigating the treasures of the temples for the purpose of preparing, as a preliminary work for the museum, a complete catalogue of the treasures of all the Koyasan temples. An extensive piece of ground close to the Kondo, the chief sanctuary among these temples, has been chosen for the site of the museum. The ground is to have a thick border of a grove of Koya-maki, a species of pine-tree peculiar to the mountain and having the power to resist fire. In its general plan the building is to be modelled after the art museum of Nikko, and is to be so constructed as to show to the best advantage certain sculptures and paintings which are

representatively important among the treasures of the time-honoured monastery.

Koyasan is the name of a mountain not far from Nara, the ancient capital of Japan. The name, however, usually stands for the monastery situated on the table-land of Koyasan, nearly 3000 ft. above sea-level, which is surrounded by two rows of peaks, eight in each row, representing the petals of a lotus flower, upon which Buddhistic deities are seated. Koyasan is the greatest Buddhist monastery in Japan, having been founded in A.D. 816 by Kobo



MISS JANE L. EVERETT
MINIATURE BY LAURA COOMBS HILLS
(*Pennsylvania Academy*)

Daishi (774-834), the most famous of all Japanese Buddhist saints, and noted equally as preacher, painter, sculptor, and calligraphist. At one time the monastery had more than two thousand temples attached to it, but only about a hundred of them now remain, though the monastery still has thousands of tributary temples all over Japan, and the mausoleum of Kobo Daishi on Koyasan still draws annually tens of thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the empire. For nearly 1100 years women were forbidden to "defile" the sacred place; it was only about forty-five years ago that



"FUGEN BOSATSU." PAINTED BY KANO-TANNYU IN 1654
(*Ho-ju-in, Koyasan*)

female pilgrims were allowed on the mountain at all, and only within the last few years have they been permitted to live there.

Though successive conflagrations have destroyed many of the temples and their treasures, there still remain rare works of art of the olden times. Indeed, Koyasan is a veritable storehouse of sacred art, and nearly a hundred objects, comprising paintings, sculpture, swords, and sutras, have been classed as "national treasures" and placed under the supervision of the central government. The proposed museum will undoubtedly contain the most important collection of Buddhistic art in Japan.

To mention a few of the paintings that will adorn the walls of the proposed museum—the most important will be *Nijugo Bosatsu*, which is now in the care of the Tokyo Imperial Museum, where it is shown for about a month in the year. It was originally in the Hieizan monastery (near Kyoto) and is attributed to Eshin Sozu, a celebrated Buddhist abbot who lived about

nine hundred years ago. Several noteworthy paintings in the warehouse of the Miyei-do will figure in the museum collection, such as *Zennyu Ryu-o* attributed to Joki and said to have a mysterious power of bringing rain whenever it is hung; *Dainichi Nyorai* (the personification of wisdom and absolute purity), which though about six hundred years old is in a perfect state of preservation and full of admirable qualities; *Aizen Myo-o* (the god of love, but with a fierce-looking face); *Yakushi* (the healing Buddha) attributed to Shikyo; and *Sakyamuni with Eight Followers* attributed to the same artist, and a work of no common merit. Among many paintings now kept in the warehouse of the Hoju-in mention may be made of *Monju Bosatsu* (the apotheosis of transcendental wisdom) by Chinkai, and *Jizo Bosatsu* (the compassionate Buddhist helper of those who are in trouble, the patron of travellers, of pregnant women, and of children) by Yuyen, in both of which the spiritual beauty of religious art is manifested, and a set of three kakemono painted and donated to the temple by Kano Tannyu in 1654.

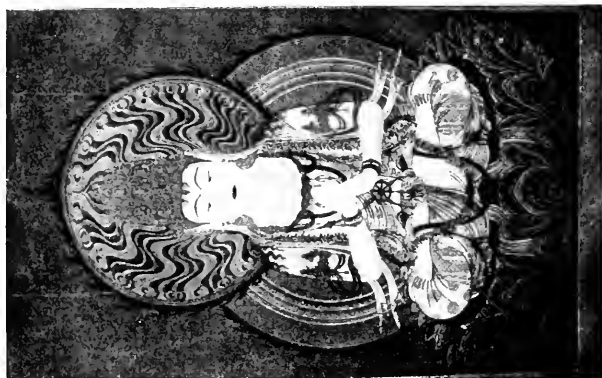
HARADA-JIRO.



"SAKYAMUNI." BY KANO-TANNYU, 1654
(*Ho-ju-in, Koyasan*)



"KONGO TAISHO." ATTRIBUTED TO
KOGO DAISHI
(Aizen-do, Kōtōsan)



"DAINICHI NYORAI" (THE PERSONIFICATION
OF WISDOM AND PURITY)
(Myō-in-do, Kōyasan)



"SHINJA TAISHO." ATTRIBUTED TO
KOGO DAISHI
(Aizen-do, Kōyasan)

REVIEWS

William McTaggart, R.S.A., V.P.R.S.W. A Biography and an Appreciation. By JAMES L. CAW, Director of the National Galleries of Scotland. (Glasgow: James Maclehose and Sons.) 25s. net.—That the work of William McTaggart is known to comparatively few outside Scotland is accounted for by the fact that he preferred to live and work in the North all his life and resolutely resisted all temptations to follow the example of Orchardson, Pettie, Tom Graham, MacWhirter, and others, who like himself were pupils of Scott Lauder at the Trustees Academy in Edinburgh and early in their career migrated South to reap fame. Among those, however, who know anything at all about his achievements there will be no disposition to quarrel with the assertion of his biographer that he was "one of the most original and fascinating painters of the nineteenth century." To the student of modern painting the significance of those achievements lies in the fact that, as Mr. Caw observes, "the whole evolution of pictorial art from Pre-Raphaelitism to impressionism is epitomized" in "the orderly, yet impassioned, growth of his conceptions and style." He was indeed an impressionist long before that term became current in the world of art, and in this connexion it is interesting to note the remark of a well-known continental connoisseur cited in this biography that McTaggart's *Spring*, painted in 1863 and exhibited at the Royal Scottish Academy in 1864, five years after the artist had become an Associate of that body, seemed to him, in common with other pictures by McTaggart of the same period, "to predate and contain the germ of the interest in real light and its effect on nature which has been one of the most marked characteristics of modern painting in Europe"—a judgment which the admirable reproduction of this delightful picture fully confirms even though it appears here in black and white. McTaggart's passion for "the beauty of light" was deep and abiding. "It is the most beautiful thing in the world . . . it is light that reveals everything to us," he once remarked to his biographer, who in one of the chapters of his book has brought together a very interesting collection of the artist's own "Thoughts about Art," and elsewhere has subjected to a careful and conscientious analysis this and other signifi-

cant qualities in the painter's work at various stages of his career. In the biographical chapters the events and incidents of that career are set forth with the authority derived from a painstaking examination of documentary material, and close personal association extending over a period of twenty years; a complete record of the artist's works is given in an appendix, and nearly fifty of them are reproduced as illustrations. Giving us, as it does, an illuminating insight into the life and work of an artist of rare attainments and genial personality, this biography deserves a prominent place in the literature of modern art.

The Year 1917 Illustrated. (London: Headley Bros.) 5s. net.—The purpose of this illustrated annual, which made its first appearance in 1909, is to present a record of notable achievements and events, accompanied by appropriate illustrations, of each year. The present issue, it need hardly be said, is almost wholly concerned with the war, the progress of which is concisely summarized under its manifold aspects down to the end of September. The illustrations are both numerous and interesting, and include portraits of prominent personalities, pictures and drawings of incidents ashore and afloat, humorous cartoons, etc. The six excellent maps of battle areas are a useful feature of the book.

From Mr. John Hogg of Paternoster Row, the publisher of the Artistic Crafts Series of Technical Handbooks edited by Prof. Lethaby, we have received samples of the "Scribe" pen, a form of reed pen specially recommended by Mr. Johnston in his handbook, *Writing and Illuminating and Lettering*. To students who are devoting themselves to wood-block printing, so lucidly dealt with in Mr. Morley Fletcher's handbook, we also commend the "block-cutter's knife" offered by Mr. Hogg.

The descendants of the Anglo-French painter J. J. Masquerier (1778-1855) have commissioned Mr. R. R. M. See to write the Life of the artist, and being now on convalescent leave in England he would be glad to hear from any reader who possesses or knows of any book, catalogue, letters, press notices bearing on the artist's work, or any pictures in oil, pastel, or water-colour by him, or prints after his works. Mr. See's address until the middle of March, when he is due back to active service in France, is 6 Rossetti Studios, Rossetti Gardens, London, S.W.3.

THE LAY FIGURE : ON HOUSE DESIGN FROM THE HOUSEWIFE'S POINT OF VIEW.

"I F, as most people seem to believe, we are to have a new type of domestic architecture after the war, what kind of changes, do you think, are we to expect in our houses?" asked the Critic. "Will new conditions of existence alter the whole character of our surroundings?"

"I suppose in that, as in everything else, there will be reconstruction and rearrangement," replied the Man with the Red Tie. "New conditions produce new necessities, and by new necessities in life our houses are certain to be affected."

"I am sure I hope so," broke in the Housewife; "and I hope that under the new conditions something more practical and convenient will come. Even war would not be an unmixed evil if, as one of its after-effects, it gave us a better type of house to live in."

"Are things as bad as that?" laughed the Man with the Red Tie. "Have our architects done their duty in the past so inefficiently that a war has become necessary to induce them to attempt something better for the future?"

"No, that is an exaggeration," returned the Housewife. "But I think architects have been in the past so taken up with their own idea of what a house ought to be that they have been apt to forget what the people who had to live in it would be likely to want. They have been so anxious to make a place look pretty that they have lost sight of the need for comfort."

"There is something in that," agreed the Critic. "What I should call the wilfully picturesque house is not as a rule either convenient or comfortable."

"And very often it is expensive to work and not particularly healthy," declared the Housewife. "Both these considerations, from my point of view, ought to be given serious attention in the house-planning of the future. What I want from the architect is less fancy and more common sense."

"In other words, you want them to look at the house more from the woman's point of view," suggested the Critic. "You think that the man's habit of mind makes him unduly inattentive to detail."

"Yes, I do," asserted the Housewife; "and

it is just this detail that seems so important to a woman because it is with the details of a house that her work is mainly concerned. The more her work is simplified the better she is pleased."

"Then by all means let the architect make her his first consideration," laughed the Man with the Red Tie. "What do the opinions of a mere man matter so long as the woman is kept in a good temper?"

"That is one of the most sensible remarks you have ever made," cried the Housewife. "Man's comfort depends a good deal upon woman's temper, and if you give a woman the things she wants it is the man really who reaps the benefit."

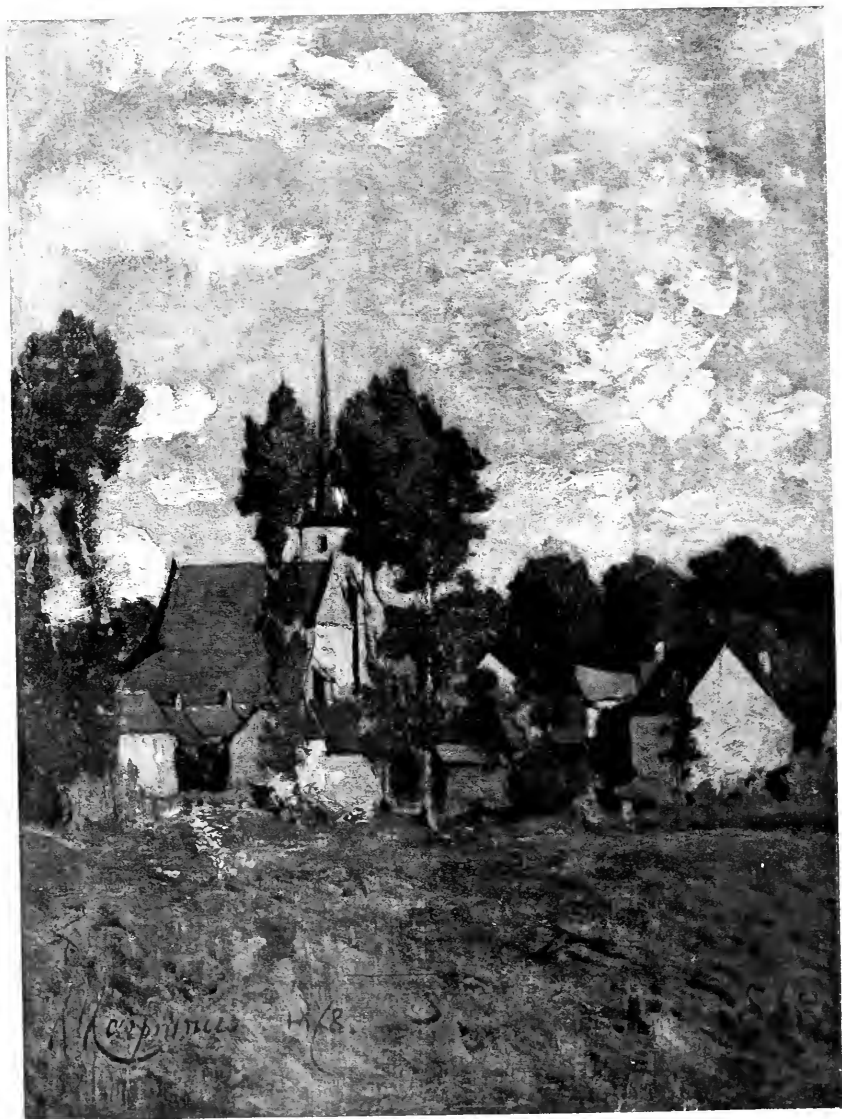
"Well, give us a list of the things you want the architect to provide," said the Man with the Red Tie. "Cupboards, I suppose, would come first on it—all women want cupboards."

"Cupboards, of course," agreed the Housewife; "because without cupboards to hold one's belongings it is impossible to keep a house tidy. But there are bigger things than that to be taken into account. For instance, in the construction of a house a good deal of the comfort of the rooms depends upon the way the doors, windows, and fireplaces are arranged so as to avoid draughts and to secure warmth without an extravagant use of fuel. If the rooms are too high they are difficult to heat and ventilate and are simply reservoirs for bad air. If you have too many projections and odd corners dust collects and incessant turning out and cleaning become necessary. If the ground plan of the house is straggling there is too much running about for the servants. There, that is something to start with."

"And a very good list too," commented the Critic. "I agree with you that all these things matter in the construction of a house, and I can see many other counts that might be added to your indictment of the architect. But as woman has become now a power in the world, the solution of these questions can be left to her. Really, you know, it is her job."

"She is going to make it her job, anyhow," retorted the Housewife. "If she and the architect are to be friends, he will have to put her needs first and his fancies a good way second. After all, a good architect ought to be able to fit an attractive outside to a house properly planned inside; but he has got to think about the inside first."

THE LAY FIGURE.



SAINT-PRIVAT. FROM THE
PAINTING BY HENRI HARPIGNIES

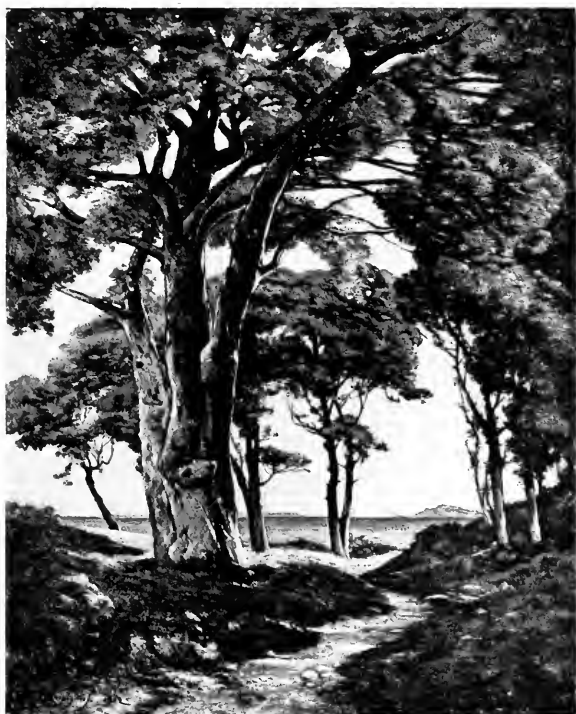
The Oil Paintings of Henri Harpignies

THE OIL PAINTINGS OF HENRI HARPIGNIES.

WITH the death of Henri Harpignies at Saint-Privé, in the Yonne, in August 1916, there passed away, at the great age of ninety-seven, the last survivor of the little group of landscapists which we know as the Barbizon School. Considerably their junior in years, Harpignies came early under the influence of these famous painters and ultimately proved himself a worthy successor to them. But in spite of this influence, in which can be traced something of the sensitiveness and poetry of Corot and the strength and dignity of Rousseau, the work of his maturity bears the impress of a strong individuality and reveals a freshness of vision which has given him an unrivalled position amongst the landscape painters of his time. In one important respect he emulated the example of Corot and the other Barbizon men—he invariably went direct to Nature for his inspiration, not to represent what he saw as a mere topographical record, but in order that he might interpret the impressions he received, visualizing the scene with a happy sense of rhythm and instinctive charm and informing it with a beauty which seldom fails to compel admiration.

It is only in recent years that a true appreciation of the art of Harpignies has arisen in England, and this is due to the fact that up to a short time ago the opportunities of studying his work in the public exhibitions held in this country had been somewhat rare. Yet there is little doubt that to-day there are but few artists whose pictures appeal more strongly to an English public, while his influence on certain phases

of modern landscape painting is beyond question. The secret of this is not far to seek, for there is in his work, whether it be executed in oils, water-colours, lead pencil, or charcoal (a medium he employed with remarkable success during the later years of his life), a charm and beauty, a tender dignity, and a breadth and simplicity of treatment which appeal to the eye and mind and satisfy the artistic sense. His simple pastoral scenes, such as belong to his middle and later periods, bathed in the golden light of sunset, with dark and massive groups of trees silhouetted against a luminous sky, are veritable poems in colour, which, in their restful serenity and repose, arouse the emotions. With an eye attuned to the varied colour effects of a landscape, and with a complete mastery over his materials, he was able to express in his pictures, with appealing eloquence, the placid joy that he found in Nature.



"LE PIN MEISSONIER"

BY HENRI HARPIGNIES

The Oil Paintings of Henri Harpignies

Few artists have possessed such a fine sense of design in landscape, and his compositions are invariably decorative and well-balanced. Like Turner he did not hesitate to alter and adjust in order to preserve the balance and unity of his pictures, emphasizing or suppressing the details according to their effect on, or relation to, the general design. It has been truly said that in painting "fidelity to Nature does not always charm," and some licence is permissible in the case of such an artist as Harpignies, whose unerring sense of composition, power of selection, and comprehensive vision enabled him to render the essentials rather than to register local exactness, without disturbing the freshness of the impulse which inspired him.

The correctness and precision of his drawing gave to his work at times a suggestion of sharpness which was peculiarly his own. It is to be noticed more particularly in his rendering of trees; and here it may be said that his knowledge of the structure of trees was profound, as may be seen in the examples of his work illustrated here. In their treatment he recalls some of the earlier masters. But Harpignies was no copyist, his art was essentially personal; and it in his renderings of foliage we think we can sometimes trace an affinity to the "feathery" effect which is so characteristic of Corot, a closer analysis will reveal the fact that the methods of the younger artist were considerably broader, and that the style which he ultimately developed with such happy effect was the result of a close and passionate study of Nature and of an intelligent exploitation of the specific qualities of the mediums which he employed.

The human figure is seldom found in the landscapes of Harpignies. Placid tranquillity appealed to him and he seemed to prefer to commune

with Nature in solitude and to omit any human element which might disturb the impressive serenity of the scene.

The illustrations which accompany these brief notes have been selected with a view to showing the varied aspects of the artist's work in oils. The most important example, and perhaps the most characteristic, is the beautiful *View in the Campagna* (p. 46), in which, against the soft luminous sky, the trees stand out with remarkable clarity; while from the rich, harmonious tones of the foreground the eye is carried across the placid waters of the lake to the hills in the distance. Another notable work is the *Cap Martin* (p. 47), simpler in arrangement than the painting just mentioned, but equally arresting in its impressive beauty. Similar in feeling are the *Bords de la Loire* (p. 49) and *Les*



"LE PONT"

BY HENRI HARPIGNIES



"CHAUMIÈRES PRÈS BARBIZON"
BY HENRI HARPIGNIES

(By permission of Messrs. Hailis and Son,
the French Gallery)

The Oil Paintings of Henri Harpignies



VIEW IN THE CAMPAGNA

BY HENRI HARPIGNIES

Yeuses (p. 50). An unusually open landscape for Harpignies is the *View on the Oise* (p. 49). As a contrast to these works, both as regards composition and execution, we have the *Saint-Privat*, reproduced in colours as a frontispiece. The strong brushwork displayed in the trees and buildings and the vigorous handling of the fleecy white clouds against the blue sky, give an air of spontaneity and freshness to this admirable canvas which will have a special interest for those who are not familiar with this phase of the artist's work in oils. Of the same character in subject and treatment is the *Chaumières pres Barbizon* (p. 45) where, again, virile brushwork is to be seen. Still broader in effect and recalling some of the painter's stimulating charcoal drawings are *L'Etang* and the *Effet de Soir* (p. 48). Good examples of the artist's skill in the rendering of what has been called the "architecture of trees" are to be seen in *Le Pin Meissonier* (p. 43), *Le Pont* (p. 44), and *Les Deux Chênes* (p. 50). As our last illustration

we reproduce in colours a small picture, *Coucher du Soleil*, in which the boldness of the colouring and the dramatic effect of the golden sunset are the most distinctive features.

E. G. HALTON.

TO ARTISTS ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

THE Editor of THE STUDIO is arranging to issue a Special Number on the work of artists who are serving in the British forces, and in the preparation of this volume he is co-operating with the authorities of the Imperial War Museum. For purposes of illustration the Editor will be glad to receive sketches made by artists on the various fronts, either on land or sea. These sketches will be carefully preserved and returned in due course. They should be addressed to The Editor of THE STUDIO, 44 Leicester Square, London, W.C.2, as soon as possible, and on each the title of the sketch, and the name, rank, and address of the artist should be clearly indicated.



"CAP MARTIN"
BY HENRI HARPIGNIES

*(By permission of Messrs. Halls and Son,
the French Gallery)*

The Oil Paintings of Henri Harpignies



"L'ÉTANG"

BY HENRI HARPIGNIES



"EFFET DE SOIR"

BY HENRI HARPIGNIES

The Oil Paintings of Henri Harpignies



"BORDS DE LA LOIRE"

BY HENRI HARPIGNIES



"VIEW ON THE OISE"

BY HENRI HARPIGNIES

The Oil Paintings of Henri Harpignies



L'ETANG

BY HENRI HARPIGNIES



"EFFET DE SOIR"

BY HENRI HARPIGNIES

The Oil Paintings of Henri Harpignies



"BORDS DE LA LOIRE"

BY HENRI HARPIGNIES



"VIEW ON THE OISE"

BY HENRI HARPIGNIES



"LES DEUX CHÔNES"

BY HENRI HARPIGNIES



"LES YEUSES"

BY HENRI HARPIGNIES



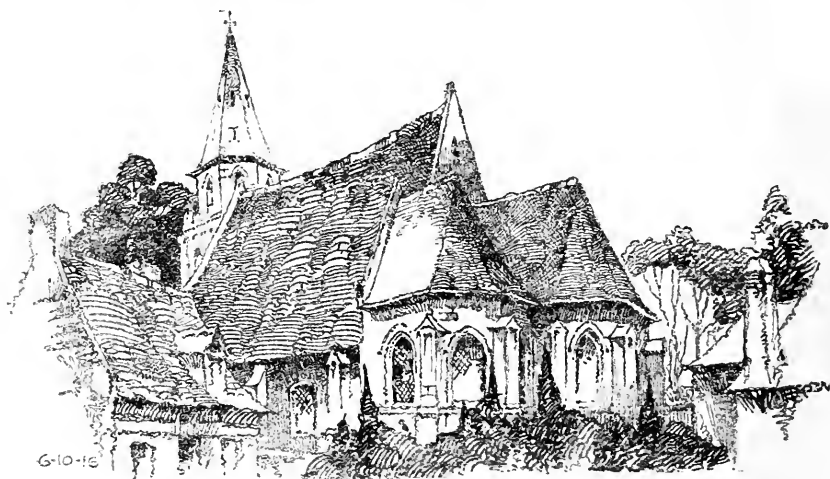
COUCHER DU SOLEIL. FROM THE
PAINTING BY HENRI HARPIGNIES

LEAVES FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK
OF
LIEUT. H. W. MANN, R.F.A.
(ASSOCIATE OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS)



Grenay, near Loos

By H. W. Mann



The Church, Verquin, near Béthune

By H. W. Mann



Remains of an old homestead, Bully-Grenay

By H. W. Mann

The Death of Rodin

A FEW WORDS ON THE DEATH OF RODIN. BY GABRIEL MOUREY.

THE greatest sculptor of our age has disappeared from among us : Auguste Rodin died on November 18, 1917, at Meudon, on his Val Fleuri estate ; he was born in Paris in 1840.

The death of Rodin will be felt, I am sure, not less keenly in England than in France. In the first place, because at the present time whatsoever of good or ill fortune may happen to either of the two countries cannot fail to cause joy or sorrow, as the case may be, to the other ; and secondly, because Rodin and his work enjoyed an equal fame in both.

His fame, moreover, let it be said, is universal ; and it is a fame all the purer, all the more legitimate because Rodin won it solely by his genius ; for he never desired to be, nor ever was, more than just an artist, for whom nothing existed save his art. And so the fame he achieved confers honour not on France alone, which gave him birth, but on the whole of humanity.

* * * *

This word "genius," too often lightly used in speaking of the artists and writers of to-day, may fearlessly be applied in reference to Rodin : posterity will not give us the lie over this. Quite the reverse ! When it recalls the innumerable difficulties, the incessant hostility, the systematic and perfidious misunderstanding, the calumnies even against which an artist of so expansive a nature as his had to defend himself throughout almost the whole of his career ; when, on the other hand, it estimates the extent of his influence, its beneficence and its fecundity, and reckons at its true value the part he played in the history of sculpture—not of France alone but of the whole world—then surely posterity will be astonished that it should have been possible in the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth for the creator of forms so full of the traditional and the classic—using in its broadest sense this term, the sense of which is so little understood—to have been so long, so obstinately, so strangely opposed.

Rodin was always traditional, and they knew it well, those who tried to make him appear a revolutionary, not to say an anarchist, a rabid destroyer of the rules and principles of the art of other days ; well, too, they knew that in

bringing this accusation against him they were employing the surest means to frighten away from him the ignorant, the timid, the hesitating and the weak, who are repelled by all originality, terrified by any sort of boldness, and who have faith in naught save in the dogmas, the canons, the formulas of the Academies, which—they would have us believe—are the sole depositaries of the truth, the sole guardians of the great traditions of Art ! It is not to be denied that Rodin did indeed show himself, both in word and in work, the resolute and determined opponent of these dogmas and canons and formulas. From this point of view, Rembrandt himself was a revolutionary, and so was Michael Angelo ; just as, in our own times, Corot, Delacroix, Daumier, Puvis de Chavannes, Degas, and Renoir broke away openly and freely from the conventions of the School.

As for all the traditions of his art, these Rodin, far from rejecting, not only respected, but made live again, restored to honour, and showed that the decadence of sculpture was due to the



"PORTRAIT DE MME. RODIN"

BY AUGUSTE RODIN

(Photo J. E. Bulloz, Paris)

The Death of Rodin

substitution of a teaching artificial and superficial, contemptuous alike of nature and of life, a teaching narrow and restricted, frivolous and unworthy. In this way Rodin's art, like that of all the great artists—all the great creators, appears to our eyes like the outcome, the summary, of the efforts of his predecessors.

Thus it is we see concentrated in his vast output, on the one hand, all that French genius throughout the ages has contrived to assimilate of the genius of Greece, and on the other, all that it has been able to acquire of the genius of Italy, especially as regards the Renaissance. It is allied, too, with the mediæval, with that *moyen âge* of France which itself produced so many masterpieces. But Rodin's temperament, it must be insisted, was mainly that of a man of the Renaissance, that of one of the ancients. In this connexion, it is strange how relatively small was the profit he derived—he who, nevertheless, wrote or delivered the most penetrating and comprehensive judgments on French statuary of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—from the ex-

ample of the anonymous image-makers, the unknown stone-cutters whose chisel has peopled the porches of our cathedrals with throngs of fair and inspiring figures, fully worthy to stand—and I do not say it lightly—beside the most glorious statues of Greece and of Florence.

Yes, Rodin was of the Renaissance rather than of the *moyen âge*; more pagan than believer; and he had within him more of the spirit of the days of Pericles or of Laurent de Médecis than of those of Saint Louis. He loved

form for form's sake; above all, he had an inborn sense of the delight residing in form, and had it to such an extent that in his eyes everything in nature and in life was lovely; therefore, from among the visions they presented he could not admit that he had the right to pick and choose. For him there was no such thing as absolute ugliness. Should any assert the contrary it is because their perceptive powers are not great enough to discover the beauty that is to be found on all sides, or because their vision has been corrupted by the artificial and superficial teaching of the professors of æsthetics, or perhaps they are not sufficiently masters of their *métier*, or have not courage enough to face the truth.

This sense of delight in form animates all Rodin's works, great and small. Thus it is that there exists nothing that has been modelled by his hand which can ever be un-

deserving of interest; and it was, fundamentally, owing to this sense of delight in form that he became the perfect craftsman, the prodigious technician, the extraordinary executant he was. My friend Jules Desbois, the accomplished sculptor and master-statuary, who lived and laboured



"LA DÉFENSE"

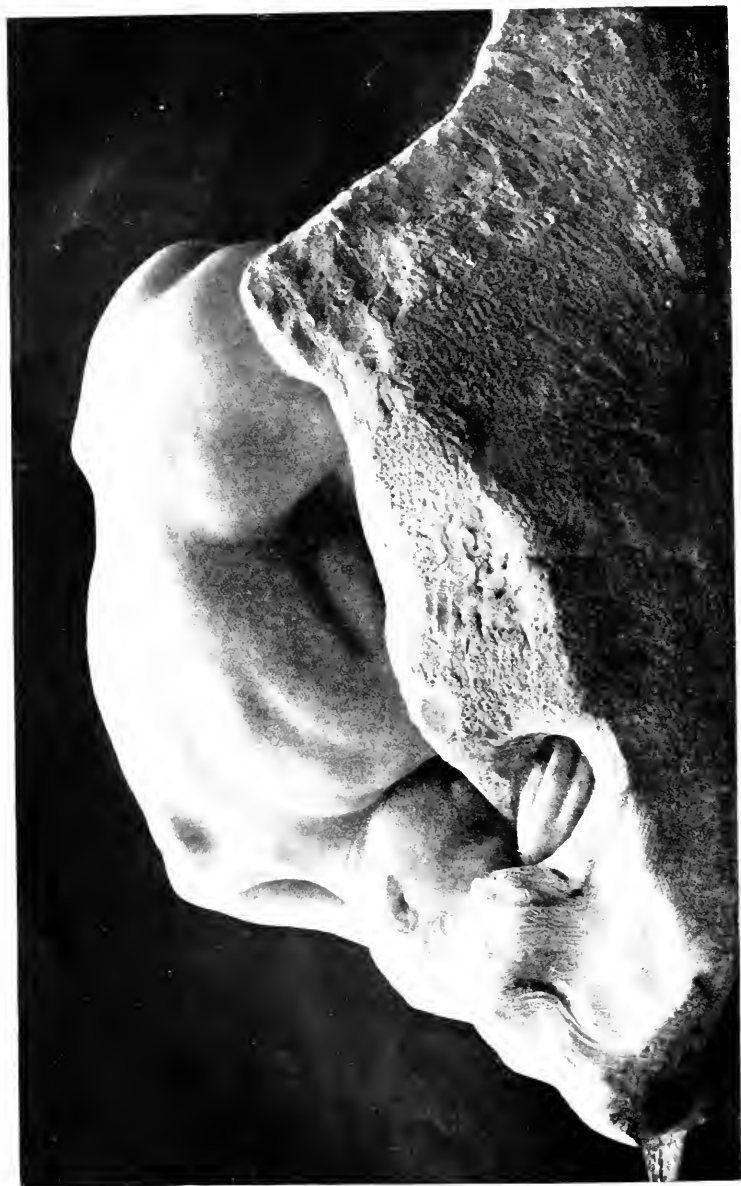
BY AUGUSTE RODIN

(Photo J. E. Fallois)



(Photo J. E. Pincus, Paris)

PORTRAIT OF MISS X.
BY AUGUSTE RODIN



*(Museum of Luxembourg)
Photo J. E. Butler*

"NADAIDE." BY AUGUSTE RODIN

The Death of Rodin

for years in intimate association with Rodin, has often told me of the immense joy he had in watching the creator of the *Bourgeois de Calais* and the *Penseur* at work, and has recalled the incredible skillfulness, the infinite delicacy, the astonishing power of Rodin's hands, and the *finesse*, the certainty, the penetrative force of his eye. He has described, too, as closely as such things can be described, the expressions and gestures Rodin had while he was engaged in modelling, while imparting the breath of life to the inert matter, the moist clay, by means of his thumb—and he would end: "I do not believe there was ever a man who understood his trade more profoundly than *le père* Rodin. No difficulty can stop him; with his ten fingers he can make just what he pleases; and there is nothing of which he is not capable." Is not this testimony of high worth?

I have no space in which to trace the different stages of Rodin's magnificent and glorious career, to undertake even a very brief study of the most significant of his creations; but I should reproach myself if, now that he is just dead, I omitted to insist on the beautiful, the generous, the fertile influence he exercised, not only in France, but—one may say it without fear of being taxed with exaggeration—throughout the whole world. To proclaim this is but to do him justice, for to his influence is incontestably due that renaissance of the art of sculpture, so many and welcome signs of which are to be observed

more or less everywhere. Moreover, it is not only the artists and the practitioners who have had their eyes opened by Rodin, but the public as well, the public which not so long since was almost completely indifferent to sculpture; and

in thus educating the public Rodin has rendered yet another service to the sculptors themselves. He restored to statuary all its lustre; he made of it an art live and modern, in the loftiest sense of the word, that is to say, an art capable of expressing—as he showed in his own productions—all the complexities of the feeling of the moment, and that with such real depth and enduring truth as by its example to reunite the links of all the great and strong traditions of an art that had almost fallen into disuse.

I shall be excused, I hope, if I end these brief and incomplete notes on the great artist who has passed away by sketching in a few strokes the physiognomy of this astounding and rather mysterious man, whose defender—in the days when he had need of defence—and whose friend I had the honour to be. I can see him now as he was years and years ago in his studio on the Boulevard d'Italie, then at the Dépôt des Marbres down there at the end of the Rue de l'Université, near the Champ de Mars, and later

still in the fine rooms of the Hôtel Biron, where, let us hope, he will soon have his apotheosis in the opening of the Musée Rodin; and finally in the house in which he died, on the heights of Meudon, whence the broad and stimulating view opened unto the slopes of Ville d'Avray and



"L'AGE D'AIRAIN" BY AUGUSTE RODIN
(Musée du Luxembourg: Photo J. E. Bulloz)

Saint-Cloud, away to the Seine, to the Bois de Boulogne, to Paris itself. How well I recall the hours of intimate talk I had with him, both in the days when he was still in the thick of the fight, and also later when he had become one of the most illustrious artists in the whole world, honoured and respected by all. There was no change in him; he was always the same, always full of cordial welcome, always—how shall I express it?—impenetrable—just now I described him as mysterious; impenetrable seems to me to be the better word.

But whence came this impenetrability on the part of Rodin? Simply, I believe, from his being so jealously absorbed in his work. He never lived save for his work, in his work and by his work. Nothing else in the world could interest him. His only real love at bottom was for his own labour and for sculpture generally.

In saying that he loved naught on earth apart from his labour and his art, I am, however, not entirely accurate. Rodin loved glory, fame, with a love no less passionate. And well it was so, since, for love of glory, in order to be famous, he worked all his life long, without intermission, without resting even for a day, to realize the result which was to bring him highest honour, the result which he bequeaths to us, and which, to ourselves and to generations yet to come, will be a perpetual source of joy and of beauty.

RECENT PAINTINGS BY WALTER BAYES, A.R.W.S.

TO make use of a homely expression, it would be difficult to point to a living artist who plays the game more consistently than Mr. Walter Bayes. Whether in subject or execution, he always keeps within the legitimate scope of his chosen art. His works range from still-life studies, portraits, and landscapes to full-blown "subject pictures"; but the subject is always pictorial; almost puritanically free from ulterior motive, whether problematical, argumentative, anecdotal, or sentimental. He works in several mediums, but he uses each one scrupulously according to its kind. On the one hand you feel that he would rather seem uninspired than admit an appeal or attraction irrelevant to his art; on the other, that he would rather seem to paint badly than get his effects by using paint out of character.

This purity of aim and performance gives Mr. Bayes at once a standing amongst his fellows definite and secure. To appreciate the distinction one has to remember that a great many artists, both painters and writers, owe their following to qualities and considerations, interesting in themselves, but as remote from



"BATHERS AT FAIRBOURNE"

BY WALTER BAYES, A.R.W.S.



"THE COMFORTER"

BY WALTER BAYES, A.R.W.S.

their proper business as the politics of a shoemaker. This, by the way, is not a jibe at the "subject" or even the "story" picture. The common accusation against painters of a "literary" motive really proves nothing except that the accuser has missed the point of literature; which is essentially the art of using words, without reference to subject or motive. Story has nothing to do with it; a story can be told as well and as legitimately in paint as in words; and there is no such thing as a specifically literary motive unless it means a motive that could only be expressed in words. In that case it could not be painted. But the distinction that Mr. Bayes enjoys of always working inside his art and according to its natural laws is much more than a means of classification. It is presumptive evidence that the artist has formulated certain principles, both of design and craftsmanship, which will enable him to adapt his art to any suitable occasion.

We see this in the work of Mr. Bayes. He can paint at will in a realistic or a decorative manner, for the frame or for the wall, without changing his point of view or his personal

handling of paint. Being grounded in his craft, and sure of the scope and limitations of his art, all he has to do is to modify his design and execution according to the different conditions. Many painters either ignore the different conditions or, rushing at them in a panic, cease to be recognizable as themselves. They may be good painters and good designers, but they cannot transfer their skill from the frame to the wall or furniture or whatever it may be. Asked to produce a decoration they cease to paint and make merely a coloured design; thus accentuating the arbitrary division between pictorial and decorative art which has done so much to check the development and appreciation of painting. Mr. Bayes has a surer grasp of the different conditions than most; but, being a painter on principle and not by rule of thumb, he does not lose either his head or his hand in changing from one to the other.

The point is important because in the future artists will be expected to be more adaptable than in the past; to have the same sense of conditions that we look for in the doctor or engineer. More than ever before we shall need

Recent Paintings by Walter Bayes, A.R.W.S.

the artist with brains. On the one hand he will be less encouraged as a "luxury" tradesman, and on the other he will be asked to take a far larger part in the practical amelioration of everyday life. That is where such an artist as Mr. Bayes will come in. The case will be put to him, as to a technical expert, and he will be trusted to make a good job of it. All this, of course, will only be a deliberate return to conditions that were once a commonplace of artistic occupation.

That enables us to look at Mr. Bayes at closer quarters. Possibly in part because he is well known to be a member of a distinguished family of craftsmen and women, his work always strikes one as being far more the product of workshop than of school training. It does not give the impression that he learnt design as a separate subject, but that from the beginning he designed in paint with a full sense of the purpose for which the particular piece of work was required. Whether or not this was actually the case does not affect the question; the point is that his work is remarkably free from the weaknesses that have appeared in art since the decline of apprenticeship.

At the same time it has a full share of the scholarship which is supposed to be the special advantage of the schools. It is obviously the work of a man with definite sympathies in the matter of period and style. But, because it is combined with principles derived from practice, instead of academizing his art the scholarship has only kept it more elastic.

In practice he has arrived at a general style

of painting which is not only individual and happily "placed," as between a realistic and a decorative interpretation of nature, but is peculiarly well adapted to the needs and conditions of life as it is lived to-day—an important advantage, often overlooked. The picture obviously painted for exhibition is not the only picture that is out of touch with life. There are pictures that seem to imply for their setting the stuffy dining-room or overcrowded drawing-room that most of us have outgrown; and, on the other hand, there are pictures that cry out for the cave that few of us, even the youngest, would seriously prefer. The pictures of Mr. Bayes assume the domestic interior that



"CONVERSATION ON A BEACH"

BY WALTER BAYES, A.R.W.S.



BLUE SUMMER FROM THE
PAINTING BY WALTER BAYES, A.R.W.S.

most intelligent people have arrived at as best adapted to the conditions of modern life: the lightly furnished living-room, with its variety of occupations and pleasant atmosphere of domestic privacy and social freedom combined. Not that his pictures are limited in style to the needs of small interiors; for if, as is probable, our lives will be more communal in the future, with the provision of important walls for decoration, Mr. Bayes is one of the comparatively few painters who strike one as ready to rise to the occasion. Even in his choice of subjects, when he takes human incidents, he seems to be remarkably in accord with the sentiments of that section of the public which may be looked upon as the most promising for the encouragement of art. As may be seen in the pictures reproduced here—a few among a number of his recent works now being shown at the Leicester Galleries—a favourite theme of his is what may be called rational ruralizing; entirely unsentimental, and as far from a self-conscious “return to nature” as it is from a merely fashionable idling at the seaside.

CHARLES MARRIOTT.



BOOK-PLATE

BY HAROLD NELSON



BOOK-PLATE

BY HAROLD NELSON

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—Sir George Frampton, R.A., has put forward a scheme for the employment of disabled artist-soldiers in the production of tapestry panels as war memorials. In the letter explaining the scheme he says: “Many students of literature, the drama, music, architecture, painting, and sculpture, honourably disabled through the war on sea, and land, and in the air, will probably be unfitted to return to the art they studied and loved when they answered the call to arms. These men would gladly associate themselves with work such as tapestry weaving, which would give congenial, remunerative, and less exacting employment than that which they practised in the time of peace. The introduction of panels of tapestry as War Memorials and Rolls of Honour, to hang in churches, in the halls of universities, public schools, and public corporations, as well as in private houses, would not only be valuable historical records in the



BOOK-PLATE

BY HAROLD NELSON

future, but they could be lent and publicly exhibited from time to time to inspire patriotism throughout the Empire. If the idea meets with a sympathetic response, training centres for tapestry weaving under the best masters, and studios with looms, silk and wool and other materials will be established as soon as a sufficient number of orders for work are given or promised, so that employment and the building up of a sound and solid foundation for the continuance and future welfare of the workshops shall be ensured." He adds that several of our most distinguished artists, George Clausen, R.A., Charles Sims, R.A., and Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A., have most generously acceded to the invitation to be connected with the scheme, and that any communication with reference to it will be welcomed by him. His address is 90 Carlton Hill, Maida Vale, London, N.W.8.

We include among our illustrations this month some recently designed book-plates by Mr. Harold Nelson in which his instinctive appreciation of the decorative value of black and white is well expressed; a water-colour by Mr. Russell Flint, admirable in its rendering of sunlight through foliage; and a poster, to which we draw particular attention as having been specially designed by Major Spencer Pryse, M.C., to further the appeal of the British Women's

Hospital on behalf of the Nation's Fund for Nurses, the objects of which are to raise an Endowment Fund for the College of Nursing, and Scholarships to encourage study in the higher branches of the profession, and also to provide a "Tribute Fund" for nurses in sickness and old age. We are asked to state that a small number of signed proofs of this fine poster, which is printed in three colours, and is of "double crown" size (30 by 20 inches), are on sale at five guineas each, and ordinary proofs on special paper at two guineas each, at the headquarters of the hospital, 21 Old Bond Street, W.1. Major Spencer Pryse's lithographs are eagerly taken up by collectors, and we feel sure that this poster, admirable alike in its artistic qualities and the motive which has prompted its production, will be welcomed as an addition to their treasures.

Major Spencer Pryse's work was among the leading features of the Senefelder Club's Annual

Joan + Phillip's



her book : @ : @

BOOK-PLATE

BY HAROLD NELSON



POSTER FOR THE BRITISH
WOMEN'S HOSPITAL. BY
GERALD SPENCER PRYSE

Studio-Talk

Exhibition held at the Leicester Galleries last month, his contribution consisting of more than a dozen prints, chiefly reminiscences of military operations in France and Flanders during the critical autumn months of 1914. This was the first exhibition of the club to be held under the presidency of Mr. Frank Brangwyn, who was elected to succeed Mr. Joseph Pennell shortly before the opening of the exhibition. The new president was represented by a couple of prints, one, *At the Furnace*, characteristic of his more forceful dramatic style, and the other, *Shepherd and Shepherdesses*, an engaging expression of idyllic sentiment. Notable work was contributed by Mr. Charles Shannon, A.R.A., who recently joined the club; Miss Ethel Gabain, Mr. John Copley, Monsieur Emile Claus, Mr. Nevinson, Mr. Oliver Hall, Mr. Claude Shepperson, and other members, and, as on the previous occasion, the interest of the show was strengthened by representative examples of lithographic

draughtsmanship by eminent British and French artists, now deceased, and a few by Forain.

Space will not permit of more than a brief reference to the various "individual" exhibitions which have been held in London recently other than any which have already been noted. Among the most notable were two at the Leicester Galleries one comprising an interesting group of paintings by Mrs. Laura Knight of camp scenes and seaside pictures, the latter including some very charming effects of colour, and the other a series of vigorous war drawings by Lieut. Will Dyson, official artist with the Australian Force on the Western Front. Mention should also be made of an interesting exhibition of pencil drawings by Mr. Albany Howarth, the etcher, at Messrs. Dowdeswell's galleries. This month Mr. Hall Thorpe, R.B.A., is holding an exhibition of his work at the Kensington Fine Art Society's gallery, Alfred Place, South Kensington.



"SPRING'S TENDER VEIL O'ER CITY AND SEA"

BY ROBERT HOME

(*Society of Scottish Artists*—vol. 7, 73)





"NORFOLK LANDSCAPE"

(Society of Scottish Artists)

BY W. M. FRAZER, A.R.S.A.

EDINBURGH.—The special aim of the Society of Scottish Artists is to stimulate the younger painters to produce more original and important works, and it is but justice to the Council to say that they have done everything in their power to foster enterprise in the members. At present, when war is making such demands on the younger artists, many of whom are at the front, it was hardly to be expected that the exhibition just concluded would furnish much work of great intellectual achievement or novelty of method, but while a good deal of the work was mediocre and trivial there was evidence that the excellent teaching facilities now available in the city are developing a more accomplished technique, a better sense of colour relationship, and a greater constructive ability. The rest—the more vital and enduring qualities—will follow in time. There was this year nothing of the experimental character markedly present in

some of the Society's recent exhibitions. Of the loan works the most important were Mr. Ambrose McEvoy's beautiful portrait of Miss Asquith, Mr. Augustus John's *Smiling Woman* and his *Portrait of Mr. William Nicholson*, and Mr. Walter Sickert's *L'Ennui*. There were also the late Mr. J. M. Swan's *The Cold North*, Mr. William Strang's *The Buffet*, and the late Mr. Robert Noble's large picture of *East Linton*, the Lothian village where the artist lived and painted during the greater part of his art career. This picture has been acquired by the Burgh of Linton as a memorial, and is an excellent example of his conscientious and often inspired work.

The President, Mr. Robert Home, had for his principal picture a view of Northern Edinburgh with the Firth of Forth in the distance, a favourite subject, but on this occasion realized with a fuller beauty of colour, tenderness of treatment, and sense of atmosphere than ever



"BUTTERFLIES"

(Society of Scottish Artists)

BY JOHN MENZIES

heretofore. Mr. Charles Mackie's spring landscape in its effulgence of warm colour somewhat belied its title, but that is a subsidiary matter. Mr. Henderson Tarbet's *Glen Ogle*, his most ambitiously planned work, disclosed some excellent painting in the sky and distance, but the middle distance was overaccentuated in the lighting effects. Mr. George Smith, most known by his animal studies, showed two landscapes in which the influence of Clausen was strongly manifest, and Mr. Robert Burns exhibited a twilight scene scholarly in design and fascinating in the quality of its colour. Mr. John Menzies, who revels in the rich greens of summer, made a decided advance this year in *Butterflies*, the name given to a decoratively designed study of trees; Mr. Robert Hope is developing the landscape side of his art and showed a clever Linton pastoral. Mr. Mason Hunter's chief contribution was a sunny rendering of a Peeblesshire valley, and Mr. W. M. Frazer had a delicately phrased Norfolk landscape. Mr. Hector Chalmers' large Forth

picture gave an impression of completeness and cohesion that makes it probably his finest work. In portraiture the only exhibits of note were Mr. David Alison's portraits of *Mrs. Murray Thomson* and *Mrs. Bearsley*. Mr. David Foggo had a clever figure study, and Mr. Stanley Cursitor a beautifully modelled nude.

The Exhibition by the Society of Eight in the New Gallery, taken part in by seven of the members, reached the high artistic level which one has a right to expect from the group of painters composing it. Mr. (now Sir) John Lavery and Mr. James Paterson were each strongly represented, their contributions not lacking in variety. Mr. F. C. B. Cadell's still-life was quite as inspired as his figure work. Mr. James Cadenhead was reposeful and reflective as usual. Mr. P. W. Adam revelled in elegant interiors. Mr. A. G. Sinclair's work showed advance in technique if not in inspiration, and Mr. David Alison's portraiture, if more sombre in colour than usual, reflected the mood of the time.

A. E.

REVIEWS.

The Western Front Drawings by MUIRHEAD BONE. Vol. ii. With Text by C. E. MONTAGUE. (London: "Country Life," Ltd.) 15s. net.—This new volume comprises the second five of the serial parts that have been issued month by month, and, with its hundred reproductions and letterpress by Capt. Montague of the Headquarters Staff, is not at all inferior in interest to the first volume—on the contrary, as the drawings include, besides those which depict scenes with the armies in the field, a number in which the activities of our naval forces are shown and also a series of shipyard scenes, this volume is in point of variety even more interesting. Again one is impressed by the range and expressiveness of Mr. Bone's art; whether the scene before him is a building, village in a state of chaos and ruin, or a view of a big city like Rouen happily untouched by the ravages of war, whether it is a broad expanse of water with destroyers or other war craft afloat, or a scene between decks on board a battle-cruiser, or whether it is an intricate maze of machinery in a shipyard—and it is here, perhaps, that we see the artist in his most characteristic vein—his eye and hand are always equal to the occasion. It has been objected that his drawings do not show us "war as it is," and it is true that those in search of the cruder horrors of war will be disappointed, but, as Capt. Montague remarks in his introduction, where he deals especially with this question, the best of his merits is "to have disengaged from among this war's circumstances of horror and suffering our Army's essential forces of generous ardour and indestructible will." It should be mentioned that there is a large folio édition de luxe in which the drawings are reproduced on a much larger scale than in the two volumes of the popular edition, but in this, no less than in the other, the quality of the reproductions merits the highest praise.

English Church Woodwork: A Study in Craftsmanship during the Mediæval Period, A.D. 1250-1550. By F. E. HOWARD and F. H. CROSSLEY. (London: B. T. Batsford, Ltd.) 30s. net.—On account of its illustrations alone this volume is sure of a cordial welcome from students of the ancient crafts of England, as well as the modern craftsman, who has here placed within his reach a rich storehouse of

material which cannot fail to excite his admiration. Nearly four hundred of the illustrations are from photographs, selected from several thousands accumulated by Mr. Crossley as the result of his visits to churches in all parts of the country during a period of more than twenty years, and there are, in addition, some hundred and fifty measured drawings, made chiefly by him and his colleague, Mr. Howard. Grouped together in various categories according to their function and use as part of the structure or decorative adjuncts of the church, or as movable fittings, the examples illustrated proclaim the beauty and diversity of the heritage which the ancient worker in wood has bequeathed to us—a heritage which, in spite of the many deductions that have ensued from one or other cause in the meantime, is still far from being meagre in quantity. As just hinted, the material is dealt with according to a functional classification and not topographically, but detailed indexes facilitate speedy reference to the local sources from which it has been drawn, and in this connexion it is to be noted that the churches of East Anglia, Devon, and Somerset have contributed a large proportion. In the letterpress, for which, as for the general plan of the book, Mr. Howard is responsible, local characteristics are fully dealt with and emphasized, and this is one of the features of the book which make it particularly valuable to the craftsman of the present day, for as pointed out, many of the incongruities which are to be found in the later woodwork of numerous churches are due to ignorance of the peculiarities which distinguished the craftsmanship of one part of the country from that of another. And among other topics in Mr. Howard's erudite dissertation which the worker of to-day will find of interest is the application of colour to woodwork in the mediæval period covered by the volume, of which there are still extant some fine examples.

We have received from Messrs. Ken Hoshino and Co., print publishers of Tokyo, through their London office in, Chancery Lane, some specimens of the Japanese colour prints published by them. These prints comprise a wide range of subjects; they are all hand-printed from wood-blocks on Japanese paper, and the prices are very moderate. Suitably framed they are admirably adapted for decorative purposes.

The Lay Figure

THE LAY FIGURE : ON THE ARTIST AS A WAR HISTORIAN.

"DOES it not seem to you that among the makers of a history of the war a place of special prominence ought to be assigned to the artist?" asked the Critic. "Is there not a leading part for him to play?"

"You appear to think that the artist ought to have a leading part in everything that is going on," objected the Plain Man. "What has he to do with the making of history?"

"A very great deal, I should say," returned the Critic. "In one sense he is the supreme historian, the chief maker of records, the one man who can keep alive the interest of history throughout the centuries."

"But history is something that is written down," argued the Plain Man. "You read it in books. The artist does not write; he paints pictures."

"You can learn very much more from pictures than you ever can from books," broke in the Man with the Red Tie. "To read a book properly you want to be able to imagine the pictures that the words suggest; the artist puts the pictures before you straight away."

"Yes, and because he has a trained imagination his pictures tell you the story that you may or may not be able to piece together from what you read in books," agreed the Critic. "He explains and illustrates written history and makes it intelligible to all men."

"But surely the history of this war does not want to be made intelligible by pictures," protested the Plain Man. "It is being written day by day in the newspapers, and it will be written all over again and in fuller detail in books. What more could you want?"

"Anything and everything I can get which will enable future generations to realize what this war means," declared the Man with the Red Tie, "that is what I want, and I believe that there is no one who can give it me so surely as the artist. He does not tell stories about the war to people who have never seen it, he shows them actually what it was like."

"That is right, that is what he does," cried the Critic. "He sees the war, and he puts his vision on permanent record, and this record will enable people centuries hence to see what he is seeing to-day."

"There is something in that," admitted the Plain Man. "I appreciate the argument that a faithful representation of what you have seen will help people to understand, but would not a photograph give you all that is required in that way?"

"No, it would not," replied the Critic. "A photograph will give you the facts, of course, but crudely and in a matter-of-fact way. The artist brings into the record the touch of sentiment that makes the facts convincing."

"And he adds the personal note, too, which is so persuasive and illuminating. Don't forget that," supplemented the Man with the Red Tie.

"I do not forget it; I count that as of the greatest importance," returned the Critic. "Nothing could be more convincing to future generations than the personal impressions of sensitive men who have seen the war in progress and been inspired by its realities. Nothing could explain more eloquently to our descendants what the war meant to us."

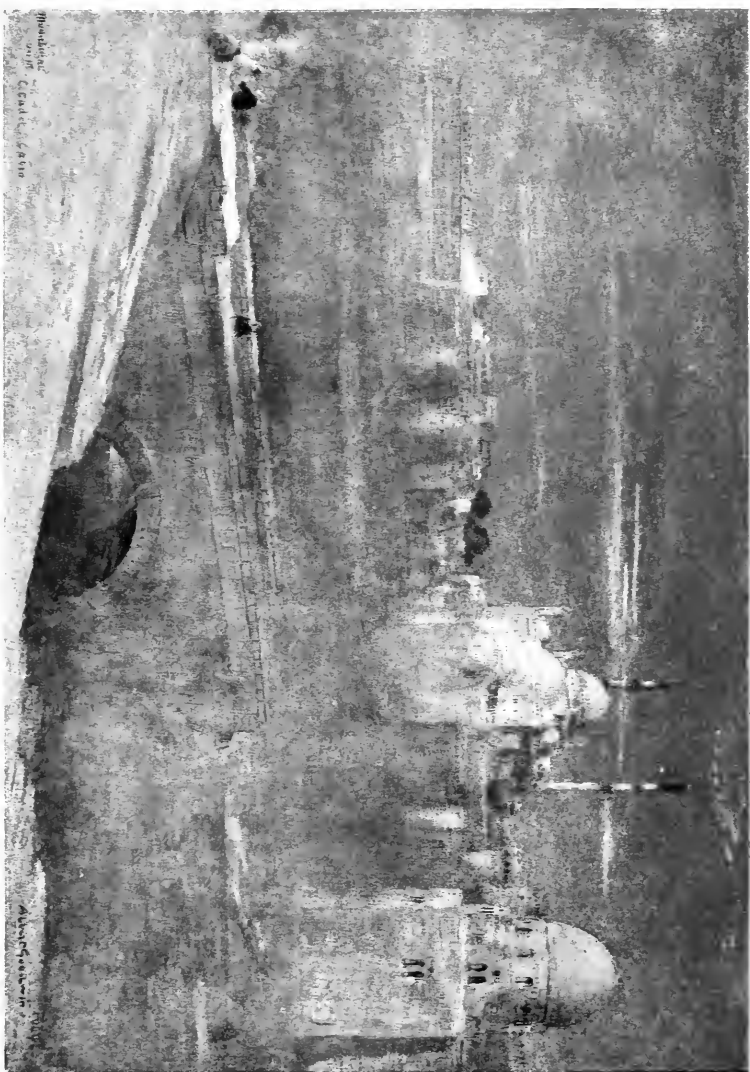
"Then I suppose you want our artists to be all set to work painting war pictures, and that a vast national collection should be formed of pictures of this type," observed the Plain Man.

"Certainly I want the nation to recognize that one of its first duties to posterity is to bring together now every form of art-work that is worthy of preservation as a war record," replied the Critic. "But what I desire more especially is that as many as possible of the drawings and sketches made by artists who are, or have been, serving in the various fields of operations should be carefully gathered together, and as carefully preserved in a public collection, instead of being hidden away in myriads of private collections. I think, too, that the best of the pictures painted by other artists and inspired by the sentiment of the nation in a period of unprecedented stress should find a place in such a collection. That is the way in which the most convincing history of the war can be compiled and to do it efficiently is surely a national obligation."

"But has not something already been done in that direction?" remarked the Man with the Red Tie.

"Yes, a start has been made, but the collection now being formed will have to be supplemented by a great deal more material before it can be considered complete," replied the Critic, "and all who can help to that end ought to do so."

THE LAY FIGURE.



MOONLIGHT ON THE CITADEL, CAIRO
 THE COURTESY OF ALBERT GOODWIN R.W.S.

ALBERT GOODWIN, R.W.S. BY
SIR FREDERICK WEDMORE.

IN thinking over Albert Goodwin's Art—the long tale of steady, careful, ingenious and very personal labours, extending now over nearly half a century—two words rise to my mind as peculiarly associated with Goodwin's nature and with his achievement; and the one of them is the word "homeliness," and the other, "splendour."

To the everyday observer it is the "splendour" that is most immediately visible. Here is the painter, here also is the draughtsman, who enjoys to tackle bravely the problems of astounding hue and of intricate line. Sometimes the splendour is of Nature's contriving—the splendour of the riven sky and of the blood-red cloudland of a tragic sunset. Sometimes the splendour is of Art. A mosque at Benares, is it, or perhaps the wonder of Delhi—the Taj Mahal? Or is it seen in *Moonlight on the Citadel*? Then you are suddenly shifted from palm and temple of the South; and it is the home of an English cottager, simple and grey, or the congregated peace of a little Old World

English country town—that Dorchester in Oxfordshire, it may be: smaller, less important than the Dorchester of Hardy and of Wessex. Or it may be Bridgnorth, with its quaint, only just picturesque humility, the "peace of homes" upon the Severn side—those upper reaches of the great west-country river—the land of A. E. Housman and of "A Shropshire Lad."

Have I in any degree, I wonder, in what I have already written, suggested an artistic individuality—a man who makes no cheap appeal to popularity: who goes his own way steadfastly and quietly—winning the praise of the sensitive and the instructed, and leaving to others the more obvious triumph: the "roaring and the wreaths"? Have I suggested an artist who, without intending violence, takes firm and unelusive hold of you—grips and so quietly annexes you, as real individualities most surely do? For, if it is not one of the triumphs, it is at least one of the characteristics of artists who are original, that you—if you are fitted to receive them—are for ever asking to know them better; so that if you are a Reader you read their work not once or twice, but again and yet again; and if you are a Collector, and their



"CAIRO"

WATER-COLOUR BY ALBERT GOODWIN, R.W.S.

product is Drawings, you try to get more of their productions, for you know their work so well that, just because you are ready to receive it, each fresh piece reveals a new facet of the familiar, and now and then the audacious, though generally the discreet talent.

Let us come to particulars, and let us begin them with a reference to the opinions of Mr. Ruskin; and here it is necessary to crave the indulgence of the most youthful and the very rawest of those to whom Mr. Ruskin is known only by his faults—his merits and his qualities being in that amusing world now steadily ignored.

About this matter one explanatory word. Mr. Ruskin, we know—and this is an excellent opportunity for saying it—is rarely either almost right or very nearly wrong. Much, much oftener he has been very admirably right or very badly wrong. Is evidence of this required? Must I cite cases in point? What is easier—what need be more convincing—on the one hand, than to reflect upon his untired ecstasy when he finds comfortably before him the long-drawn, faithfully imitative labours of that so dexterous

mere copyist of Nature, William Hunt? ¶ Again, what is to be thought of the writer on *Still Life* Painting who could leave Chardin unnoticed? And what, on the other hand, may not be conceded to our subtlest and most inspired of the exponents of Turner—to the Critic who was at the same time boldly true in his persistently held and frequently expressed opinion that the finished Water-Colours of Samuel Prout—those that were executed for Exhibition purposes, for Gallery walls—were, whatever may have been their popular recommendations, entirely inferior to his pencil drawings? Prout's pencil drawings, as it were in the twinkling of an eye, transfer us to the Calais shore or Calais *place*, to the quaint bridge of Ulm, or to Sion in the Valais with its graceful balconies, its sheltering arcades.

With this short bird's-eye view in our minds of Ruskin in error and of Ruskin in truth, we may the more correctly appraise the worth of what this fashionable Critic of his period—a *writer for all periods*, as long as English lasts—thought of the Water-Colours of Goodwin, as one by one they were brought before him, to be

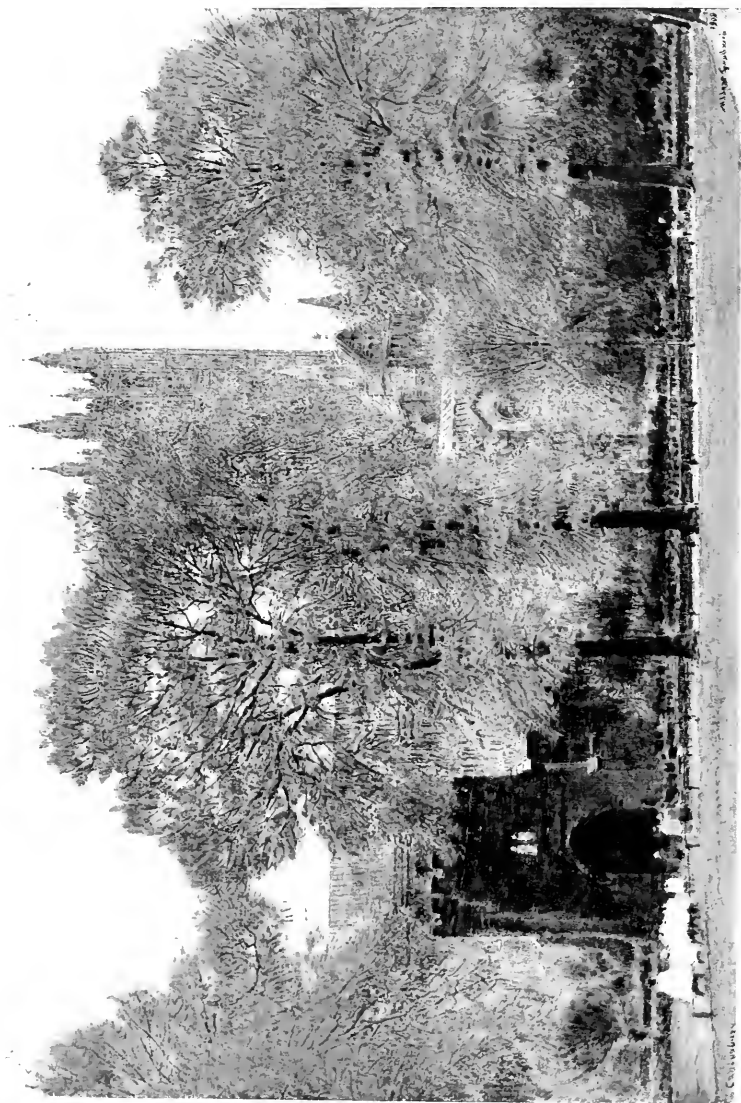


"PARIS AT REST"

WATER-COLOUR BY ALBERT GOODWIN, R.W.S.



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL. WATER-COLOUR BY ALBERT GODWIN R.W.S.





"CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL"

WATER-COLOUR SKETCH BY ALBERT GOODWIN, R.W.S.



"SALISBURY"

WATER-COLOUR SKETCH BY ALBERT GOODWIN, R.W.S.

admired and cared for amongst his often finely chosen treasures.

There were placed in my hands, by a friend of Mr. Albert Goodwin's, before they were sent, by Mr. Goodwin's generosity, to the Red Cross Sale at Christie's, half a hundred, I should suppose, of the letters of Ruskin to our artist, who in many particulars has been a painter after Ruskin's heart. They are letters of various periods, and they end tolerably late. I allow myself to quote from two of them.

The first is an undated letter, written early in the acquaintance of Writer and Painter. It was penned at Denmark Hill. Ruskin had evidently been remonstrating as to something that had been done, or left undone; but young Mr. Goodwin had understood that the remonstrance had been in no way unfriendly. Mr. Ruskin has, however, to reiterate or reinforce his plea:

"That you must work for bread is the very reason for your learning to draw forthwith. No figure-painter ever expects to sell his studies of anatomy, nor any opera-singer to live by letting the Public hear her practise scales.

"But both must be done by them. Landscape-painters, unhappily, are indulged by the Public in never learning their business; but they never can command their public unless they do."

And then Mr. Ruskin recommends exactly what objects young Goodwin shall draw, and tells him, "Your day's study ought to be two-thirds Form and one-third Colour. You can't much better your colour." That was already excellent, he means—and also less under the artist's control. "But in Form you may go on learning for ever."

Still at an early time—the date was 1876, and the place from which the letter was dispatched was Venice—Mr. Goodwin has become "my dear Albert":

"I am very happy in your letter received to-day: grateful for the regard and glad to think of your wise and happy life—to be more brought into sweet entanglement with joy."

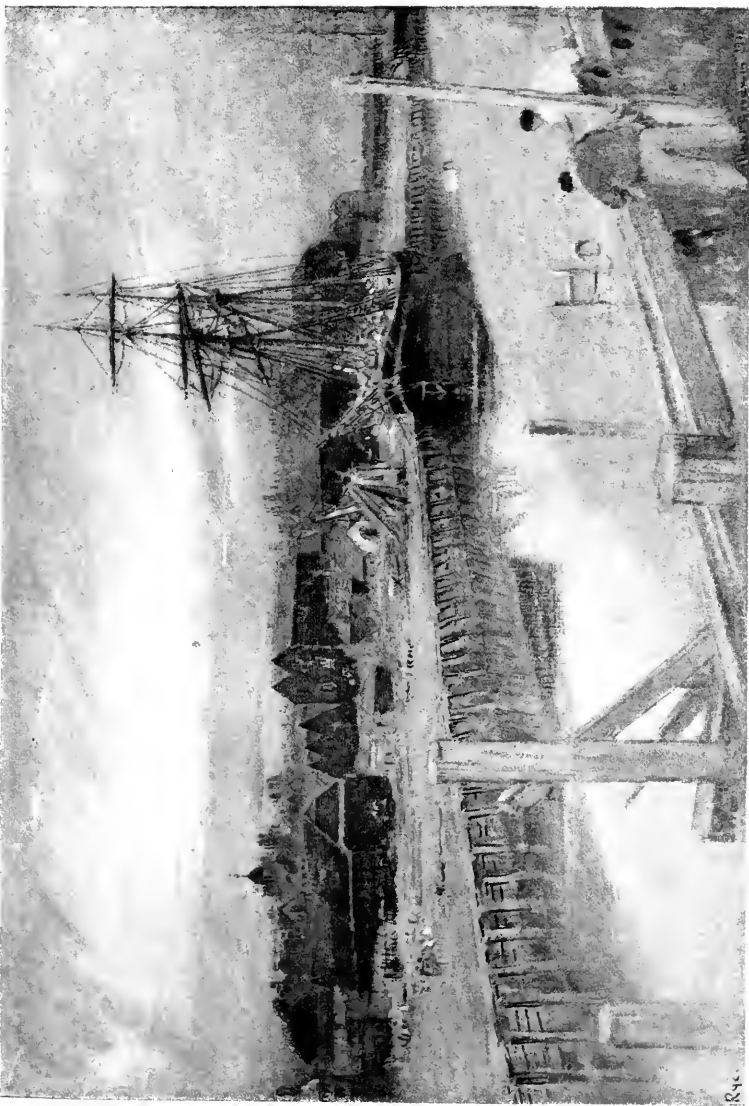
He refers, I think, to Mr. Goodwin's marriage.

"But I must not let the day pass without saying what seems to me the answer to your



"VITZNAU, LAKE OF LUCERNE"

WATER-COLOUR BY ALBERT GOODWIN, R.W.S.



questions about painting: that all great *efforts* are errors, and that we only use our power fully by only doing that which we know we can do well and enjoy doing better and better every day. I have always felt deep regret at your taking to oil and to large canvases."

That has something, but not quite all, to justify it; but Mr. Ruskin's further dictum, unless addressed to special cases only, is regrettably narrowing:

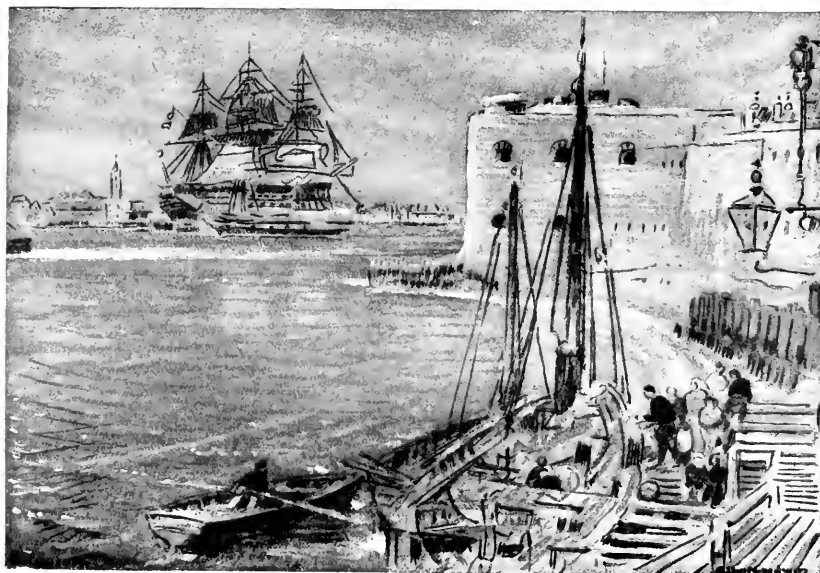
"The virtue of Oil, as I understand, is perfect delineation of solid form in deep local colour. It seems to me not only adverse to, but even the negation of positively beautiful landscape effect."

And then he adds—speaking of his own past—

"Very thankful should I be for more of those Danielli days again"—he means he wishes he could be in Venice and Goodwin there beside him—"but I can't sketch myself and write too; nor now do my eyes serve me as of old. But happiness," he sadly ends, "happiness is at Ilfracombe for you, not here; and I, wishing you to be happy, am ever your affectionate J. R."

By the time this letter was written, Goodwin appeared to have a place of some distinction already marked out for him; for it was in 1872, when he was at the most twenty-eight, that acceptance had been found for his work at the Old Water-Colour Society. He tells me, in a letter, that though he received encouragement, there were also those who gave him such advice as he could not appreciate. There were those who told him that "he must never paint a rainbow," and those who told him that he "must never paint a sunset"; and Mr. Goodwin has not eschewed rainbows—that I know of—and has certainly had in sunsets some of his finest and most individual successes. The least wise of his advisers, I think, were for narrowing him to the repetition of his most promptly recognized attainments. Had he listened there might have been no *Paris at Rest*. The advice would have fitted those who had a narrow talent, for all endowment—a trick of the hand, by which alone to be identified and esteemed.

But Mr. Goodwin was only like most original and serious artists in seeing a wide world—a wider one than his advisers conceived—quite



"PORTSMOUTH"

WATER-COLOUR BY ALBERT GOODWIN, R.W.S.



"BENARES"

WATER-COLOUR BY ALBERT GOODWIN, R.W.S.

plainly open to him. He enjoyed variety. The pursuit of variety not only widened his public, but kept fresh his interest in the themes he elected to tackle.

Mr. Goodwin has lately "discovered"—he announces it to his friends with a certain amount of congratulation—he has "discovered" that he is Seventy-three. By this reckoning he must have been well past middle life when he went to India and drew *Benares*, when he went to Egypt and painted *Cairo*, and when with his most admirable vision of colour he painted *Moonlight on the Citadel*—a dream of blue and silver that had appeared to him, I am sure, as true as it is exquisite.

As far as my opportunities of observation allow me to discuss the matter, I incline to believe that that "staying power" which is disclosed by Mr. Goodwin's history is more frequently to be identified with great artists than is that capacity for premature departure which so much more commends itself to the sentimental mind. Girtin and Bonington—

delightful artists, torn from the world before the years of either one of them had numbered thirty—represent the highest of their kind much less characteristically in this respect than does Titian, who went on for ever. To Mr. Goodwin, as to David Cox and Cotman and De Wint, there has been afforded time to ripen—time in which to be rich. And, roughly estimating the quality of the now voluminous production of our living artist—who takes rank certainly with the best and most engaging of the painters in water-colour—I think each period of his labours has its fair share of interest. I would exclude from view—from very serious consideration, rather—only work of the quite early time. It did not take Goodwin very long to be recognized sufficiently to be helped upon his way; but the further years were wanted not so much to confirm as to fully develop the extent of his achievement.

How far Goodwin has been, in all these later years, from influences he may still cite to you gratefully as having been beneficial in their day!



"RYE," WATER-COLOUR BY
ALBERT GOODWIN, R.A.W.S.

My Life at Ruhleben

The Pre-Raphaelite he might mention: especially that virile master of historical design, Ford Madox Brown: Arthur Hughes he has also mentioned. And Ruskin—something of his part has been made plain. It was precious, and it could never be ignored. But the most potent factor in the long development of Mr. Goodwin's gift is the observation, alert and subtle, that he has himself brought to bear upon the execution of his ever-enjoyed task. And to come back, at ending, towards the thought with which I began, learning and refinement, "homeliness" and "splendour," do not cease to be his characteristics to-day.

By way of Postscript, let me point out, in regard to the reproductions which illustrate this essay, that they are derived from a single collection—that is, from the possessions of a single amateur, Mr. Edward Weber of Hadley Bourne—and that that would never have been the case had I not found in Mr. Weber's collection, not only excellence, but a sufficient variety of theme and period to be generally representative. Had I required to go elsewhere I think I should have been advised to knock as lustily as possible at the doors of Sir Thomas Devitt and of Mr. Sidney Morse. I should have asked them then, undoubtedly—they or the Messrs. Leggatt—to come to my relief, and should have had full confidence in their capacity to do so.

A reproduction in colour of Mr. Goodwin's *Lincoln*, also belonging to Mr. Weber's collection, is included in the recently published Winter Number of *THE STUDIO*, "The Development of British Landscape Painting in Water-Colours."

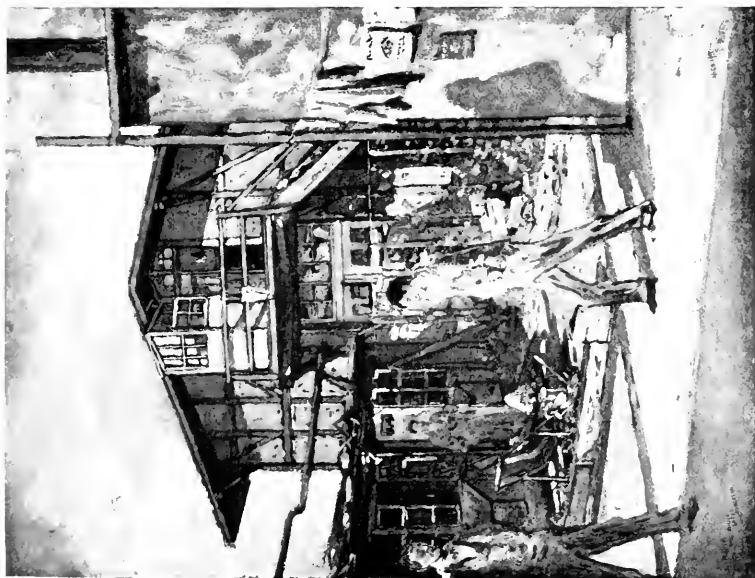
MY LIFE AT RUHLEBEN. BY NICO JUNGSMANN.

[Mr. Nico Jungsmann needs no introduction to readers of *THE STUDIO*, in which numerous examples of his work have been reproduced from time to time. A native of Holland, he settled in England more than twenty years ago, and his pictures are familiar to frequenters of the art exhibitions of London. His unique series of *Ruhleben* pictures, of which those now reproduced form part, is now being shown in its entirety at the Grosvenor Gallery, 51A New Bond Street.—EDITOR.]

I N July 1916 I went to Holland, to my old quarters at Volendam, with the object of painting pictures for an exhibition. In November 1916 I embarked for England, very pleased with my pictures, very happy that



"MR. POWELL, 'CAPTAIN' OF THE ENGLISH PRISONERS' CAMP AT RUHLEBEN"
BY NICO JUNGSMANN



"BARRACK NO. 6, RUHLEBEN CAMP, IN SUMMER."

BY NICO JUNGMANN



"THE CINEMA QUEUE, RUHLEBEN CAMP."

BY NICO JUNGMANN



"THE RACECOURSE, RUHLEBEN" (SECTION OF PANORAMA)

BY NICO JUNGMAHN

I had accomplished my task, and still more happy at the thought that I would soon be at home amongst my dear ones. But alas! I was not to see them again for many long months. No sooner was our boat out of Dutch waters than several German seaplanes appeared, and shortly four submarines emerged, closing in round us, and ordering our boat to stop. Our captain at once sent a wireless to the Dutch Admiralty, and very soon two Dutch warships appeared upon the scene, much parleying ensued, with the result that we were ordered to put in at Zeebrugge. Here Hun detectives boarded the steamer and all passengers were examined; some of them (exchanged prisoners and Belgians) were provided with safe-conducts and allowed to remain on the ship, but I and two other British subjects, and some young Belgians about to join the Army, were sent ashore. I was told to take my belongings with me, but I was puzzled what to do with my two large cases of pictures. I dare not take them

with me, as they were painted on panels of three-ply wood, and I did not want the Germans to know that I had them; they would probably suspect that I had something of importance concealed between the layers of wood, and cut my pictures in pieces to find out! I had on me the steamship company's receipt for these cases, and I was most anxious to destroy this, but it was made of thick cardboard, and we were closely watched by the German guards, so I had no chance of doing away with it. From Zeebrugge we were taken to Bruges, and locked in the town prison, and the first thing I did on finding myself alone in my cell was to eat the company's receipt! For seventeen days I remained in this cell, and it was for me a terrible experience; the cell was a filthy, evil-smelling hole, into which hardly any light penetrated. Every day I was told by my guard that I should probably be shot for a spy the next morning, so that my mental condition may be better imagined than described. It was



"THE RACECOURSE, RUHLEBEN" (ANOTHER SECTION OF PANORAMA)

BY NICO JUNGMAHN

indeed a relief when the order came for two of us to proceed to Ruhleben. Everything is a question of comparison, and when I first arrived there it seemed like heaven compared with my cell at Bruges.

I was informed that for some time after the establishment of this camp the conditions were very bad indeed—to give an instance, in wet weather the camp would be almost one big pool of water, and through this the prisoners must wade to get their dinners, etc.; but by degrees the prisoners succeeded in getting the whole of the internal organization into their own hands, so that by the time I arrived there great improvements had been made, and the organization was truly wonderful. Mr. Powell, whose portrait I painted, was captain of the camp, assisted by a vice-captain and a committee; sub-committees were formed for special purposes, such as canteen, sports, entertainments, etc. Then there was a postmaster, with assistants, to look after the distribution of

parcels arriving from England, after examination by the military in charge, and a paymaster to hand out the allowances sent by the British Government to prisoners without means. All these administrative duties were performed without pay, and I was filled with admiration for the spirit of patriotism and comradeship, and the resourcefulness and energy in overcoming difficulties, displayed by this community of over three thousand human beings, confined in this small space and entirely shut off from the outside world.

As soon as I arrived at the camp I made up my mind to begin work at once, and on the second day I had the good luck to have a room assigned to me in which I could do my painting; it was the bedroom of the English captain of the camp, a room about ten feet square, located underneath the grand stand; here we took our meals together, and it was a great improvement on the horse-box, where I, with four others, slept. Still I thought I might as

My Life at Ruhleben

well try to make it a little more comfortable, so I set to work, and by the time I had finished, the room was completely transformed. I panelled the walls with sheets of cardboard, which I painted to imitate oak; then I made a false ceiling a good deal below the existing one, and constructed a dresser, and a corner seat—my only tools being a penknife and a sardine-tin opener, which served as a hammer; I also constructed a kind of chandelier, with decorations made out of tin canisters, using tin-openers for hooks. This room was much appreciated by the friends I made in the community, and many a pleasant hour we spent together there; here I painted most of the pictures reproduced, and many others, for, as I have already said, I started to work at once and painted continuously during the sixteen months of my internment.

I should now like to say something about these pictures in which I have endeavoured to show what sort of a place the "Engländer

Lager" at Ruhleben is, and some of the incidents in the life we prisoners led there. The large panoramic view of the camp and its surroundings I painted in four sections, of which there are three here shown. I obtained permission to paint this from a sort of tower at the top of the grand stand; and it was done with the idea of having it reproduced in colour, and presented as a souvenir to each prisoner, and though passed by the authorities in Berlin, the project was not completed when the order came for my release.

The sections showing the racecourse were painted when the tennis season had just commenced and other sports were still in progress, such as football, hockey, baseball, and golf.

One part of the racecourse was set apart for growing vegetables, which were much needed. Seeds were sent out from England; flowers flourished as well as vegetables, and helped to brighten up the camp in spring and summer. I should mention that the race-



"RUHLEBEN PRISONERS LINING UP FOR BREAD RATION ON A WINTER'S DAY"

BY NICO JUNGMAHN



RUHLBEN PRISONERS LINING UP FOR
BACON RATION AT CHRISTMAS FROM THE
PAINTING BY NICO JUNGMAHN

My Life at Ruhleben

course was not part of the camp proper, but was hired by the prisoners from the owners, and was open only during certain hours.

Another section of the panorama shows a small building standing in an enclosure. This we called the "bird-cage," and here those prisoners were confined who were guilty of any breach of the official regulations.

In two of the pictures the men are seen forming long queues, and no one will need to be told that they are "lining up" for food. Queues are naturally a normal part of the life at Ruhleben. The community is divided into barracks, and each barrack has its captain, whose duty it is to check each man as he receives his ration, so that no one shall be served twice. I may explain that most of the rations are various eatables supplied in bulk from England, to supplement the standard parcels. The only German ration which is supplied regularly is potatoes; the prisoners very rarely draw their bread ration.

These queue pictures were painted in the

winter; and, in fact, in the one reproduced in colours, the men are about to receive their Christmas portion of bacon from England, a luxury they fully appreciated. In the other picture, where the conditions were not so cheerful, they are waiting their turn for their ration of Danish bread, sent by the good offices of the British Red Cross. On this occasion the consignment was not sufficient to ensure the full ration. With the exception of this good Danish bread, everything is sent out from England. How eagerly are those parcels looked for and how gratefully received!

We also had queues for the theatre and cinema. The prices were from *2d.* to *1s.*, but as the buildings would only seat two hundred, the men lined up early, and waited for hours for the doors to open. The gate-money is used for hiring films, costumes, scenery, etc., and the surplus goes to relief funds.

The terrible trouble of most of the men in the camp is the monotony and hopelessness of



"RUHLEBEN CAMP: 'TRAFALGAR SQUARE'"

BY NICO JUNGMANN

My Life at Ruhleben

relief. As to my own experience, I can only say that I was extremely lucky to be able to work with interest and enthusiasm. Occupied as I was, and always hoping for release, the period of my captivity was more endurable than in the case of younger men, or men without occupation.

The other artists interned in the camp during my term were mostly amateurs, and amongst them were several whose *forte* was humorous drawings, such as Wade and Walker, who often contributed to the camp magazine. This was edited by Filmore and Winsor, who helped largely to organize the theatrical performances, and to design and paint many a picture of the remarkable costumes worn by the players. Mr. John Wiggin, an Englishman who lived in Brussels, made many sketches of camp life; and there were besides several young men who developed a talent for drawing during their internment; amongst these

Tooly and Sullivan Maloney interested me greatly. Charles Horsfall was a fellow professional painter.

This little group of artists had already constructed a shed, which served as a studio and exhibition gallery, and as I had brought a number of pictures with me, which I had painted during my stay in Holland, they invited me to have a show of them; there was an entrance fee of 2d., which went to the artists' fund, and I must say that my pictures met with the most flattering appreciation from the many who visited the show.

To return to my pictures, I recognize that they represent the brighter side of the life at Ruhleben. The splendid courage and good nature shown by the prisoners would make the gloomiest man ashamed to indulge his melancholy; personally I am always disposed to make the best of things and prefer not to dwell on the sad side. Indeed, it was only the



"THE 'BIRD-CAGE,' RUHLEBEN" (FOR CONFINEMENT OF PRISONERS GUILTY OF BREACHES OF THE REGULATIONS). BY NICO JUNG



"BARRACK NO. 8, RUHLBEN, SUMMER: PRISONERS IN DESHABILLE"

BY NICO JUNGMAHN]

concentrated determination of these men to make the best of a bad job that made existence bearable, and even cheerful. I shall never forget the day when those of us who were granted freedom took leave of the camp. The railway line from Spandau to Berlin runs close to the racecourse, near the grand stand, and as we boarded the train, which drew up alongside for us, numbers of the men with no hope of release themselves clambered on to the low roofs of the barracks and gave us a rousing send-off, singing "Tipperary" and "Pack up your Troubles in your old Kit-Bag." It was heart-rending to have regained the great gift of freedom and not to be able to share it with all these fine fellows, who would so gladly give their lives for their country, but who are doing their bit by carrying on her splendid traditions in a manner that forces admiration from our bitterest enemies. Let us not forget that they also are fighting England's battles under conditions devoid of any inspiration or encouragement but that which they draw from their own British hearts.

STUDIO TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The War Seal Foundation, an organization promoted and presided over by Mr. Oswald Stoll, and having for its object the provision of self-contained residential flats (now in course of erection at Fulham) for permanently disabled service men and their families, has secured a unique contribution from numerous artists and writers of note (including several Royal Academicians) in the shape of an album of original paintings, drawings, poems, and music, which any one who takes a half-crown ticket will have a chance of possessing. The draw, which will take place at the Alhambra Theatre on July 4, is being arranged by Mrs. Warden-Stevens, and tickets may be obtained from her at Parliament Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W. 1; or at the offices of the Foundation, Faraday House, 10 Charing Cross Road, W.C. 2., where the album may be seen.

The Committee formed under the chairmanship of Sir John Lavery to obtain a characteristic example of the work of Ivan Mestrovic for a public collection invites subscriptions to make up the amount already subscribed (£350) for the purchase of the relief in wood, *Descent from the Cross*, which has been chosen both as a fitting symbol of the measureless sacrifice of the Serbian race, and as representing one remarkable side of the Serbian sculptor's art. Contributions may be sent to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Ernest H. Collings, 19 Ravenslea Road, London, S.W. 12.

The exhibition of War Photographs in Colour now being held at the Grafton Galleries under the auspices of the Government will remain open till the end of April, and all who have not seen it should seize an opportunity of doing so. It is certainly the most remarkable display of the kind that has ever been presented to the public, not only because of the unusual dimensions of the photographs and the vivid portrayal of incidents in the campaign on several Fronts, but more particularly because of the astonishing realism of the colour effects.

The first series of drawings sent home by Lieut. James McBey as Official Artist in Palestine, a selection from which we reproduced in a recent number, has been supplemented by a further interesting series which includes the three represented by the accompanying illustrations. The originals have been on view during the past few weeks at the galleries of Messrs. Colnaghi and Obach in New Bond Street, where, it need hardly be said, they have attracted much attention. As already announced, these official records of the opera-

tions in Palestine will form the subject-matter of one or more instalments of the serial publication now being issued by authority of the Government under the title "British Artists at the Front," as a sequel to Mr. Muirhead Bone's War Drawings. The first instalment contains the drawings of Mr. Nevinson, of which a few were reproduced in a recent number of this magazine. The originals of these, too, have been on exhibition in London—in this case at the Leicester Galleries, whither they have drawn an interested throng of visitors.

At the same galleries Messrs. Brown and Phillips are showing a collection of paintings by Mr. Frederic Whiting, whose work was the subject of an article in our issue of March 1914. Mr. Whiting joined the Army shortly after the outbreak of war, enlisting as a private in the



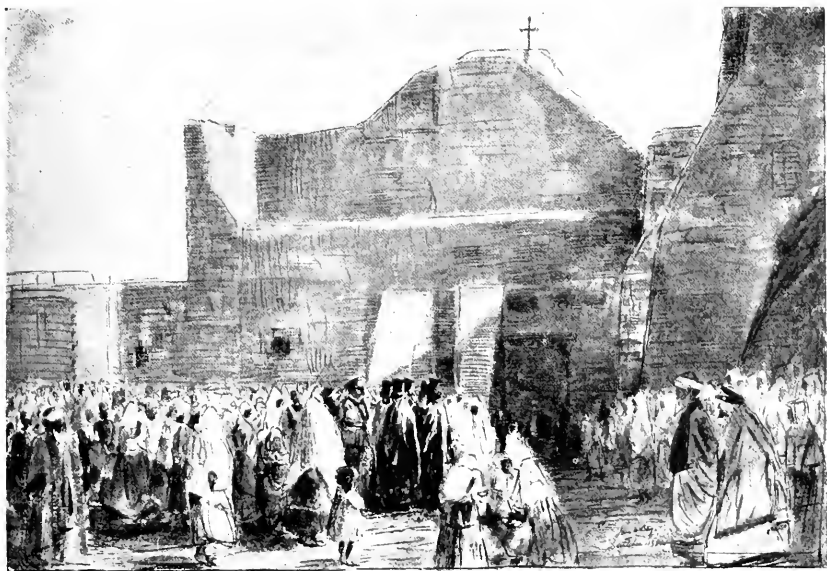
"THE BLACK WATCH GUARD AT THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, JERUSALEM." FROM A DRAWING BY JAMES MCBEY, OFFICIAL ARTIST IN PALESTINE



"EGYPTIAN LABOUR CORPS LANDING AMMUNITION." FROM A DRAWING BY JAMES M. BEY,
OFFICIAL ARTIST IN PALESTINE

London Regiment, and after serving for nearly three years, and reaching the rank of Lieutenant, was discharged last year. His show at the

Leicester Galleries comprises work done before the war and since his discharge, and it is gratifying to note that though when in the Army he



"BETHLEHEM: THE BRITISH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF WELCOMED BY THE INHABITANTS." FROM A DRAWING
BY JAMES M. BEY OFFICIAL ARTIST IN PALESTINE

Studio-Talk

had practically no opportunity for painting, his subsequent work, so far from showing any deterioration, discloses in certain respects an undoubted advance. Whether in oils or water-colour his work always bears the stamp of spontaneity, and indeed the invigorating freshness alike of his outdoor pictures and his portraits is due to his rare capacity for recording his impressions on the instant. It may be mentioned that since the beginning of the war two public galleries in the provinces have acquired oil paintings by him—Brighton a study of a girl's head, and Liverpool *The Amateur Rider*, which we reproduced to illustrate the article above mentioned.

This month also Mr. Alfred Rich is having a special exhibition of his landscapes at the Walker Gallery in New Bond Street. As a loyal interpreter of the beauties of English landscape Mr. Rich has few compeers. His Sussex Downs, his woods, his calm canals, and above all the low-lying fields, carrying one away to the soft distant hills beyond, seem almost as much a part of one's life as the view from the window, and it is this homeliness that makes his pictures so companionable. It is one of their merits, too, that while they evince due respect for the best traditions of landscape painting, they are modern in feeling.

Notwithstanding the strained conditions of the times and the fact that very few male artists below middle age have any but meagre opportunities of following their calling, and many others, women as well as men, are engaged on National Service of one or other kind, the London art season of 1918 shows perhaps

a nearer approximation to pre-war activity than any since the great conflict of nations began in 1914. The evidence of this is not so much the fact that practically all the leading art societies have held or are holding their exhibitions as usual, as the greater number of "one man" shows at the various galleries, not all of which by any means base their appeal on any connexion with the events of the day. We are sure that the meaning of this reawakening of interest in art is not that its devotees and patrons are indifferent to the great issues that are being decided on the field of battle, but rather that the influence of art under circumstances like the present is recognized to be both wholesome and necessary, and the fact that the organization of exhibitions does not make any more than a very trifling demand on the energies of the nation is all in favour of their continuance, as



"THE HAWK"

WATER-COLOUR BY FREDERIC WHITING
(Leicester Galleries)



SEPTEMBER WATER-GLASS
FREDERIC WHITING, R.O.I.R.B.A.



"CHILDREN AND PONIES"

WATER-COLOUR BY FREDERIC WHITING



"GREYHOUNDS."

(Leicester Galleries)

WATER-COLOUR BY FREDERIC WHITING



"THE HOSPITAL WARD"
LEAD-PENCIL DRAWING
BY ARTHUR R. TODD

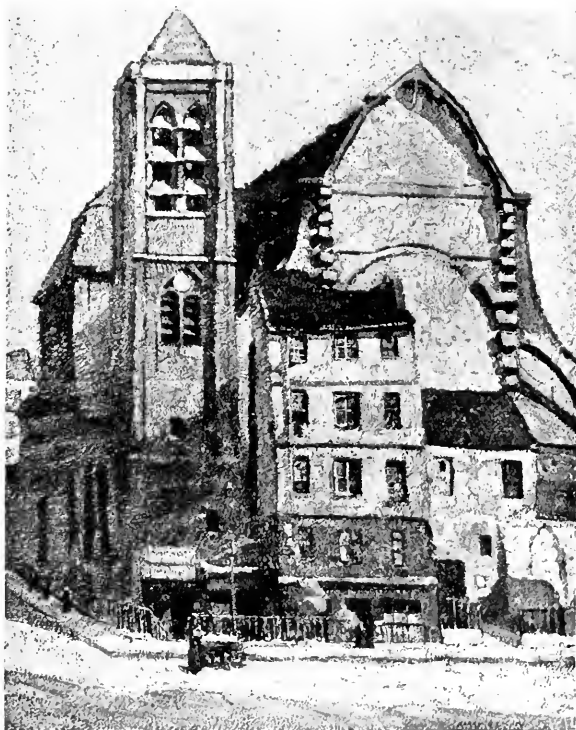
a means of affording agreeable relaxation to many to whom the more popular kinds of entertainment do not appeal.

We learn that the Brighton Public Art Gallery is shortly to receive for its permanent collection a study by the late Leandro Garrido, the gift of a few friends and a few of the many pupils of this gifted artist, who spent part of his boyhood at Brighton and worked at the local School of Art. In 1914 a memorial exhibition of his works was held there, and a study in oils for his picture, *His First Offence* (Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool), was acquired by the Brighton gallery. The work now being purchased by subscription from Mrs. Garrido is a black-and-white study for *The Art Critic* (Philadelphia Museum), and is masterly in characterization and draughtsmanship. Owing to the difficulty of corresponding with pupils in distant lands, the presentation of this drawing has been postponed.

Mr. Arthur R. Todd, whose pencil drawing *The Hospital Ward* we reproduce on the opposite page, hails from Newlyn, where he received his training, first under his father, a member of the colony, and later under Mr. Stanhope Forbes, R.A., to whom so many young artists of the day are indebted for counsel and encouragement. Mr. Todd was among the first to volunteer for military service when war broke out, but being rejected he went into munition work and subsequently joined the Motor Transport Section of the Army Service Corps. This drawing of his is evidence of the careful training he has undergone in draughtsmanship, unfortunately too much neglected in this impatient age.

PARIS.—Harry B. Lachman, a self-made painter, has just conquered Paris with his recent exhibition of pictures at the Georges Petit Galleries. Not only were many of them acquired by well-known French collectors, but the State and the Ville de Paris also bought canvases for the Musée du Luxembourg and the Petit Palais respectively.

Lachman is a luminist—in his canvases one sees the smiling sincerity of French landscape steeped in life. In looking at his pictures, one feels the sincerity and dauntless conviction of youth, unhampered by academic principles. When Léonce Benedite, Director of the Musée du Luxembourg, asked him in what academy he had studied, he received as a reply, "Only in the school of Nature." Lachman's life is as

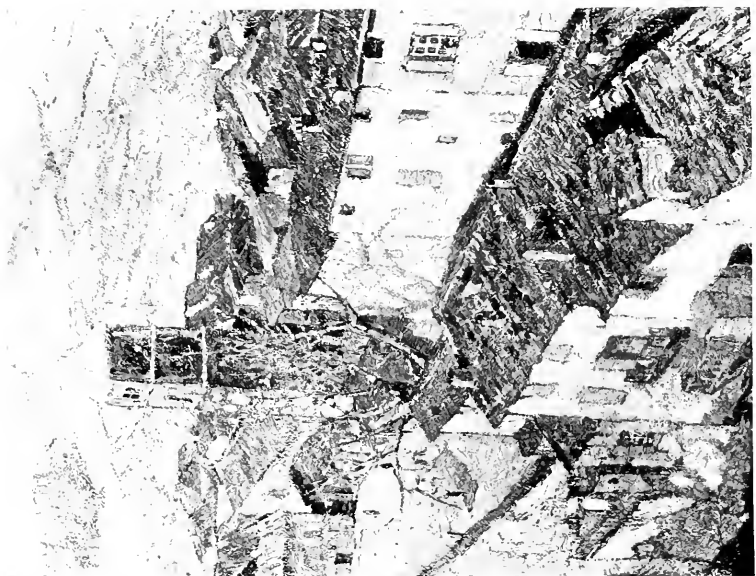


"EGLISE ST. NICHOLAS DU CHARDONNET, PARIS." BY HARRY B. LACHMAN
(Purchased by the State for the Musée du Luxembourg)



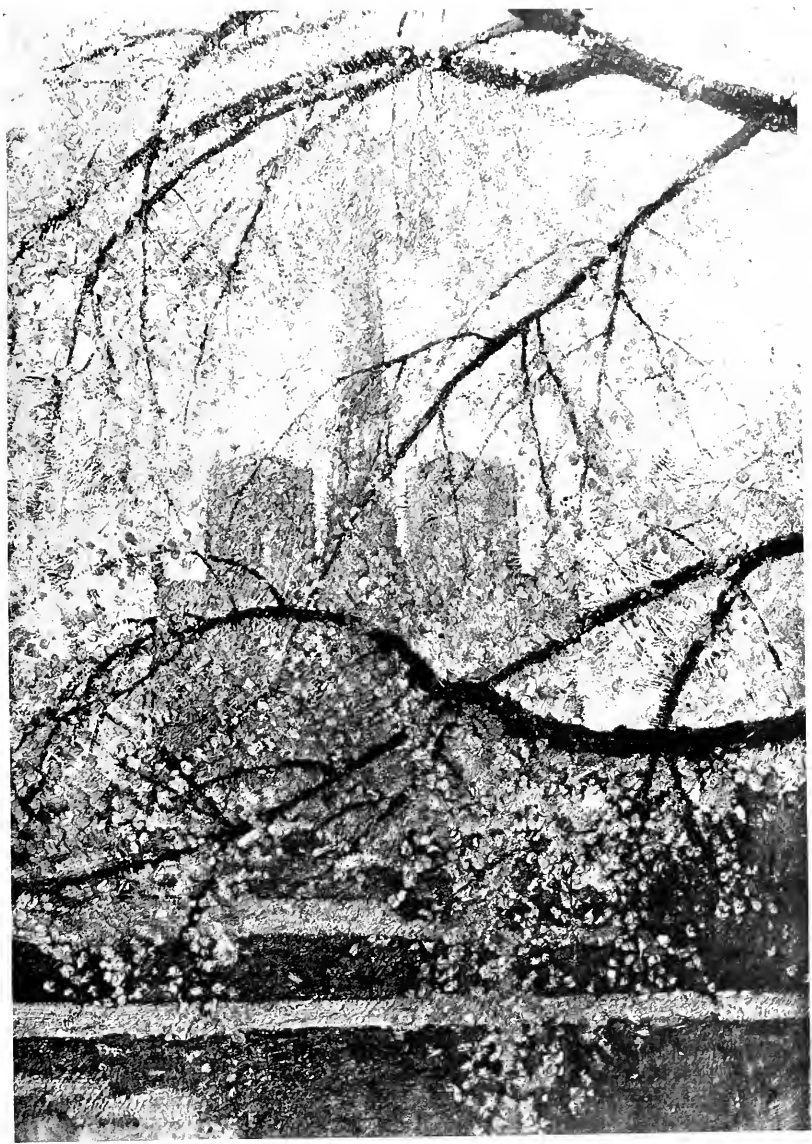
"VILLAGE SUR LA VÉFRE "

BY HARRY B. LACHMAN



"LES TOITS "

BY HARRY B. LACHMAN



*(Purchased by the Ville de Paris
or the Musée du Petit Palais)*

"PRINTEMPS PARISIEN"
BY HARRY B. LACHMAN



"LE PORT" (DOUARNENEZ)

BY HARRY B. LACHMAN

conscientious as his work. As a boy he worked hard to live—in the great city of Chicago, where he was born and left an orphan at the age of ten. At twenty-five he came to France, where, for five years, he has been painting landscapes. At Philadelphia he had admired the paintings of Charles Cottet, and chance brought him into touch with this great French master almost immediately upon his arrival here. The artistic breath of Paris fanned into a blaze the spark of talent, and soon Lachman's pictures were to be seen in the Salon Nationale.

The principal qualities of his landscapes are harmonious construction and sensitive colour. The subjects are handled in large simple masses, the palette is forceful and assured. The artist's eye quickly discovered the important truth that is disengaging itself from the eccentricities, exaggerations, and errors of the art of to-day. Colour is a social value, not an individual one; every tint is at once the slave, master, and mate of its neighbour. Nature is but the playground for numberless colours reacting one on the other.

From Lachman's work the Musée du Luxembourg has perhaps chosen the most interesting example—*St. Nicholas du Chardonnet*, an old church enshrined in one of the most venerable spots of Paris, breathing the poetical forlornness of stones that have outlived the people who laid them. The Petit Palais—to-day the Municipal Museum of Paris—made a widely different choice in acquiring the *Printemps parisien*, a vision of Notre Dame seen through the spring foliage. Nothing can be fresher or gayer than this symphony of colour. Lachman planted his easel among the uneven stones of the quays on the Ile St. Louis, and though he has perhaps exaggerated the poetic side of the subject to the detriment of the technique he displays in other canvases, the result is exquisite.

WILLY G. R. BENEDICTUS

[Owing to further restrictions on the supply of paper we are obliged to hold over temporarily various contributions intended for this number.—EDITOR.]



"AFTERNOON SUNSHINE ON THE GALLOWAY HILLS"
FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY W. EYRE WALKER, R.W.S.

W. EYRE WALKER, R.W.S. BY
PROFESSOR SELWYN IMAGE

MR. EYRE WALKER has been an Associate of the Old Water-Colour Society for now close on forty years: for over twenty he has been a Full Member. His work, therefore, is well known to all frequenters of that delightful gallery in Pall Mall. By how many of us in the annual exhibitions there is it always—may I say affectionately?—looked out for and welcomed. For assuredly, when found, it never fails to exert over us that intimate peaceful charm we have grown to associate with his accomplished art.

Let me here quote a too modest passage from a note written me by Mr. Walker, which reveals to us what in his pictures is their general purpose. "I try," he says, "to take my minute, nebulous, interested public to look at my landscape with me, and to tell them what I see in it as gracefully and fittingly as I can." Precisely. That puts the matter for us in a nutshell. Unlike so much contemporary work

his aim is not to startle and set us arguing: it is not, in Shakespeare's telling phrase, "to change true rules for odd inventions." And herein, I venture to submit, he proves himself to be of the genuine stock and in the true tradition of his famous Society. Well, certainly it is not a little gratitude that we owe to this tradition—the tradition, that is, of sound rather than of showy workmanship having for its end the expression above all else in Art of Beauty and Fine Interest.

In our modern lawless days, however, this tradition meets with an acceptance by no means universal. Here, for example, is a characteristic quotation from a notice of one of the Society's recent exhibitions by a well-known critic in one of our leading newspapers. "The present exhibition," it runs, "is rather above the average, although there is not much audacity in it, and a general fear of ugliness." Damning with faint praise this beyond all question! Yet one knows by experience what effusive laudation would in certain quarters have been expended on the exhibition supposing it had consisted of examples of affected childishness in



"NIGHT"

WATER-COLOUR BY W. EYRE WALKER, R.W.S.

(In the possession of Mrs. A. W. Willis)

execution, and sordid suggestiveness in motive. That, we should have been told in brilliant enigmatic sentences, struck the healthy new note in Art: it was emancipation from the fetters of technical accomplishment—it was genuine originality, and a virile facing of life's facts. But we must not now stay to elaborate this matter. The Old Water-Colour Society can take very good care of itself, and will, we trust, continue to go quietly on its established way of devotion to Beauty and Fine Interest, and of sane, thorough workmanship. It will at any rate be no fault of its distinguished member, Mr. Eyre Walker, should it allow itself to be at all seduced from this its traditional path.

The illustrations accompanying the present article, sufficiently various in subject and treatment, prove in more than one instance Mr. Walker's knowledge of tree form and growth; and in their detail they show what he speaks of as his persistent "love of the beauty of little things—the stalk of a grass, the head of a dandelion in seed, the markings on a birch-tree stem, the lichen-patches on a rock." In this connexion look at the coloured illustration,

A Surrey Canal: Evening, and the black-and-white illustration, *Old Willow Stems*. The draughtsmanship of the trees in the first of these drawings could not for precision in handling of delicately observed fact be surpassed: nor would it be easy to convey the sense of tangled flowering undergrowth under scintillating light more vividly than it is given us in this study of willow stems. A number of original sketches of similar subjects are before me as I write; and all of them are characterized by this same quality of intimate knowledge and delicate yet firm draughtsmanship. Now it is interesting to learn that Mr. Walker's first teacher in tree-drawing was that famous master of the pencil J. D. Harding. The pupil bears to-day grateful testimony to the benefit he derived from Harding's instruction and method. It is no wonder. Beyond all manner of doubt there is no training for students to be compared to that discipline of the Pencil. I remember Burne-Jones once commending it to me as, what he vividly called it, the first indispensable "monastic discipline": and Ruskin with all his pupils was insistent on it. So too, assuredly, we



"LIGHTS AND SHADOWS"

WATER-COLOUR BY W. EYRE WALKER, R.W.S.



"THE RIVER TORRIDGE :
LOW WATER." FROM THE
WATER-COLOUR BY W.
EYRE WALKER, R.W.S.

may suppose, from the experience of his own development, would Turner have been. For of all sound art drawing is the basis: and the two main factors in drawing are keenness of intelligent vision and preciseness of vital delineation. Well, at any rate so far as a young student is concerned, there is for the purpose of such delineation no instrument comparable with the pencil. The reason of this is plain. It allows the student no seductive, meretricious showiness. It ties him down to accuracy, revealing at once where laziness or incapacity have rendered his work faulty. Nay, the very restraint it puts upon his emotion and impatient ambition is at this stage in his training of itself invaluable. For the development of other qualities in his art he can bide his time. But for the present let him be content just to learn how to draw. Every day's painful effort after that will reward him with a step in advance. It is time spent and discipline submitted to of which no artist, whatever his natural gift of originality and imagination, has ever had cause to repent.

But his early apprenticeship to the pencil

under Harding's guidance, and his own natural "love of the beauty of little things"—though the salutary effect of both influences abides with him to this day—have not injured Mr. Walker's matured art in the direction of a too conventional treatment of Nature, or of a finical absorption in her exquisite, yet bewildering, detail. Though, except in three of the drawings here reproduced, one can convey to the reader little idea of his admirable gift of colour—now rich and solemn as in the *Afternoon Sunshine on the Galloway Hills*, now tender and opalescent as in *A Surrey Canal: Evening*—we have only to turn to *Hail Storms*, or *Lights and Shadows*, or *Near Woodbridge*, or *On Galloway Moors*, or *The River Torridge: Low Water*, to see how wide stretches of landscape appeal to the artist, and with what a large vision and force of broad handling he treats such subjects. In these drawings, certainly—and they are eminently characteristic ones—there is no smallness either of conception or of touch. Once passed the early student days it was "Turner's middle-period drawings," Mr. Walker tells me, which specially attracted him. Doubtless amongst



"OLD WILLOW STEMS"

WATER-COLOUR BY W. EYRE WALKER, R.W.S.



"THE EDGE OF A NOBLE DOWN" FROM THE
WATER-COLOUR BY W. EYRE WALKER R.W.S.

W. Eyre Walker, R.W.S.

other things that developed in him from this study of Turner was his interest in the sky. It has remained with him a dominant interest. In the drawings I have just referred to it will be noted how large a portion of each design is occupied by the sky. It goes without saying, however, that of all elements in a painting this it is, unfortunately, which can be reproduced by any mechanical process with least satisfactory result. It cannot be otherwise. To appreciate an artist's rendering of the sky's infinitely subtle gradations and delicate beauty one simply must have his original drawings before one. I have just been turning over a number of Mr. Walker's direct studies of sky-effects, and specially have been struck by his treatment of large masses of cumulus-cloud piled up against, or moving rapidly across, the blue heaven, and all illuminated by the sun's rays. In drawing and in colour alike they are singularly fine things. But even in coloured reproductions, no matter how excellent, and still more of course in black and white, the subtlety of the drawing as well as that of the tones and colours tends towards an unsympathetic hardness, or vanishes altogether. Yet in each of the present illustra-

tions let me call attention to at least two things which are sufficiently emphatic: first, the importance in these designs of the skies; secondly, their luminosity. It is characteristic of Mr. Walker's work that very largely do they dominate each entire drawing, alike in their place as part of its decorative composition and as affecting the colour and chiaroscuro of the landscape stretched beneath them.

The drawings to which I have hitherto referred are in the best sense of the term what we may call Naturalistic. Though, as in any genuine work of art, there is clear evidence in them of artistic selection and arrangement—often, no doubt, only partially conscious—still on the whole their main object has been to set before us with faithful straightforwardness and careful craftsmanship the immediate appearance of this or that scene upon which the artist chances to have come and been captivated by. But in the drawing *Afternoon Sunshine on the Galloway Hills*, and even further in that entitled *Night*, a more personal, intimate, and deeper note than this is assuredly struck. "Tardily," says Mr. Walker, "I became conscious of the strong difference of sentiment in different places.



"NEAR WOODERIDGE"

WATER-COLOUR BY W. EYRE WALKER, R.W.S.

W. Eyre Walker, R.W.S.

And this sentiment, mood, emotion came to be things that mattered, and with which I had to concern myself." To a spirit so serious and reverent as his undoubtedly, in any case and unaided, this fresh revelation of Nature out of her inexhaustible treasury, and the appeal made by it to her attentive interpreter, would in due course have come. But I feel sure that Mr. Walker will not resent my here putting down in print what privately he has stated to me—how much, I mean, in this particular development of his artistic sensibility and aim he was influenced by long and intimate relationship with our dear friend the late Thomas Hope McLachlan. Both *Night* and *Afternoon Sunshine* are genuine characteristic Eyre Walkers: but in sentiment, colour, and design how sympathetically would they hang against a couple of Hope McLachlan's profoundly poetic landscapes! A rare artist indeed did untimely fate snatch from us in McLachlan's early unexpected death twenty years since, just when his power was coming to its full, and beginning to tell for good beyond the circle of his admiring and devoted friends.

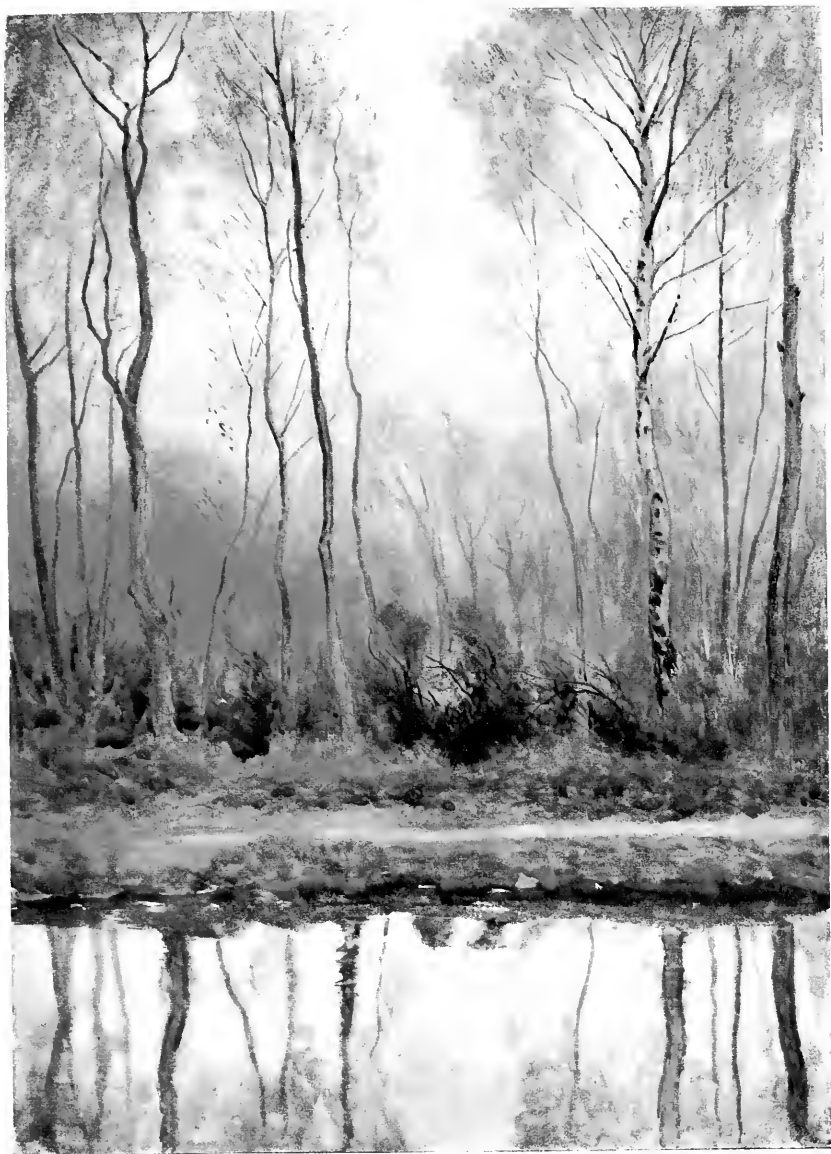
To myself personally, at any rate, I must confess that in *Afternoon Sunshine* and *Night*

Mr. Walker's art seems to reach its high-water mark. Fresh, true, beautiful as his drawings always are—enviable things to possess, every one of them, just because of these constant healthful qualities—yet in the two now mentioned there is beyond these qualities a note of human emotion which sets them apart as Poetical Creations. Just so. In their entire conception and in each detail of them this is the work of an artist, who does more than see vividly and record truthfully, invaluable as such gifts are. Rather is it the work of one who has passed, so to say, behind the interesting and beautiful appearances of Nature, to find something in her of that suggestive sympathy by which, far beyond merely delighting our eyes, she—for encouragement, or solace, or pity—moves our imagination and passion. And then, but only then, supposing the power of technical expression has been gained, it is in the proper sense of the word a poem, that is the result. A poem—yes: not merely, that is, a record of Nature, however delightful; but, inspired by Nature, a fresh imaginative creation visibly communicated to us through the sensuous medium of Art.



"HAIL STORMS"

WATER-COLOUR BY W. EYRE WALKER, R.W.S.



A SURREY CANAL. EVENING. WATER-
COLOUR BY W. EYRE WALKER. RWS



"THE WYE, NEAR ROSS"
WATER-COLOUR BY W.
EYRE WALKER, R.W.S.



"ON GALLOWAY MOORS"

WATER-COLOUR BY W. EYRE WALKER, R.W.S.

To conclude this article. If I have any complaint against Mr. Walker at all, it is that he is too modest: and that in respect of this higher effort of Art, this poetically creative effort, his modesty is in some danger of a little standing in his and our way. Yet *Afternoon Sunshine* and *Night* show us of what he is capable in this direction. Take the *Night*. Every incident in this drawing is there, is just what and where it is, to emphasize the one moving sentiment, or motive, of the composition as a whole. The horse, for example, is notably so—no animal this cleverly thrown in for mere picturesque effect. Well, for any work of Mr. Walker's we have learned to be grateful. But for work of such an order as *Night*, so well within his power, our gratitude increases fourfold.

THE next Special Number of THE STUDIO will be devoted to the work of artists who are serving with the British forces on land or sea, or who have been granted special facilities for depicting the war in its various phases. In the preparation of this volume the editor is co-operating with the authorities of the Imperial War Museum and the Ministry of Information. As the edition must be limited owing to paper restrictions, orders should be placed at once.

EDGAR DEGAS. BY GABRIEL MOUREY.

VERY few modern artists there are in whose work one finds blended, with so much cohesion and strength as in that of the very great painter who has just passed away, an intensely keen sense of *contemporaneity*—if I may be excused this rather barbarous-looking word—with a respect for the technical perfection which is the tradition of their art.

The peculiarity of the artists of to-day, even of those who give one the fullest impression of being "masters"—and who *are* masters up to a certain point, but up to a certain point only—is that they are too easily satisfied with the *à peu près*. With them skill takes the place of depth, dexterity that of knowledge. Negligently, or spurred by the necessity of producing much and quickly, they express, in general, only a part of what they feel or think (when they think at all, which is becoming more and more rare), and, after having got right to the bottom of their subject, they find it sufficient instead of fixing it in all its aspects, to show us only some of them, to present some fugitive phase of it.

There was nothing of that sort with Degas. He learned his craft not at the Ecole des Beaux-

Edgar Degas

Arts, where the conventional, chilling methods of teaching would soon have repelled him, but at the Louvre. There he set to work copying Ghirlandajo, Holbein, even Lawrence; and not until he had lived long in the intimacy of the great painters of the past, those inimitable Primitives who, while full of exquisite and profound imagination, were at the same time the most faithful, the most veracious interpreters of the life of their period; not until he had assimilated to his utmost capacity the *métier*, so rich in knowledge, in refinement and in expression, of the masters whom right to the end he worshipped most fervently, did he himself venture to attempt to paint.

The pictures painted by Degas at this period show clearly enough whose influence he was under at the time. He appeared, indeed, as the inheritor of the purest and best traditions bequeathed by the masters of bygone days. This as much by his manner of arranging his subjects and composing them as in their execution, at once minute, precise, astonishingly careful, and yet always on the look out for the atmosphere and the luminosity that were already in favour in the days when they found realization. The *Bureau d'un Magasin de Coton à la Nouvelle-Orléans*, a souvenir of the voyage he made to America about the time of the war between North and South, some of his early racing scenes, such as the *Voitures aux Courses*, and his first studies of the ballet, like the *Foyer de la Danse à l'Opéra*, will always be regarded in this respect as documents of infinite value. How perfect the execution of these canvases! How far the artist's love of sound craftsmanship, fine material, live, expressive drawing has carried him! One must go back a couple of centuries, if not more,

to find their equivalents in the technical sense.

And yet nothing could be more modern, nothing could show more plainly the mark of the nineteenth century, the stamp of that spirit of analysis and keen-witted criticism, of that very refined and rather cruel faculty of observation, thanks to which certain novelists, such as the Goncourts, have produced effects so startling and so true. Theirs, moreover, is a conception of realism which has nothing whatever to do with the oppressive, systematic methods of a Courbet or a Zola. Writing of Degas in 1874, the authors of "Manette Salomon" declared: "So far, he is the man who has best succeeded, while copying modern life, in catching hold of its soul." That is true; so true that



"LES DANSEUSES ROSES"

(Photo Bulloz, Paris)

BY H. G. E. DEGAS

Edgar Degas

one fancies none of the subjects familiar to Degas, the subjects in which he specialized, had been properly handled by any painter until he handled them, notably as regards his racing scenes. The fact is, this artist's eye was not troubled by any formula or convention. Horace Vernet, Delacroix, Géricault had all painted horses, and many other artists before them, but no one painted them like Degas, no one showed such sense of movement, such veracity combined with such mastery and such freedom.

The sense of movement! In one of the best and most penetrating of monographs on the art of Degas, M. Georges Grappe very truly says this was the essential characteristic of his artistic temperament. He was right also in insisting on the fact that "his life was one long fever to catch the human gesture, to convey the mobility of the living being amid the evolutions and caprices of light," and that the truly extraordinary faculty he had of surprising and fixing movement "would suffice to reveal his work to posterity as a marvellous assortment of human documents, and as the most prodigious collection of gestures that genius has ever assembled together."

Is it surprising then that, having fashioned for himself, after patient methodical labour, an instrument so supple and so sure as that with which we perceive Degas to have been provided throughout his career, he should have been

fascinated by the study of the life, the art, of the Dancer, which is all movement and nothing else, which is, indeed, the whole science of movement itself? To an observer such as this, with eyes capable of perceiving every part of a gesture however fugitive, to a painter with the capacity to reproduce without immobilizing

them on the canvas, what other subject could have offered more variety, greater abundance, or a choice of *motifs* better adapted to his temperament and his æsthetic conception, or given freer, fuller scope to his incomparable virtuosity — using the word in its loftiest sense?

Nor should it be forgotten that Degas was always and above everything else a realist, and a realist more cruel than indulgent, rather pessimist than optimist. His whole output and what we know of the man himself—it is little enough, for he lived like a hermit, not to say a misanthropist—serve to prove it. Let us not forget, either, that right from the start Degas proclaimed himself a "modern," with no interest whatsoever

in any sort of investigation save the world in the midst of which he lived, and whose witness he is; for thus we shall the better understand the reasons which led him to devote himself almost exclusively to painting these particular subjects, and, as one may say, to make a speciality of them.

And it is not only the Dancer *en scène*, on the boards, behind the footlights and the candles,



"DANSEUSES VERTES"

BY H. G. E. DEGAS

(By courtesy of M.M. Durand-Ruel)



LES BLANCHISSEUSES.
FROM THE OIL PAINTING
BY H. G. E. DEGAS.

Edgar Degas



"LES CHEVAUX DE COURSES" (1875)

(By courtesy of M.M. Durand-Ruel)

BY H. G. E. DEGAS

that Degas set himself to depict—the *dansuse* in her short skirt of ganze or spangled tulle, amid the crude lights and shades that electricity throws on artificial backgrounds of landscape and fairy palaces; he made himself the historiographer, the perpetuator of the whole life of the woman who dances on the stage. He has pictured her in all her stages: the little beginner, chlorotic and half-developed, taken to the class by her mother, just as she was in the *Famille Mante*; the Dancer at her work, as in the whole series of pictures with the *Foyer de la Danse* of the Opéra as their setting, in which the artist has seized and painted *sur le vif*, with marvellous exactitude, in all its intimacy, the curious and picturesque aspects of a career which demands of those who would master it effort so constant, patience so methodical, physique of such high resisting force. Then there is the Dancer at her toilet, or resting during the *entr'actes* in her dressing-room, or in the wings awaiting her turn to go "in front," caught in the free-and-easy,

happy-go-lucky attitudes of the life that is behind the curtain of the theatre. And in order that this "documentation" should be absolutely thorough, it was not enough for the artist who had undertaken it to be equipped with that acuteness of vision, that sureness of hand without which one cannot be a great draughtsman—he must also be a painter, and a really great painter. To create, or rather to re-create, around all those female forms in motion the atmosphere—not only the material, if one may so term it, but also the spiritual—in which they move, that imponderable, luminous atmosphere of theirs which adds to their fascination and converts them, while they dance and while they are expressing by their gestures something superior to themselves, into so many living works of art; to show them both as they are in reality, yielding to no convention, and also as our fancy would have them be; to show them possessed and transformed by that sort of mysterious and sovereign force of rhythm which

Edgar Degas

for a few brief moments makes them like to the priestesses of some millenary cult, of that worship of the Dance which is at the root of all the ceremonials and all the religions of the ancients, and, at the same time, to let us retain the impression of what they are in their everyday life, of all that whereby they are only just women like the rest, who, the play once over, will go back in their ordinary clothes to the humble little flat on a certain floor of a certain building: such is the task the artist must achieve in order to produce, in treating a subject of this sort, the veritable work of art fit to stir us, fit to survive the period that inspired it, like all the great works of art of bygone days, which—I insist on it purposely—remain for ever the more living, the more capable of enrapturing and captivating us, because they are the most sincerely, the most faithfully, the most profoundly representative and expressive of the feeling of the period when they were conceived and experienced and brought into being.

Therein lies the high worth of work like that of Degas, quite apart from the sometimes cruel lessons of life it teaches, and of which, indeed, it provides the moral. The man who signed these pictures was not one of those laughing philosophers who hold, with Pangloss, that "all is for the best in the best of worlds." He knew, by experience or by intuition, all the wretchedness and suffering and vice screened behind the footlights illuminating the spectacles provided for the amusement of the people in the great capitals, the spiritual and material blemishes lurking beneath the perfunctory, painted smiles,

the shining tinsel, of the dancer and the actress; and he was right, being above all a sincere and truthful witness, an artist honest and loyal, to reveal these things to us, for they contain within them a human beauty, often sad to contemplate and full of bitterness, yet forming a lofty element of art for such as can penetrate it and convey its meaning to others. This is what Degas did, and this it is that stamps his works with so bold an impression, which gives them style, and, in a word, constitutes them "classics."

Want of space, and the necessity of confining myself here to throwing light on the essential characteristics of this most forceful and original artistic personality, prevent me from doing more



"DANSEUSE À LA BARRE"

DRAWING BY H. G. E. DEGAS

(By courtesy of M^{me}. Durand-Ruel)



(Musée au Luxembourg,
Photo Buñoz)

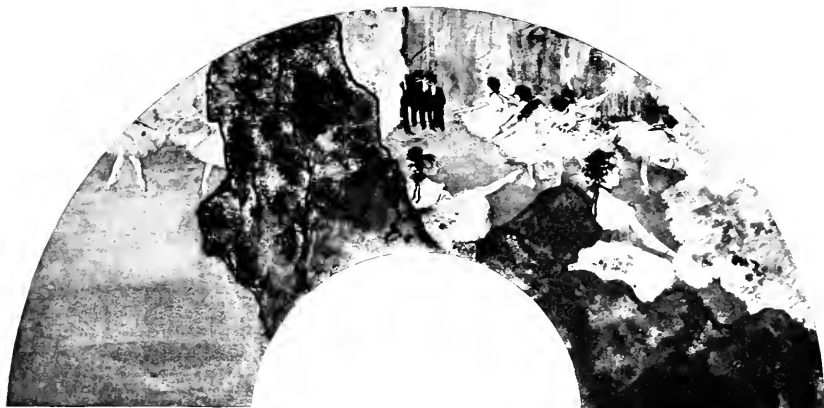
"DANSEUSE." BY
H. G. E. DEGAS



"DANSEUSE." BY
H. G. E. DEGAS

(Musée du Luxembourg
Photo Bulloz)

Edgar Degas



"DANSEUSES" (FAN MOUNT, GOUACHE ON SILK)

BY H. G. E. DEGAS

(From the Eden Collection)

than making bare mention of those other scenes of modern life which formed the subject of his studies. Notable among these are the *Blanchisseuses* scenes, so audacious and so striking in their

realism, the "interiors" of *cafés* and *cafés-concerts* and circuses, and the innumerable succession of paintings, pastels and accentuated drawings (*rehaussés*) in which, with prodigious



"PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE" (PASTEL AND GOUACHE)

BY H. G. E. DEGAS]

(From the Eden Collection)

Edgar Degas

alertness of brush or pencil, with marvellous expressiveness, he has caught by surprise, in all their intimacy, the attitudes, the gestures, the movements of modern Woman at her toilet. Exquisite, perfect things, of infinite variety and richness, all aquiver with life, and recalling at times certain of the masterpieces of the greatest Japanese artists. From the technical point of view they are real *tours de force*, the foreshortening in some cases being of such prodigious skill as to make one of opinion that nobody in the whole history of art can have been his superior in this respect.

Degas, of course, was very far from being an imaginative artist; truth to tell, imagination was the one gift he most conspicuously lacked. Shall we blame him on that account? Who would dare to do so without committing an injustice? As well might one reproach Watteau because he did not look on nature and on life with the eyes of Michael Angelo, or Vermeer of Delft, on the ground that his conception of art was not that of Raphael!

Quite wrongly, too many people persist in regarding Degas as an Impressionist, for the simple reason that he was the friend of most of the painters of that group, and, taking part in the same exhibitions, fought, side by side with them, the good fight against the conventional art of the School. As we have seen, Degas, both in form and by temperament, as by the nature of his studies and by his æsthetic leanings, and, finally and especially, by his very technique, was the absolute opposite of an Impressionist. He always aimed at synthesis, whereas the Impressionists were too often content to limit themselves to analysis. I say this not to dispraise them, but simply state the fact.

Edgar Degas died in Paris on September 25, 1917; he was born in 1834. With him, it may indeed be declared, vanishes one of the greatest painters that France has produced.

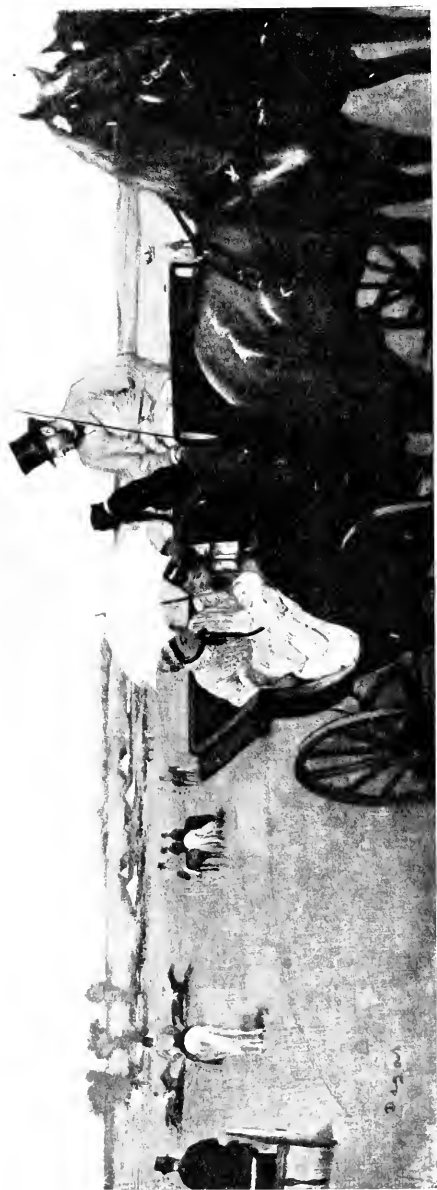
[The illustrations to the foregoing article include three works by Degas which formed part of the collection of the late Sir William Eden



"LE DÉFILÉ"

(By courtesy of M.M. Durand-Ruel)

BY H. G. E. DEGAS



"VOITURES AUX COURSES." BY H. G. E. DEGAS

(Photo Huilée)

sold at Christie's on March 1 last after having been exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery. At this sale the painting *Les Blanchisseuses* was acquired for 2300 guineas by Messrs. Colnaghi and Obach, to whom we are indebted for facilities to reproduce it in colour. The *Première Danseuse* realized 2000 guineas, and the fan mount 680 guineas. The last-named work was purchased by Mr. Lefèvre for a client whose intention, it is stated, is to present it to the National Gallery.]

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The result of the competition instituted by the Government for the purpose of obtaining a suitable design for a memorial to be given to the next-of-kin of those who have fallen in the war was announced at the close of March, the successful competitor being Mr. E. Carter Preston, of Liverpool, whose design we illustrate. The next place was given to Mr. Charles Wheeler, of London, who receives a prize of £100; and prizes of £50 have been awarded to Mr. William McMillan, Sapper G. D. Macdougald, and Miss E. F. Whiteside, respectively. It is stated that the models sub-

mitted exceeded eight hundred, and included contributions from the Overseas Dominions, from Palestine and other parts of the Front, and that special consideration was given to models sent by men on active service who had insufficient time to elaborate their designs. The memorial is to be cast in gun-metal, and when distributed will be accompanied by a scroll with an inscription expressive of the Nation's gratitude for the great sacrifice her fallen

heroes have made. The designing of this scroll has been entrusted to artists attached to the Central School of Arts and Crafts.

The further calls on the man-power of the nation for the prosecution of the war, as embodied in the measure sanctioned by Parliament last month, cannot fail to have a far-reaching effect on the pursuit of many vocations which are not regarded as "essential" from a national point of view, and the profession of art will naturally be very considerably concerned. It is a profession in which we think it will be found most of the men begin to do their best work after they have turned forty, and the raising of the age limit by ten years will, there-

fore, probably affect a large proportion of those whose productions figure in the various art exhibitions, especially those of societies like the Royal Institute, the British Artists, and others, who have so far managed to carry on very much as usual notwithstanding the abstention of younger members now serving. National needs must, however, take precedence of all others, and when the very existence of the nation is at stake there will be no disposition to chafe at the new measures among the

members of a profession which has from the beginning never lagged behind in its patriotism.

The Council of the Royal Academy of Arts has, in response to appeals for advice from various quarters, appointed a committee to consider war memorials, and this committee—consisting of the president, Sir E. J. Poynter, Bt., two architect academicians, Sir Aston Webb and Mr. Blomfield; two sculptors, Mr. Hamo



"FOR THOSE WHO HAVE FALLEN"

DESIGN FOR MEMORIAL PLAQUE TO BE PRESENTED TO THE
NEXT-OF-KIN OF THOSE WHO HAVE FALLEN IN THE WAR

BY E. CARTER PRESTON

(British official photograph—Crown copyright reserved)



"A BRITISH AIRMAN"



"SECOND LIEUTENANT P. F. RHYNS DAVIDS, D.S.O., M.C."

FROM THE PAINTINGS BY WILLIAM ORPEN, A.R.A., ONE OF THE OFFICIAL BRITISH ARTISTS

Studio-Talk

Thornycroft and Sir Thomas Brock; and two painters, Mr. Frank Dicksee and Mr. Charles Sims—has drawn up a series of suggestions to those who are considering such memorials, the last of which is especially worthy of attention: namely, that in all memorials simplicity, scale, and proportion should be aimed at rather than profusion of detail or excessive costliness of material. The committee would be willing to give further advice in particular cases if called upon to do so, and communications relative thereto may be addressed to the Secretary, Royal Academy, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

Lieutenant H. W. Mann, R.F.A., from whose sketches of towns and village in Northern France we reproduced a selection in our March number, was, we regret to learn, killed in action on March 30. The deceased officer was an Associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and practised at Chelmsford.

The name of Second-Lieutenant Rhys Davids, D.S.O., M.C., whose portrait we reproduce on page 137 along with that of another famous British airman, appeared in one of the casualty lists published early last month amongst those "now reported killed." Described officially as a "magnificent fighter," this daring lad of twenty knew absolutely no fear, and it is fitting that it should fall to one of the most distinguished portrait painters of our generation to record for posterity the image of such a hero. These, and the other portraits which Mr. Orpen has painted in his capacity as an Official British Artist, are now on exhibition at Messrs. Agnew and Sons' galleries in Bond Street.

Mr. C. F. Voysey's design for a stained-glass panel, which we reproduce on this page, has the merit of being a comparatively inexpensive form of memorial while being admirably decorative and capable of adaptation to varying circumstances.

Mr. Lewis Baumer's pastel, *The Blue Kimono*, which we reproduce in colour, was one of his contributions to the last exhibition of the Pastel Society early this year. Mr. Baumer's delicate sense of colour and disciplined draughtsmanship are admirably exemplified in his pastel work, always an attractive feature of these exhibitions.

We regret to record the death of Mr. Edward Stott, A.R.A., who died on March 19, in his sixty-third year, at Amberley, the peaceful Sussex village where he had lived and worked for many years. The placid environment in which he passed his life was reflected in the pictures he sent to the annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy, of which he was elected Associate in 1906.



STAINED-GLASS MEMORIAL PANEL

DESIGNED BY C. F. A. VOYSEY, ARCHITECT



LEWIS
Baumer



THE BLUE KIMONO FROM
THE PASTEL BY LEWIS BAUMER.





BY WALTER PALMER

"EARLY SNOW"

(*Princeton Academy*)



BY HORATIO WALKER

"BOY FEEDING CALVES"

PHILADELPHIA.—Current events of the war seem to have had but little effect upon the work of American artists, judging from the work on view in the One Hundred and Thirteenth Annual Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts from February 3 until March 24 last. Associated with the artistic temperament one often finds a feeling of detachment from the affairs of common life that probably accounts for this apparent indifference.

Apart from this the show was a moderately good one. There were a number of good portraits of prominent people by distinguished artists, foremost among them being that of *President Woodrow Wilson*, by Mr. John S. Sargent, which was commissioned by the Directors of the National Gallery of Ireland in exercise of the option devolving upon them under the will of the late Sir Hugh Lane, and has recently been on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum in New York. Then there was a portrait of *Mr. Joseph Pennell*, by Mr. Wayman Adams, fine in distinctive character, as also was his portrait of *John McLure Hamilton*. There was another portrait by Mr. Sargent, that of *John D. Rockefeller*, with the visage of a shrewd, calculating business man, and poor shrunken body.

Mr. McLure Hamilton, who was awarded the Academy's Gold Medal of Honour "for eminent services in the cause of Art and to the Academy," sent a portrait of *Judge Brézy*, a prominent local official, and Mr. Lazar Raditz a capital portrait of *Dr. I. Minis Hays*, of the American Philosophical Society. The charm of feminine

beauty was present in Mr. Louis Betts' portrait of *Miss Margaret Prendergast*, in Mr. Albert Rosenthal's portrait of *Mrs. H. Bryan Owsley*, and in Mr. Irving R. Wiles' picturesque figure of *Mme. Gerville-Reache* as "*Carmen*." Mr. Leopold Seyffert was awarded the Carol H. Beck Gold Medal for his portrait of *Fritz Kreisler*, the violinist. *The One in Yellow* was the title of a beautiful figure of a girl by Mr. Wm. A. Paxton, well supporting his reputation as a draughtsman. Another very clever work was by Mr. De Witt Lockman's *The Blue and Gold Kimono* (Walter Lippincott prize).

To Mr. George Luks was awarded the Temple Gold Medal for his colourful picture of *Houston Street, New York*, a scene in the slums of that



"MISS MARGARET PRENDERGAST"

(Pennsylvania Academy)

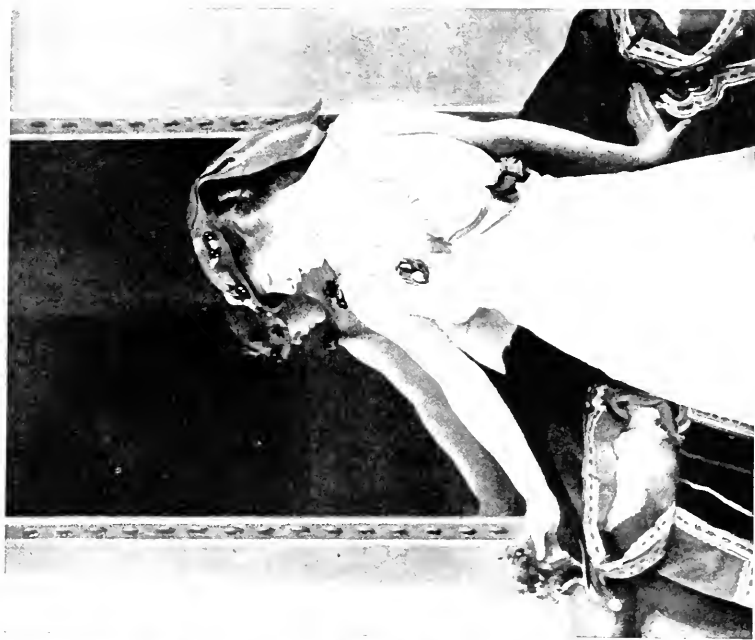
BY LOUIS BETTS



"THE BLUE AND GOLD KIBONG"

BY DE WITT M. LOCKMAN

(*Prunella Academy*)



"THE ONE IN YELLOW"

BY WILLIAM PAXTON

city. A good bit of realism drawn from a nearby locality was *New York Freight Yards*, by Mr. Gifford Beal. The Jennie Sesnan Gold Medal for the best landscape was given to Mr. J. Alden Weir for his *Bit of New England*; and the Mary Smith Prize for the best painting by a woman to Miss Helen K. McCarthy for her landscape, *Farms in Hill Country*. Mr. Everett Warner was the painter of a beautifully coloured winter scene, *The Winding Stream*; Mr. Daniel Garber's *Quarry*, a capital example of landscape art, gained for him the Stotesbury prize. Mr. Walter Palmer was represented by one of his familiar subjects, *Early Snow*, and Mr. Jonas Lie by wonderfully realistic treatment of snow and ice in a *Mill Race*.



"THE DRAWING SCHOOL"

From "*Japan Day by Day*," by E. G. Morse

Painting of the nude in the *Lacquer Screen*, by Mr. Seyffert, was unusually well done, as it was also in Mr. Philip L. Hale's *Tower of Ivory*. Good animal painting was seen in Mr. Horatio Walker's *Bay Feeding Calves*, and in Mr. Paul King's *Autumn*. A boy of fourteen, Dines Carlsen, was the painter of *The Black Bottle*, one of the best bits of still-life seen here for a long time. Eighty-two pieces of sculpture were shown, the Widener Memorial Gold Medal going to Mr. Albert Laessle for his group of *Penguins*. Notable works were Mr. Charles Gaffly's portrait of *Paul Wayland Bartlett*, the sculptor; Dr. R. T. McKenzie's statue of *Captain Guy Drummond*, and Mr. Solon Borglum's *Monica*. E. C.

REVIEWS.

Japan Day by Day. By EDWARD G. MORSE. (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.) 2 vols. \$8 net.—The many admirers of Mr. Morse's splendid and important work on "Japanese Homes and their Surroundings" will be sure to welcome these new and entertaining volumes now published by him. They consist of notes and copious pen-and-ink illustrations made during his sojourn in Japan in the years 1877, 1878-79, 1882-3. To attempt to describe even a tithe of the varied subjects touched upon would be practically impossible in the space at our disposal in these pages. The numerous ingenious contrivances used by the natives of Japan in their homes and pursuits are set down with a clearness and facility of expression which speaks much for the

marvellous faculty of observation enjoyed by the author. In whatever portion of the Empire his steps may have led him, he seems to have found something worth noting and of value to those who may be desirous of forming a just and comprehensive knowledge of the customs of the people. Since his notes were made many changes have, of course, occurred in the habits of the Japanese, especially so in the larger towns—and the habits acquired in the interval do not necessarily compare favourably with those which preceded them. Be this as it may, his picture of the people before their acceptance of modern Western civilization is peculiarly fascinating, and one which will render these volumes of permanent value.

The Year's Art, 1918. Compiled by A. C. R. Carter. (London: Hutchinson and Co.) 7s. 6d. net.—Mr. Carter has had a hard task in keeping his valuable compilation up to date in these times of constant change occasioned by national necessity, but we are thankful that he has succeeded so well as he has. The past year was remarkable for the extraordinary amount of business done in the salerooms of Messrs. Christie and Messrs. Sotheby, largely due, as he points out, to the great strain of taxation, and the record of this business occupies nearly fifty pages in this issue of the annual. In the directory of artists and art workers, which fills over 160 pages, the names of nearly 500 artists are indicated as serving before 1916.

[We are again compelled, in consequence of the serious curtailment of paper supplies, to hold over a considerable amount of matter awaiting publication. For the same reason the "Lay Figure" page is discontinued for the present.—EDITOR.]

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MARCH, 1918

PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY, 1918
BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

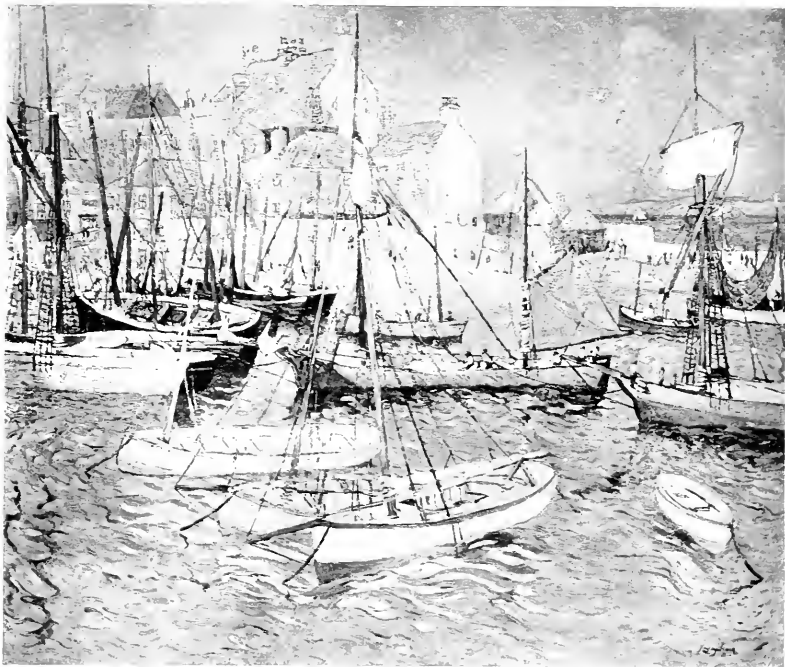
FOR the one hundred and thirteenth time, the who's who of Philadelphia ascended the broad staircase of the Academy to pay their annual respects to the contributions of the artists, from far and near, the usual invitations permitting a private inspection prior to the

admission of the public on February 3. The trials and tribulations of war, though impotent to put a veto upon such time-honoured functions as the opening of the Academy, are abundantly able to produce a discordant note in any entertainment which is not directly influenced by war-time requirements. A lack of whole-hearted enthusiasm was noticeable, everyone seeming to be present more as a social duty than out of any



QUARRY

BY DANIEL GARBER



FISHERMEN'S QUARTERS

BY HAYLEY LEVER

anticipatory feeling of pleasure. But, if this cloud hovered over the men and women parading transept and gallery, it did not tarnish the brightly hung walls and the generally cheerful display. The artists appeared to have united in the wish to forget all anxiety and unpleasantness for a time at least, with the result that the canvases on exhibition were far more indicative of Ceres than of Mars, with one notable exception, the large inconsequent decoration by H. H. Breckenridge which occupied a position of great honour bearing the appropriate but uninviting title of *The Pestilence*.

To misquote "His honour rooted in dishonour hangs" a mixture of realism too real and futurism too remote, passages of real beauty such as a profiled woman in the right-hand corner and the gradation of livid tones in the corpses, which we trust were not obtained from life—or rather from death. Much interest attached to a green mass floating in the general jumble which

was more than a colour note and resembled to some extent an Egyptian coffin, infant size. Some one explained that it was a horse and bolstered his opinion by reconstructing it, hoof and hide. One can hardly believe that this picture is a sincere effort; more than likely it is a frank avowal of the possibilities to be derived from the study of Cézanne and Gauguin, but these men were perfectly serious and arrived at definite conclusions without a technical mannerism. Breckenridge talks here in another man's language, though by no means handicapped in the use of his own.

Facts that impressed themselves upon the visitor were firstly, that, owing to transportation difficulties, several Bostonians were unrepresented and secondly, the momentous question arose, Where are Redfield and Pearson? An exhibition at Philadelphia with these two artists absent might seem to savour of the attempt to present "The Merchant of Venice" without a *Portia*.



THE AUCTION

BY ROBERT SPENCER



BY THE RIVER

BY FRED WAGNER



Whilst portraiture was on the whole weaker by far than landscape, there were still a number of works of unusual character. Some already exhibited in New York, such as the now famous *Rockefeller*, which can hardly be reckoned a great Sargent but which bears all the earmarks of distinction sufficient to place it in an individual class. The full-length presentment of Gerville-Reache by Irving R. Wiles makes a luscious rendering of Carmen with lovely reds and yellows and old lace—but why not exhibit a new picture? De Witt Lockman has been on the sick list through overwork for the war or would have sent a new canvas, probably. Still, his *Blue and Gold Kimono* would command respect in any gathering if only for his cleverness in portraying gold. Pennell is unavoidable in Philadelphia and his likeness at the hands of Wayman Adams is an excellent compromise between caricature and portrait work, the stretch of the left leg, the fedora kneaded by usage into a coquettish form in grave contrast with his hard-drawn features, the bulging pocket on a misfitting coat are obvious inferences that Adams attained his object as much by caricature as by other and more orthodox methods. After all, a good portraitist needs to be a caricaturist if he can avoid the shoals of exaggeration. Adolfe Borie showed beautiful tonal passages in his profile entitled *The Shade Hat*. Other memorable portraits were *Jade* by Gertrude Fiske, very beautiful in colour and conception, *Miss Margaret Prendergast* revealing the big vision and unusual technique of Louis Betts, a charming child portrait by Alice Kent Stoddard, and a plastic portrait by De Camp.

Hayley Lever in *Fishermen's Quarters* shone with unusual lustre. Helen Turner's two contributions gave further evidence of her unusual gifts, especially in the little gem entitled *The Toilet*. As an instance of charming colour the little street scene by Childe Hassam, *Montmartre, July 14th, 1889*, a grey day with the tri-colour floating in midair, was one of the very best pictures on exhibition. Daniel Garber showed better colour and more refinement than heretofore.

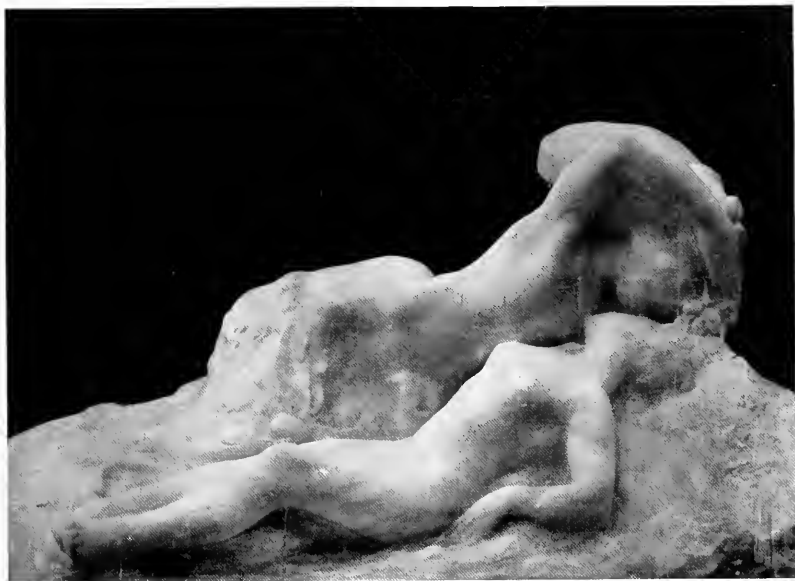
Space unfortunately forbids mention of many other notable works, including the statuary.



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER
BY JOHN S. SARGENT



PENGUINS
BY ALBERT LAESLE



THE TRANCE

BY RODIN

R ODIN AS COLOURIST AND MYSTIC BY BEATRICE IRWIN

AUGUSTE RODIN, the man, is with us no more, but he has passed bequeathing a veritable garden of immortelles not only to this but to all centuries—a garden of flower-like human forms and deep, philosophic thoughts amid which we can wander at will, letting the sun of our inner vision draw forth the subtle significances and fragrances of his art.

There is a solemn beauty in the fact that the world's greatest sculptor should add his name to France's roll of honour in this heroic hour. Perhaps the greatest truth that the world war is teaching us is that the mental battles and the moral conquests are the only ones worth winning, and, viewed in this light, a nation's artists must rank with her purest patriots.

Rodin's life-history shows him to be one of the Trojan warriors whose daring, devotion and vision reveal new worlds to waiting multitudes, and who themselves glimpse horizons vaster and more dazzling than they have human power to express.

Rodin was less than twenty-five when he startled and outraged the academic world by his *Man With the Broken Nose*, but in that poignant sculpture he challenged the already crumbling ideal of physical perfection as the supreme objective of the sculptor's art, and that challenge, supported by years of endless labour and unswerving conviction, has created a new era in sculpture—an era of subjective spiritual expression, an era of the expression of most intangible things in that most tangible product—stone.

Speaking to me one day of the *Man With the Broken Nose*, Rodin said: "In the beginning they saw only the broken nose. Now they are beginning to perceive the broad brows above it." And again, of his *Balzac* he said: "They turned away from it with indignation and mockery, but it left them dissatisfied with lesser things."

The writer was invited to Meudon, his country home and studio, especially to see the *Balzac*. Surely this work and *The Gates of Hell* (which the master personally considered his greatest conception) reveal to us more strikingly than any of his other works, that ecstatic, yet dazzled vision of eternal verities and horizons so vast that

Rodin as Colourist and Mystic

one may not do more than suggest their possibilities and their relation to our daily sphere. No son of France ever loved her more completely than did Rodin, and in the proud strength of his *Balzac*, just tinged with a compassionate disdain, he revealed the master spirit of the author of the "Comédie Humaine," who, like himself, seeing dispassionately, could criticise the weakness and voice the strength of his country and his epoch with vision and with love.

The *Man With the Broken Nose* expresses a youthful philosopher's revolt against material dominion. *Balzac* embodies a seer's calm statement of spiritual triumph and is, in a measure, the justification of that early cry. Between the creation of these two milestones in his career, the latter executed at the commission of the French Government after his fiftieth year, Rodin revealed his genius and his philosophy in an abundance of works that would not discredit the lifetime of three men.

My first impression on entering the great museum adjoining his home at Meudon was, "Can this possibly be the life-work of one man?" Long glass cases filled with separate casts of hands, arms and various detached portions of the human body, large symbolic groups of marble catching the early spring sunlight like trees in blossom, rugged bronze busts faithful in their portraiture of well-known men and women, towering monuments to the past and to the future of the race—*The Age of Bronze*, *Balzac*, *The Gates of Hell*—all massed together in a diversity whose underlying unity was overwhelming, complete, the unity of a new art, of spiritual beauty.

Gloire pauvre! Chretien supplice!

It is the balanced expression of these seemingly divergent qualities, the saintly fervour and the pagan calm, that constitutes the keynote, the power, the wonder of Rodin's art, and that reveal the man himself as a great pagan mystic.

Rodin has realized that the joy of the Greek mythology and the sacrifice of the Christian creed are but radiant symbols that light different paths, yet paths that converge to the same truth, the truth of evolution and of man's constant endeavour to reflect the divine luminance

That flames we know not where,

Save that its mystery moves momentarily

Through all these tingling strata

We call dust.

Through his blending of the essence of these

two great religions, Rodin has revealed a broader vision of unity, that demands a co-operative expression of spiritual and physical beauty in plastic art.

Involuntarily one ponders on hidden forces when one is confronted by Rodin's sculpture. He makes visible the invisible, and through the bodies of his creations the divine ray streams, enfolding us in its splendour and shedding the glories of the rainbow round about us.

Rodin has invested marble with a new message of light in its subtler gradations as they become reflected in the undulations that the human form expresses in moments of the subtler emotions.

The materialisation of anything, be it a sculpture, a poem, a song or scientific discovery, is in a measure the result of the impact of man's consciousness with the universal ether. In other words, it is the result of vibration, and the accomplished work of art or of science is man's remembrance of that vibration, or set of vibrations, which he has experienced vividly. These formless messages of light, or vibration, he then imprisons in the forms that delight our eyes, and which we call works of art.

The perception of colour in relation to form and to sound is in reality a visual perception of the vibrations that originated the work before us, vibrations which the artist has transmitted into whatever mould he could best express.

In relation to this work of art we, the spectators, and colour sensitives are as children standing in astonishment before a pool into which a stone has been thrown—we did not see that stone thrown; but we watch the circles, and as our vision grows those circles widen and widen. Regarded then from the vibratory viewpoint, Rodin is the first great colourist in stone, for he has not confined his expression to the pure and lofty tints of the spectrum, but rather he has shown us these in relation to every conceivable gradation of light, in relation to neutral tints and to the deepest shadow.

In sharp contrast to the fulgurant complexity of his art, stands Rodin the man, one who was gentle of voice, unobtrusive, yet final in manner, simple, almost austere in his habits. A great lover of nature, especially of her forests, Rodin loved to walk alone in the woods of Meudon and to sit in the tangled gardens of the Palais Biron, observing "light modelling the leaves," as he once beautifully expressed it to me. It was my good



AUGUSTE RODIN

Rodin as Colourist and Mystic

fortune to be allowed to take a picture of the master during one of these morning meditations, his own head framed in this very fretwork of luminous leaves. It was on this occasion that, referring to my research on the connections existent between colour and form, Rodin said: "This is certainly a thing that we should study and know more about. Doubtless there are healing and hidden properties in colour." And—in gentle reproof of my impatience for fuller expression on these points, he added: "When one has anything essential to say, one never need be in a hurry to say it."

Passing from these reflections to his own enjoyment of colour in nature, he handed me some notes from his table from which the following are culled: "These leaves and flowers intermingled are a filtered light." "The glittering of the sun in the brushwood is as myriads of tiny yellow stars." "Spring chants life, is the colour of life, is penetrating as life." "Fine weather is a luminous gulf, grey is light." "Rain-drops become the mirror of Heaven."

Like all nature lovers, Rodin was a mystic, and a practical mystic, inasmuch as he translated his perceptions of occult truth so forcefully in many of his works—notably so in the *Bronze Age*, the *Eternal Idol*, the *Trance*, the *Siren*, the *Muse*, and even in that latest group called *Aviation*, where the winged impetus, dominant in so many of Rodin's works, is expressed in an intimate relation with earth.

The *Age of Bronze*, executed ten years after the *Man With the Broken Nose*, and so perfect in its physical realism that it was the occasion of another bitter attack on Rodin, many critics accusing him of having moulded it on the human form, is, to a great extent, Rodin's vindication of the significance of physical perfection in plastic art. Here we find bodily beauty, mysterious with unspoken messages of mind and soul. The figure of this perfect youth is enigmatic with challenge. In one closed hand he holds something, we know not what, but we do know that he has not found it easily, and that it is precious we are certain, yet each one must guess for himself what that treasure is. The upturned head, his closed, ecstatic eyes, the muscular tension of his arm and the half-raised foot indicate that he still seeks, that he is impelled onward, that he invokes fresh light upon his path.

Evolution and spiritual endeavour are here

revealed through the symbolism of a glorious body. This beautiful boy awakens to the spiritual significance of his physical powers. We feel the breath of May and the budding of the rose.

The *Siren*, another pagan concept, reveals the Dionysiac power of nature, irrevocable with the force of elemental things. This little marble head is mysterious with the message of the sea, the strange, insatiable mouth of the creature is full of music, and of an immense passion, half tender, half cruel, and entirely irresponsible.

In the *Thinker* and *The Hand of God* we find the Christian fervour of Rodin's philosophic expression. In the former we find man's physical, in the latter his mental destiny, most spiritually and scientifically portrayed. The muscular development of the *Thinker* suggests the animal nature and struggle, yet the head dominates this aggressive body and the eyes are full of concentration and dream. Though this figure in profile is obliquely balanced on the rock, one feels that this man is a part of the stone, and that his strength consists as much in his alliance with the earth as in his liberation from her. A sane concept of the *Thinker*, for surely all thought that is to be of service to the race must have its roots in the soil but bear its blossom close to the sun.

Perhaps no group represents Rodin as colourist and mystic more subtly than the *Eternal Idol*. In this sculpture Rodin reveals his thought regarding human relationship and all that the ideal of womanhood should stand for—*eternelle aube que je respire*.

The pagan world expressed art through a crown—the crown of the human body, the symbol of joy, of fulfillment and of power. The Christian world has expressed art through a cross—the symbol of sorrow, renunciation and humility. What will be the symbol of the new arts that are gradually taking birth, the arts that will be revealed more fully after the miasma of this world war has passed, the arts of which Rodin is one of the prophets?

Possibly wings will be the symbol of these new arts of this new era: the wings that tremble tumultuously in so many of Rodin's masterpieces; the wings that beat in the passionate music of modern Russia; the wings that whirl in the great science of aviation; the wings that winnow in solemn flight above the battlefields of the world. Wings bearing us nearer to the sun, giving us a freedom and beauty beyond our present ken.

On the Ideal of Informality



ON THE IDEAL OF INFORMALITY, AND OUR PRESENT MEANS OF ATTAINING IT BY C. MATLACK PRICE

EVERY definite ideal in art possesses its opposite, and both ideal and opposite each possess a following of believers and practitioners. One cannot think of radicals without thinking,



AN INTERIOR OF A LIVING ROOM
WHICH IS ESSENTIALLY LIVABLE
BECAUSE ITS SPIRIT IS ONE OF
TRUE INFORMALITY

IT IS A MISTAKE TO SUPPOSE THAT
DIFFERING PERIOD STYLES MUST
QUARREL WITH ONE ANOTHER.
THIS QUEEN ANNE CHAIR, WILLIAM
AND MARY STOOL, JACOBEEAN
TABLE AND CHIPPENDALE LADDER-
BACK CHAIR MIGHT ALL DWELL IN
HARMONY IN AN INFORMAL ROOM

On the Ideal of Informality

in contrast, of conservatives; one cannot think of studiously accurate interior decoration in the style of an historic period without thinking, in contrast, of interior decoration which is intentionally informal and intentionally devoid of affinity with any one historic style.

It is not the purpose of this paper to discuss the relative merits of formality and informality in decoration, although the question is one of abiding concern to many people. It might develop, however, somewhat along the lines of a discussion as to whether a chair is better than a table, arriving at the edifying conclusion that different requirements call for different solutions, and that while a chair is quite a poor repository for dishes or writing materials, it is a better seat than a table.

Our immediate inquiry, however, is directed more toward the nature of the ideal of informality in interior decoration, and the means of attaining it. The informal interior, certainly, has much to recommend it, and if contrived by persons of taste it may well be an ideal living environment—and certainly, for a studio, an ideal working environment.

Far from implying a lack of knowledge, or an indifference in the matter of historic furniture styles, the successful informal interior is essentially dependent upon a fine appreciation of all that goes to make up a formal interior. It is only another form of the general truth that none can so well afford to break rules as those who thoroughly know and respect rules. Informality should not mean bad manners in interior decoration any more than in social usage, for informality observes as many rules of its own (more subtle, perhaps, but none the less, rules) as formality.

The informal interior, at its best, is well studied in colour and in the scale of its furniture, and, above all, the selection of the pieces is based on utility and logic, governed always by an insistence on fitness and a general conformity.

It may be fortunate or unfortunate, according to the individual viewpoint, that no rules as to "fitness and general conformity" may be laid down, because such things are largely a matter of the specific case in hand, as well as of personal taste. An interior admirably expressing the household life of one would be the most unfortunate choice for another, and the writer will endeavour in this paper to bring out but few observations of general application, in favour of

more specific commentary upon three interiors which have been selected because of the successful informality of their treatment.

Familiarity with the remarkable scope of modern furniture design and production will at once disclose the fact that the same condition which makes it possible to carry out a distinctly stylistic "period" plan of furnishing makes it also possible to carry out a distinctly unstylistic and non-period plan. The field for selection of the single piece, in other words, has expanded exactly as the general comprehensiveness of reproduced and adapted historic styles has expanded, and no one should place an inappropriate piece of furniture in a room because he believes he cannot find the appropriate one.

There is illustrated first a room which is stamped with no specific architectural manner; it seems simply pleasant and not an exacting room in which to live—which is more than may be said of many "living rooms."

The first impression is likely to be that the furniture has been placed where it may best be used. There is nothing arbitrary or illogical about it. Secondly, it may be observed that there is no insistence upon style. One incidental chair is a plain ladder-back Chippendale: the table is flanked by one upholstered chair of no "period" whatever and by one high-backed arm-chair, which if necessary, could be called Chippendale. The table is of the quaint old "butterfly" type, closely akin to the gate-leg, its leaves supported by hinged brackets instead of by hinged extra legs.

Such a table might be assigned to several "periods," but this, happily, is not necessary, since it dwells in perfect accord on its own simple virtues. In its place there might be a gate-leg table and on either side of it might be chairs quite different, yet similar in spirit to the two which appear. One might be an upholstered wing reading chair, Queen Anne by ancestry; the other might be a high-backed Jacobean. It would not matter so long as they were comfortable, covered in harmonious fabrics and not so insistent in their character as to demand certain accompanying furnishings.

In such an interior as this there is a pleasant latitude. Furniture in the styles of William and Mary and Queen Anne could exist on friendly terms with certain Jacobean pieces. Here might be a low-boy, and certainly an odd bench

On the Ideal of Informality



THE IDEAL OF INFORMALITY DEMANDS
NO ARBITRARY INSISTENCE ON IDENTITY
IN PERIOD STYLE

and stool, and a dignified old secretary desk might stand in one corner.

No one piece of furniture, in the properly considered informal interior, is either essential or non-essential. The necessity lies in the direction of common sense and generosity; the negligible quantity is arbitrary insistence upon "matched pieces."

Another interior is shown in which the architectural manner, although obviously more assuming than that of the first, is yet in no sense dictatorial in the matter of "style." The furniture might be Gothic, Tudor, Elizabethan, Jacobean, Carolean or Renaissance Italian or Spanish, with



AN INTERIOR OF AN ADMIRABLY
INFORMAL TYPE WHICH OFFERS
A FINE OPPORTUNITY FOR VARIED
FURNITURE SELECTION

On the Ideal of Informality

perhaps, a few pieces of unmistakable Queen Anne or William and Mary origin.

By all means it is an ideal setting for a great table, whether of the Italian Renaissance type or of Elizabethan or Jacobean "refectory" type. With this, of course, a long bench and stools, and for the rest of the room comfortable sofas and chairs, in well-chosen coverings, a few small "incidental tables" and "hutches" or cabinets for the wall spaces.

In short, the spirit of the room, in spite of its architectural manner or because of it, is one of informality and harmonious variety. The most important considerations are those of scale and colour, the latter being more obvious than the former. In a room of such generous proportions, scale is essential, and an assemblage of small pieces will prove distressingly inadequate. There must be a certain number of massive, substantial pieces, about which as nuclei may be grouped the smaller—as is excellently done in the example illustrated. And for the furnishing of such a room the field of modern furniture, based on the antique, is peculiarly rich in suggestion.

The third interior, being a corner of a large studio, intimates very clearly the truth that here informality is the *desideratum*. Many studios are furnished with antiques which record the owner's travels as well as his tastes—but when this kind of furnishing may not be indulged in, modern adaptations afford surprising possibilities for the creation of an interestingly informal environment.

Of recent years the more imaginative makers of furniture have found a wealth of models in the old decorative types of furniture such as chests and cabinets, and have also given us a fine variety of reproductions and adaptations of the earlier tables. Mostly of oak or walnut, these tables comprise the more adaptable pieces of Italy, Spain, France and England—mostly Renaissance types, with a few based on Gothic originals. Long wall tables are particularly suitable for studios, being both decorative and useful, while leaving a clear floor space for work, the same points being also true of chests and cabinets.

The writer would hesitate to submit any suggestions for the furnishing of studios, and feels that even the mention of the ideal of informality in this connection may sound deplorably obvious and trite. There are, however, so many

large rooms which have borrowed their greatest decorative merits from studios, that the purpose of this mention may be justifiable.

Artists, furthermore, like ordinary mortals, are confronted by furnishing problems which arise from their very taste and discrimination. Susceptible, to a great extent, to the subtle aid of environment, their choice of furniture is fraught with real significance, and many have welcomed the new breadth of selective possibility afforded by modern furniture.

The question is not one of "reproduction versus antique," but rather of acquiring a new and unprejudiced vision of the modern furniture which is directly inspired by the antique, which endeavours as faithfully as possible to achieve like decorative values and which also endeavours, with all sincerity, to be aesthetically and technically worthy of the antique.



Courtesy Museum of French Art
Owned by J. Pierpont Morgan, Esq.

PORTRAIT OF A MAN

BY CORNEILLE DE LYON
1520-1576

BUREAU OF ADVICE ON PAINTINGS

THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO gives authoritative opinions upon old and modern paintings. Mr. Raymond Wyer, who is a recognised authority, is in charge of this department, and will give special attention to letters addressed to this magazine under the above heading.

On the Ideal of Informality



THE VERY SPIRIT OF STUDIO FURNISHING SHOULD BE ONE OF INTERESTING INFORMALITY AND STIMULATING DIVERSITY



A MODERN WALNUT DESK OF ITALIAN LINEAGE



FURNITURE OF EXCELLENTLY DECORATIVE CHARACTER AND OF INTERESTING HISTORIC FORM LARGELY OCCUPIES THE FIELD OF MODERN ADAPTATIONS





HENRY C. FRICK, ESQ.
BRONZE BUST
BY J. MASSEY RHIND

SOME FAMOUS MUSICIANS CARICATURED BY TIEN STORK



PADEREWSKI
BY TIEN STORK

Some Famous Musicians Caricatured by Tien Stork



CARUSO
BY TIEN STORK

Some Famous Musicians Caricatured by Tien Stork



F. WINTERNITZ
BY TIEN STORK



FRANZ KNEISEL
BY TIEN STORK

Some Famous Musicians Caricatured by Tien Stork



PABLO CASALS
BY TIEN STORK

Woodcarving in Switzerland



WOODCARVING FROM BRIENZ

WOODCARVING IN SWITZERLAND BY MARIE WIDMER

THE art of woodcarving has for many centuries been cultivated in Switzerland to a certain degree, for what was more natural for a people who lived in the midst of the inspiring grandeur of Europe's paradise than to feel a keen desire to create and decorate objects which were pleasing to the eye.

At first the peasants of the mountainous regions tried their hand at woodcarving during the long winter months; it proved an agreeable pastime and, crude as many of their products were, they nevertheless found a ready market when the foreign visitors began to arrive in the spring and summer. Alpine flowers and animals, also rep-

resentations of chalets, were the first and natural subjects they chose and they executed them with rare realistic precision. With the gradual improvement of their tools, the amateur carvers were able to turn out more difficult and more artistic objects, and many a peasant whose meagre dairy farm could hardly yield enough for the support of his family began to resort to woodcarving as his principal occupation.

Woodcarving as a regular industry has had its seat in the Bernese Oberland since the early part of the last century. At that time Christian Fischer, an exceptionally clever turner at Brienz, produced such wonderful objects in wood that his fame spread throughout the land. He was actually the first to realise the possibilities of woodcarving as a remunerative trade. He offered his advice to the amateur carvers of his district and



WOODCARVING FROM BRIENZ

Woodcarving in Switzerland

even started to give systematic instructions to a number of novices. Thus he really laid the foundation stone of the now famous woodcarving school in Brienz.

The remarkable work of Christian Fischer was brought to the attention of the authorities and both the federal and the cantonal governments, as well as the village of Brienz and other neighbouring communities, voted yearly subventions for the maintenance of a woodcarving school. The purpose of this establishment, which was founded in 1860 but which for the first twenty-



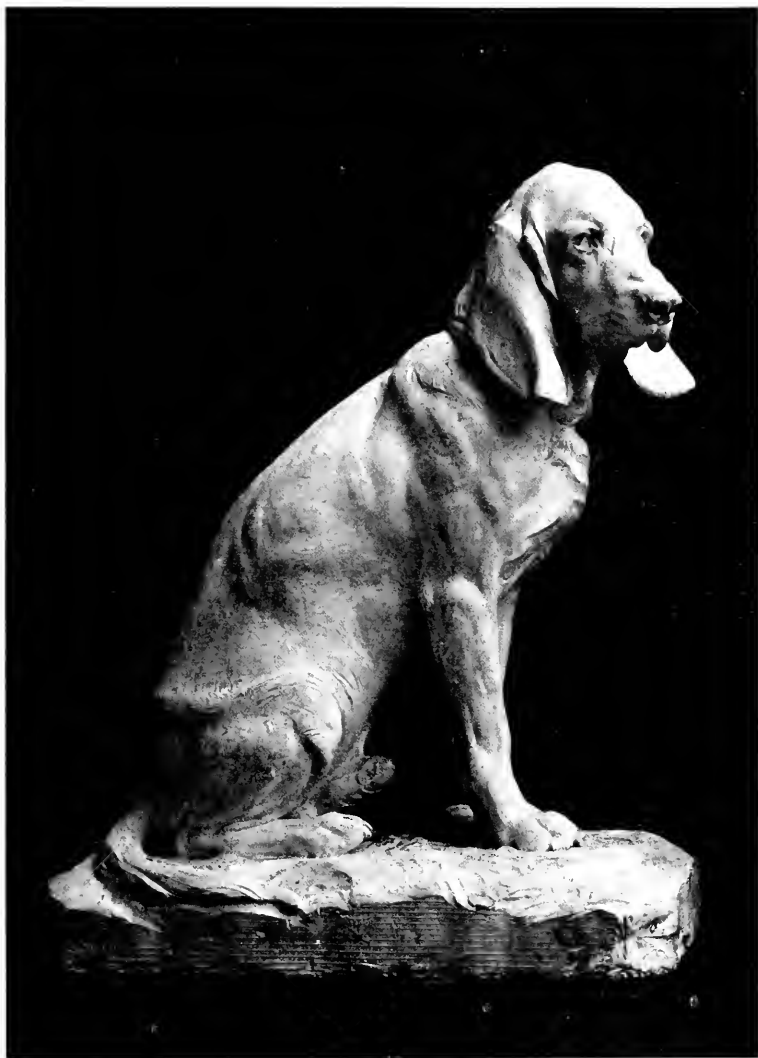
WOODCARVING FROM BRIENZ



WOODCARVING FROM BRIENZ

four years was only a designing school, is to enable woodcarvers to acquire a thorough practical and scientific training in their profession. Various side courses offer, moreover, an opportunity to pupils to specialise in any preferred branch.

For Swiss citizens the tuition is gratuitous. A registration fee of ten francs is charged and the pupils are definitely enrolled after a probation of one month. Foreign students are also admitted provided there is accommodation; in their case the yearly tuition fee is at least fifty francs. A con-



WOODCARVING FROM BRIENZ

Woodcarving in Switzerland

siderable portion of the school materials is given to the young people free of charge.

The products of the more advanced pupils are on sale in a special showroom, and exhibitions are also arranged from time to time so as to acquaint the public with the general activity of the school. Besides a bewildering assortment of the well-known smaller souvenirs, among which there is, however, never a lack of ingenious novelties, we find exquisitely worked pieces of furniture, statues, groups, etc. There is a big firm in Brienz—E. Binder & Company—whose name alone vouches for veritable products of art—all in wood. Their exportations extend all over the globe; and a big portion of the woodcarved articles, especially the crucifixes sold in Bavaria and the Tyrol, are also manufactured in Brienz.

It is a small, peaceful community situated on the verdant shores of a transparent lake, at the foot of a glorious mountain height. The houses are nearly all in the picturesque Bernese Oberland chalet style; spacious old structures of wood, tanned by the sun of many summers. Blissful happiness dwells in this idyllic spot, to which the woodcarving industry has brought comparative prosperity, and the wood sculptors of Brienz think highly of their art. They study nature, humanity and animal life and are thus able to turn out products which are world-famous for their marvellous likeness to nature. Woodcarving is no longer a handicraft; it has become an art, and highly developed at that, but even the young people who have visited foreign academies and art schools return to their native village. There they settle down in a cosy chalet and carve in wood.

Although Brienz is situated on the famous route from Interlaken to Lucerne, it is really not so well known as it deserves. Woodcarved articles are on sale throughout Switzerland and the average tourist who is pressed for time does not indulge in what he considers unnecessary stop-overs. By not devoting at least a few hours to this most charming spot in the Bernese Oberland, where the life and artistic progress of a people are illustrated in big and numerous smaller exhibitions of carvings, he misses an opportunity to become acquainted with a phase of Swiss life which is not only enchanting on account of its picturesque surroundings, but which also furnishes proof that the humble peasants who call this fairy-like spot their homeland were endowed with artistic qualities long before they directed

their attention to anything else except their farms, *i. e.*, that beautiful surroundings awaken the artist.

WAR IS THE EXCUSE

THE *Chicago Examiner* has uttered some sound advice in the following lines:

"We lack a sense of proportion when we allow the Chicago Art Institute to fall into serious financial straits because the nation is at war.

"Since we declared war, less than a year ago, the Chicago Art Institute has lost at least 1,200 members, which means \$12,000 less in annual revenue. And this at a time when the cost of running an institution like the Chicago Art Institute is higher than ever before.

"War is the excuse, of course. But it is a mighty poor excuse. We Americans may think that war conditions justify at least a temporary neglect of art, but the older civilised governments take an exactly opposite view. Both France and Great Britain have appointed national art commissions in the midst of war, and have supplied them more liberally with funds than was ever thought possible in times of peace.

"The British Government is even recalling artists from the trenches. The French Government is filling the nation's art schools with girls and subsidising every form of legitimate art as generously as before the war. In short, the older civilised nations consider it as necessary to preserve art, to stimulate art, even in the throes of a gigantic war, as they do to preserve any other corner-stone in the fabric of civilisation itself.

"Lately we wrote an editorial appealing to the Chicago City Council for at least a nominal appropriation of city funds, sufficient to keep the Municipal Art Commission alive.

"It is only a lack of vision and a due sense of proportion that makes such appeals necessary.

"Education—all forms of real education—must go ahead in spite of war.

"War does not affect real art. Its guns may shatter great cathedrals and priceless galleries of art. That passing phase will only bring out in clearer relief the deathless character of true art.

"For these losses will be repaired, and on the ruins will rise art treasures more magnificent and more educational than the world has seen before.

"Art is one of the keystones of a worth-while civilisation, and we cannot afford to smother it even in war times."

The Greatness of Gothic Tapestry

THE GREATNESS OF GOTHIC TAPESTRY BY PHYLLIS ACKERMAN

GOthic tapestry has, in the past few decades, fought and won one great battle. It has contested for supremacy with the abundant charm of the Renaissance, the dramatic vigour of the seventeenth century and the delicate elegance of the eighteenth, and it has triumphed over all. The supreme tapestry is the Gothic.

But, though triumphant, it is not yet fully vindicated. For even many who uphold it do so with the qualifying clause that its greatness was an accident due not to genius but to the Gothic limitations in painting. Gothic tapestry is great because it is not realistically pictorial. Gothic tapestry is great, these detractors claim, because it was as realistically pictorial as the painting of the day, which happened to be not at all realistic because primitive. There is, then, no essential difference between the fifteenth-century Flemish weavers and the seventeenth-century French. They both made tapestry paintings, only the paintings were different.

There is a good deal of truth in this claim. Gothic weavers did copy exactly current paintings. The Angers Cathedral Apocalypse series was taken directly from miniatures by Jean de Bondol; and Roger van der Weyden's full-sized paintings were transcribed on the loom.

But even though they reproduced paintings in this way, the Gothic weavers never became subservient to painting as did their later followers. They understood and sympathised with their craft and adapted their designs to its needs. In van der Weyden's *St. Luke*, where we can compare painting and tapestry, we find many details that have been interpolated by the weaver to make a richer, fuller, more decorative surface.

Moreover, the weaver, sensing the limits of his medium up to the very intrusion of Raphael, avoided in almost all his designs the vast perspectives that painting had for a long time been using. The Van Eycks painted the limitless horizon of their Santa Barbara. But the tapestry weaver still kept his flat surface without distance. Van der Weyden experimented with Gothic interior perspectives in his *Holy Sacraments*. But on the looms Gothic architecture was used only as a frame or as a decorative motive.

Further, the weaver was independent enough

to differ decidedly from painting by using types that painting was abandoning, refusing types that painting was developing. The charming *Mille fleur* background that was carried over from the miniatures never played a very important part in large paintings. The *tapissiers* felt its fitness and its charm.

On the other hand, fairly early in the fifteenth century *genre* scenes were fascinating the Flemish. Saints became the excuse for leaded windows and brass kettles. But the weaver knew better than to make glass out of cloth, kettles and andirons from wool, so he did not follow the new departure. That was left to the seventeenth-century French.

The Gothic weaver wove great hangings because he was a great craftsman and let the craft control the design. He was great, not because of the painting, but in spite of it.

A Gothic tapestry is a finely designed textile because it seems to realise that it is a textile, that it is a flat and heavy hanging, a surface to be richly adorned. But really the flatness of the figures, their well-adapted static poise, and the multiple detail that makes a full design are all to a large degree accidents reflected from the current art. The painting of the time, too, had flat, motionless figures. It, too, filled every centimetre of its surface with some event or fact of interest. It, too, was treated like a flat still, elaborate surface. These values are no particular genius of the Flemish weaver.

The primitiveness of the painting favored tapestry design also, because of the convention of a high focus, the lack of atmosphere and the limited simplicity of the colour scale. The fifteenth-century tapestry was especially fortunate in being determined by the painting of the time in regard to the level of the centre of interest. Tapestry must be centred high, first, because it hangs high on the wall and only so would be adjusted comfortably to vision; second, because the lower part is often covered by furniture or obscured by passing people; and third, because only so is avoided the uninteresting blank and unfit sense of emptiness from too much vista. Gothic painting, by assuming as a matter of course its high focus, saved Gothic tapestry from the defects of later weaves.

The lack of atmosphere that in the painting was probably a defect of technique was most fortunate for the tapestry, too. Textiles are not made for air and never quite succeed when they

The Greatness of Gothic Tapestry

try to represent it. Air denies all their richness and weight and texture, the qualities that the Gothic tapestries most conspicuously preserve.

And unperfected technique favoured tapestry again by offering it only a limited colour range. A few simple, rich colours used in large areas founded a safe tradition for it. So it never fell into the Gobelin error of infinite shadings and confusedly multiple hatchings.

Thus some of Gothic supremacy must be granted to be an historical accident. The great Flemish pieces are, however, beyond these technical felicities, expressions of essential qualities of the art of the Middle Ages and particularly the Flemish art.

The general characteristic of all the arts of the Middle Ages was a strong narrative interest as contrasted with a later, more dramatic point of view. Design in every medium was organised in terms of continuity rather than centralised focus, and a multiple distributive interest was presented rather than a unified climactic revelation. The plot was not built for a single point which alone gave value to all the rest, but any part had its own little kernel of worth.

Even their drama was not dramatic. It told a story in a series of episodes each one of interest, no one much more essential than the others, and no one concentrating or centralising all the others. Their romances were a wandering catalogue of adventures in which you could begin or end anywhere because each was really independent. Any little episode from their many-scened paintings itself could make a painting. Even their sculpture was a series of figures, each one a character by itself; or a series of little stories that well could be taken apart; or perhaps a series of motives each complete and charming.

Every design was a series instead of an organised moment. And tapestry, the most fitly narrative of all the non-temporal arts, supremely realised the serial quality of Middle Ages design. A bit of verdure is almost as charming as a whole curtain could be, for every little blossom is an episode in itself with its own inherent worth.

In being thus wholly narrative, fifteenth-century tapestry is typifying not only the Mediaeval mind, but especially Flemish art and Flemish art in its whole history. The little event was always sufficient motive for a Lowland painting. The commonplace was always of interest in itself. This is what made them great genre painters,

and this point of view is narrative mindedness, which spoke the sweetest in their tapestries.

The Flemish were interested in the particular thing itself, person, pot or scene, and content to present that thing in its definite peculiar character. The Italian, even in his most primitive painting, when he was still of necessity largely concerned with translating just the specific event, yet tried to look through that event to a general idea within. So the Flemish when they moralise in paint only give, after all, only this man or that; while the Italians, when they turn to portraiture, rarely refrain from giving some type or some idea. Tapestry is a decorative art, and a luxurious art at that. Its first business is to adorn and to enrich by presenting its own firm, flexible, thick surface. It has no business to try to carry us away from its soft, even roughness to a philosophic speculation. And its second business is to be comforting and restful, enclose us in well-cushioned peace. It should not disturb with mental exercise.

So the Lowlander has made great tapestry because he was narrative minded and comfortable materialistic. But he has also made great tapestry for still one more reason, perhaps as basic as any. Dr. Valentiner has pointed out that the peculiar space design of the Lowlander is based on the rectangle, particularly the vertical, as opposed to the Italian, which deals principally in curves and triangles. You find straight lines, erect or horizontal, in their landscape, their painting, their architecture. It is the characteristic of the country and they reflect it in their art.

A rectangular art can find its perfect instrument in the tapestry loom. For that itself is rectangular, creates a rectangular weave. The surface is a series of straights and horizontals, and if the design on that surface is arranged in straights and horizontals, the design conveys the true character of the texture.

The verticality of design is one of the greatest appeals in the Gothic tapestry, appealing first because it does thus fit the weave; and second, because of the static dignity it gives to the figures. It keeps them from the excitability that curves would give, imparts to them poise and aristocracy. So Gothic tapestry is not only the greatest tapestry, but is, in spite of its apologists, also an intrinsically great art, intrinsically great because it best conveys the artistic spirit of a period and a people.

The Prints of William Strang



A MATTER OF BUSINESS

BY WILLIAM STRANG

THE PRINTS OF WILLIAM STRANG BY FRANK WEITENKAMPF

TO THE observant viewer the exhibition of etchings and other prints by William Strang, arranged by the Prints Division of the New York Public Library, may easily prove something of a revelation. It is quite conceivable that Strang may be known to many as an artist of weird, uncanny fancies, as a depicter of poverty with concomitant ugliness, perhaps also, to some, as a portraitist of insight and a certain manly dignity—with an expression always in a style of some inflexibility, a certain harsh directness. Then, the classification easily made and the subject mentally pigeonholed, there comes the present representative showing of his work, with its opportunity for more thoughtful contemplation. A welcome opportunity, for Strang's art does not reveal itself quickly to the

casual passer. Moreover, a review of his work in its entirety is necessary to get at the man himself. And so there appears here, primarily, a noteworthy flexibility in this style which, seen only in some odd print or two, or in some set, had appeared of a certain rigidity. Not only are there subtle modulations that show that his line has not an uncompromising adherence to preconceived intent, but there is strong evidence of a healthy response to artists who have worked in accord with some phase or other of his own outlook on life. First of all Legros, whose most notable pupil he was, and who left his impress, not only on Strang's manner of expression, but also, we are told, on his attitude toward the medium with its possibilities and its limits. But he has also looked much at the old masters, as Wedmore has it; and there is here and there a flavour of Millet, or even a suggestion of Rembrandt or Goya, and in recent years of Forain—

The Prints of William Strang

or shall we rather say of Daumier? The thing is never quite tangible. One looks closer, to find that it is after all mainly another's gesture, while below all is Strang himself. He adapts, but never apes; he absorbs, but never to the clouding of his individuality. He discourses pleasantly with these artists, adopts some of their ideas or opinions where they fit in with his own, and remains essentially himself. This self-centred responsiveness is matched by a breadth of interest that led him to turn to many subjects,

whom all may legitimately derive—Rembrandt; portraits of dignity and a restrained vitality; illustrations of such widely varying subjects as are afforded by Kipling, Lessing, Milton, Cervantes. And all of it, always, with adaptation to the subject in hand, and yet loyalty to his own personality and attitude.

In seeking for words or phrases with which to characterise his art one finds stern seriousness, reticence, an austere shyness in the expression of beauty, a grim humour, a directness of manner



THE RUINED CASTLE

BY WILLIAM STRANG

without ever a surrender to that care-free facility which is apt to make our use of the word "versatility" carry with it a suggestion of debonair irresponsibility. Fanciful subjects he has done, such as the series *The Earth Fiend* and *Death and the Ploughman's Wife*; scenes from life, even the life of the streets (a vendor selling manikin toys, the Salvation Army, a glimpse of a bookstall at night); bits of life of the poor (pictures of bleakest poverty, drab despair, sordid death); Biblical scenes of simple dramatic power; landscapes of the directness and sympathy of Legros, and with reference to that master of etched landscape from

that finds no place for bravura, for pyrotechnics, for the mere gesture as such. For the rest, a technical skill employed with full understanding of the medium employed in each case (etching, line engraving, mezzotint, sand-paper mezzotint, aquatint, wood engraving, lithography) as it adapts itself to his own manner of expression.

With all this, and apart from his activity as a painter and as a noted and sought-after portraitist in chalk on tinted paper, Strang has to his credit an accomplishment, in etched work alone, of 471 plates noted in Laurence Binyon's catalogue issued in 1906, and a hundred or so since

In the Galleries

then. This is simply to be accepted as a fact, not as a not uncommon urging of prolificness as a claim to attention.

A New York dealer held interesting exhibitions of Strang's work in 1891 and 1912. Biblical subjects shown in the Royal Academy two years after the latter date were examples of the more recent development of Strang's art, the use of a line free and quivering, leaving much of the composition in outline, and carrying with it that somewhat indefinable aroma of Forain or Daumier already referred to. The *Matter of Business*, here reproduced, shows this.

To the selection of prints made by the artist himself there have been added those in the Library's print-room, mostly in the S. P. Avery collection (ever a rich source to draw on). And one may also recall that huge and strong woodcut of a ploughman, shown last year in the Library.

It is precisely through the summary yet representative review of the development of Strang's art that the present exhibition is important and welcome.

IN THE GALLERIES

THE approaching dispersal of the George A. Hearn collection will be of great interest as marking to what heights the bidders will soar in these perilous days, especially when the famous *Blue Boy* puts in his smiling appeal before the hammer. Nothing could shake the late Mr. Hearn's opinion that he possessed the real thing, and no doubt has ever assailed the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. Whether this canvas is a replica, a copy by Hoppner or someone else will inevitably form the subject of renewed debate. Mr. Hearn had so many pictures in his home and in his store and loaned out that he could hardly remember at times where some particular picture rested. The writer remembers once how this ardent collector tried in vain to locate the last painting done on his deathbed by no less a painter than Bonington. Mr. Hearn's memory failed him completely.

Washington Square has had the vacant niche in the Arch opportunely filled by A. Stirling Calder's important group representing George



Courtesy J. W. Young Art Galleries, Chicago

In the Galleries

Washington as first President of the United States flanked by symbolic figures of Power and Wisdom. An article upon this artist's work is to appear before very long in this magazine.

The Folsom Galleries have given their third annual exhibition of the Eclectics, who number some strong and earnest painters in their company, particularly interesting being five contributions by Theresa Bernstein, whose originality, dash, and vigorous brush work will command still

**BOYS & GIRLS - YOU TOO
CAN HELP YOUR UNCLE SAM
WIN THE WAR!**



**SAVE YOUR QUARTERS -
BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS!**

PATRIOTIC POSTER BY MONTGOMERY FLAGG

more respect when drawing and colour meet with more precision and refinement. Her canvas *Sunset* is a fine rendering of effect.

It is with very deep regret that we record the passing of Mr. J. O. McDermott. He was a most lovable character, an excellent judge of a picture and the public that visited the Arlington Galleries. The business will be continued ably by his partner, Mr. Charles E. Heney, who in many ways resembles his friend. The Gallery is showing the decorative work of that highly intellectual artist, Maxwell Armfield, who has recently returned from the Far West bringing visual evidence of his impressions gathered from Golden Gate, the surroundings of Tamalpais, and direct contact with the elusive Indian. Armfield is a great

student in and exponent of the little-known art of tempera, obtaining translucency and brilliancy of colour in a marked degree. In a series of mural decorations he has endeavoured to give the character of strong wind and percussion by a naive use of symbolism which is very effective. A large canvas portraying Indians in the desert is beautiful in colour, rich in design and an eminent addition to the collection of Indian paintings.

In the United States are one hundred million persons who know Uncle Sam by sight. Perhaps less than one hundredth of one per cent. of this same hundred million knows anything about the technical side of art. Which is probably the reason why he appears with such amazing regularity on our present output of war posters.

The reasoning of our artists who, wishing to reach the people, give them something with which they are familiar seems logical, but there is a question as to whether it is sound.

Uncle Sam and the figure of Liberty are such familiar figures that we cannot give their presence on a poster, even when they assume the threatening gestures of a traffic policeman, the same attention that we would a more dramatic appeal. There is a drawing by Raemaekers, for instance, very simple—so simple it is hardly more than a sketch. A few carriages of a European train are on a siding. There is no background to distract the attention. And from under the door of one carriage, slightly ajar, drop by drop shows a slowly growing stream of blood. It is very simple. In its simplicity is its dramatic force, the force of what is left to the imagination.

We may be doing Montgomery Flagg, the latest of whose many posters is illustrated, an injustice. The appeal of the poster, which is in support of the War Saving Stamps, is to the many and it is quite possible that the many, the hundred million of whom we spoke, are more readily reached by the absolutely obvious. In any event, it might be more gracious and more patriotic to go to the nearest post office and invest four dollars and fourteen cents in a stamp which bears four per cent. interest and which the Government will redeem whenever we need the money, than to criticise the poster. And when we remember that if the remaining ninety-nine million odd citizens would do likewise approximately half a billion dollars would be raised we are not so certain that a direct appeal with the familiar face of Uncle Sam is not perhaps the most effective.



Exhibited at Philadelphia Art Club

LIEUT. C. F. WESTING, R.F.C.
BY HENRY R. RITTENBERG



THE SCOUT
BY J. MASSEY RHIND

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THEODORE SPICER-SIMSON,
MEDALLIST
BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

THE art of the medal is so little known that it has had scant opportunity of arriving at its deserved point of appreciation. Before making mention of any particular artist, therefore, it might be well to call attention briefly to what the medallic art signifies, and for that purpose the following quotation from Edward T. Newell, president of the American Numismatic Society, in his foreword to the Spicer-Simson exhibition, seems highly appropriate:

"Medallic art is at once one of the highest achievements of human genius, as it is one of the most difficult and exacting mediums of artistic expression. To the obvious points of contact between medallic art and the so-called major art of sculpture are to be reckoned, in favour of the

former, the added charm that resides in the compactness of the form, the spacing, the lettering, and above all in the intimate and human interest which is the very nature of the medal. Here we have a form of sculpture on a scale that allows of it being taken in the hand, giving it that intimate character not wholly attainable by the more popular forms of art. Thus may be obtained the varying play of light which gives distinct changes of expression to the features and a consequent semblance of life to the portrait. Like its older sisters of sculpture and painting, the portrait medal should possess, perhaps to an even greater degree, beauty of line, of form, of composition, and even of colour suggestion.

"As usual, it was Greek genius that first conceived the great artistic and commemorative possibilities presented by a piece of metal of coin-like aspect. Thus their coins often assumed the form and appearance of a commemorative medal,



EX-PRESIDENT WILLIAM H. TAFT



GENERAL HORACE PORTER

MEDALS BY T. SPICER-SIMSON

Theodore Spicer-Simson, Medallist

though still serving as a medium of exchange. We are justified in assigning the origin of the medal to the Greeks, for they were not only the pioneers in perpetuating records of great events or personages in this manner, but they were the people who laid and established the canons and ideals of that art whose most beautiful examples to-day are the incomparably glorious coins of the Greek cities of Sicily and Magna Græcia. Although the famous silver medallions of Syracuse are undoubtedly coins, still, in other respects, they possess all the characteristics of the medal.

"The Romans carried the commemorative issues of the Greeks a step nearer to our conception of the true medal. From Augustus to Theodoric and Justinian, the Roman rulers made a practise of striking gold and silver pieces of medallion form and commemorative of notable events in their reigns. As these pieces were all multiples of current coins, it is conceivable that at times they might have been put in circulation. Our literary sources, however, speak of them as having been struck with the basic idea of gifts from the throne to important personages of the Empire. In addition to these quasi-medals many of the emperors actually did strike large and exceedingly beautiful medals in bronze which had no relation to the current coin. They are fine examples of the best in Roman art and, though not signed, are undoubtedly from the hands of the foremost artists of their kind.

"The private and personal medal had not yet appeared. This was destined to be one of the glories of the Italian Renaissance. The Italian artist, newly awakened and sensitive to all forms of beauty, strove to emulate and surpass the handsome products of the Roman mint which directly inspired him. The numerous princes, the powerful nobles, the rich merchants, the literati of the rising Italian cities of those days, continually striving among themselves and intensely individualistic, were consumed with the desire of perpetuating their achievements, their fame and their features for all time. This spirit soon produced the true medal or medallion such as we know it. The tendencies of our times, resembling in their individualistic development those of the Renaissance, have again brought about a great revival of this monumental yet delicate art of which Mr. Spicer-Simson is such an eminent exponent."

Then again, as to the object of a medal, an

informative article in the literary supplement of the *Times* deals with great clarity:

"There are many signs that the problem of war memorials is exciting the serious consideration of those who are interested in the artistic side of the question; but none is more significant, in its modest way, than the announcement that the President of the Royal Numismatic Society has offered prizes for the best designs for a medal to commemorate the Battle of Jutland. Competitions for public buildings and other monuments are common enough, but the new venture seeks to bring into the field a branch of art which has long languished in this country."

"The object of a medal, if we are to believe those dictionaries which concern themselves with the modern acceptance of words rather than with their history, is to commemorate an event or to serve as reward for distinguished conduct; and many medals fulfill both purposes. Neither, however, would have seemed of primary importance to the Italians of the early fifteenth century, who may be regarded as the inventors of the modern medal. For them the essential significance of a medal lay in the portrait of some person represented on it; and if an event happened to be commemorated, it was only in connection with some person whose claim to distinction above his fellows, to what the Italians called *virtù*, it enhanced. For instance, the picturesque design on a medal commemorating the recapture of Otranto from the Turks in 1481 was made to serve as the reverse of a portrait of Duke Alfonso of Calabria, and the sole object of the representation of the event was to glorify the duke. In our definition the Italians would have substituted 'person' for 'event.' As the inventors of the art, they have a right to be heard in the matter. It is true that as early as the sixteenth century rulers like the Popes and the Medici, realising the value of a new form of political advertisement, developed the possibilities of the official medal, recording the political events of their reigns, to a high degree of efficiency."

The recent joint exhibition of paintings by Caro-Delvaile, along with medals and sculpture by Spicer-Simson, was far too important to be overlooked by THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO, which devoted an article to the French painter and now takes pleasure in presenting the work of an Anglo-Saxon medallist of international reputation, whose work may be seen in the collections of



AWARD FOR ELECTRICAL RESEARCH
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY



AWARD FOR OCEANOGRAPHY
NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES



ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL



FRENCH GOVERNMENT
COMMEMORATIVE MEDAL
PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION



MEDAL COMMEMORATING THE
ENTRANCE OF THE U. S. A.
INTO THE WAR



MRS. CHARLES DEWEY HILLES



WARREN J. LYNCH

Theodore Spicer-Simson, Medallist

museums and connoisseurs the world over. The interest aroused by the exhibition is evidenced by the fact that it has been invited to Chicago, Detroit, Toledo and Buffalo, whilst other museums and institutes are in active correspondence with a view to securing it.

After years of study at the Beaux-Arts in Paris, Spicer-Simson decided upon self-study, being thoroughly dissatisfied with the methods of instruction in vogue.

In 1890 he exhibited at the Royal Academy and the Salon with portrait busts; it being necessary, however, to earn money, he returned to New York and proffered his services to a large firm of silversmiths, where he acquired great facility in small-scale modelling and design along with valuable experience in the matter of historic styles. With this additional equipment, Spicer-Simson revisited Paris and busied himself with designing book-plates, and in the still larger field of illustration. Such details have been purposely introduced to show how essential a general art knowledge is to the earnest student. It was just this training which has enabled Spicer-Simson to embark so successfully upon the difficult career of the medallist. The year 1903 was the crucial moment when he took stock of himself and discovered wherein his true bent lay. The human appeal of the great Renaissance medallists and the inner consciousness of exceptional psychological insight, united with a fine feeling for the decorative treatment of relief and the possibilities of lettering artistically considered, drove him irresistibly into the medallie world, where from the start he has occupied an enviable position, especially since the appearance in the following year of his memorable portrait of G. F. Watts. Within the next three years many notable portraits executed by this artist attested to that living quality and rare method of production to which the accompanying illustrations amply testify.

Spicer-Simson has followed in the footsteps of Pisano, Matteo de Pasti and other great masters of this fascinating but arduous profession. His veritable genius grafted on such eminent tradition has proved the open sesame to all or nearly all important museums where the vision extends beyond the reducing machine, which, parenthetically observed, does its fell work very conscientiously and thoroughly, for it reduces both art and artist as well as the metal disc.

A fictitious interest in medals has been stimulated by the agency of the reducing machine, which permitted sculptors and even amateurs, quite innocent of the knowledge requisite to judge the exigencies of the medal or relief in miniature dimensions, to hand over their large relief to the reducing workmen, who returned it in the sizes ordered. The gullible public with the aid of a magnifying-glass admired the seemingly wonderful technique and hastened to acquire, at almost the price of the metal employed, choice examples of these machine-made counters.

Societies of so-called friends of the medal—in reality, enemies—sprang up on all sides and tokens of perverted taste were disposed of in millions. *Epater le bourgeois* is always a merry pastime; the world is composed of copious publics and a good sprinkling of Barnums. Even governments did not disdain to enter into competition with private firms in disseminating such tokens in order to secure easy money. Most of these societies have gone the way of all flesh and governments are more interested to-day in metals than in medals, and the reason is not far to seek for.

The struck medal is a monumental art requiring a *raison d'être*, the commemoration of some historical event.

Hardly to be counted in the same category is the cast and portrait relief, for the desire to perpetuate one's features is a very human foible, the quantity needed being dependent upon a man's importance in the world or upon the number of his friends.

For Spicer-Simson's ability to get bigness or monumentality along with the living quality of direct workmanship into his medals, Brussels in 1910, and Ghent in 1912, at their international exhibitions awarded him the highest honours, added to which the Luxembourg promised him an entire *citrine*. Besides these public evidences of acclaim, such men as Jean P. Laurens, Auguste Rodin and Chaplain have admired the supreme art embraced in such a Lilliputian periphery. Chaplain's well-known gruffness to strangers yielded to amiability on his first encounter with these medals and their designer. He recognised the difficulty of modelling at such a scale and recommended more vigour in relief as the work was meant to endure for centuries. Jean P. Laurens delighted in analysing the character and racial attributes of the people portrayed, in which quest he was singularly correct, thus paying un-



JOHN B. WHITE



JAMES STEPHENS



BETTY AND STOWELL, ROUNDS



GEORGE MEREDITH

Theodore Spicer-Simson, Medallist

conscious tribute to his own and the artist's psychological insight.

Although interested in the salons, being an associate of the New as far back as 1901, Spicer-Simson refrained from exhibiting his medals, holding the opinion that their size excluded them from these great art markets; consequently, his reputation has rested with a few connoisseurs until the retrospective exhibition of some seventy of his works, referred to at the commencement of this article.

Before the world war Spicer-Simson visited this country yearly, but since 1915 he has settled in New York, though like many another artist still maintaining his studio in Paris. Occupying an almost new field of art, he has been his own master and has evolved his own technique in which variety of surface with great restraint of composition give a calm static quality combined with an intense living quality which can be better felt than expressed in words. He uses mass or high relief to convey psychological attributes of his sitters. Conversely, in the case of George Meredith, one observes how low relief expresses the evanescent charm of the poet. Furthermore, this particular portrait happens to be the only existing one in this form and the artist was fortunate in obtaining it, for Meredith toward the close of his career refused to sit to any artist. It was only at the king's command that he was added to the etched celebrities of William Strang for the Windsor Castle gallery. An unexpected meeting was arranged by Mrs. Sturgis, the poet's daughter, who ushered Spicer-Simson into the poet's presence, which resulted in a portrait being ordered for Mrs. Sturgis and a replica for the National Portrait Gallery.

The artist's card, accompanied by a medal, was sufficient to ensure a welcome at the hands of G. F. Watts, who, during the ensuing sitting, would frequently rise to do something upon his last canvas, remarking that he hoped to be excused for he felt he had but little time to finish his own work. Three months later he passed away.

The great English sculptor, Alfred Gilbert, designer of the Lord Mayor's chain of office, the Prince of Wales' tomb at Windsor, etc., who had left England in an embittered spirit to settle in Bruges, was approached by Spicer-Simson in the same way with the desired result. Looking with pleasure over the different medals before him, he

admired particularly the one of Mrs. Spicer-Simson, both for its composition and for the reason that the dress betrayed no particular period, and his opinion has been thoroughly endorsed, for a very great number of replicas of this particular medal have been selected by museums and collectors.

Of commemorative medals, a very striking one is the entrance of America into the war, which is most remarkable for its concentrated symbolism and intelligent representation of the insignia of all the Allies. In this small compass we therefore see combined a wealth of imagery only made possible by an alert imagination and a great knowledge of decorative design within such limitations. The geometrical spacing demands conventional forms to give a harmonious impression, which has been so skilfully achieved that Mr. G. F. Hill, keeper of coins and medals at the British Museum, considers it the best medal of this character so far produced during the war, praise concurred in by Edwin Blashfield and other eminent critics.

Spicer-Simson has also designed special medals for the National Academy of Sciences. The Archimedean saying, "Give me a place on which to stand and I will move the universe," is rendered by a nude man levering the world, his fulcrum being the helmet of Pallas Athena. In all his other commemorative medals one may note the same preoccupation for an adequate and emblematic interpretation of the subject, oftentimes a humorous idea supervening. His faculty for pattern and ability to eliminate anything that might disturb the *hauptmotiv* has led Royal Cortissoz to say: "It is a comfort to meet a medallist who knows when not to be decorative"; wherein lies a great truth.

In looking over the numerous examples, no formula obtrudes, but a variety of pattern and relief showing a sensitive reaction to character in fellow man. In all his women's portraits one detects a feminine charm, a *je ne sais quoi de captivant* difficult to define. In the portrait of James Stevens may be read the successful struggle against untoward economic circumstances as well as the childlike nature of the poet. The self-assertiveness of childhood in Betty and Stowell is clearly revealed along with the softening influences of happy home life.

In conclusion it may not be out of place to quote from the *Biographical Dictionary of Medal-*

Theodore Spicer-Simson, Medallist



DEXTER BRACKETT
MEMORIAL MEDAL



PUBLIC WELFARE
MEDAL
NAT. ACAD. OF SCIENCES



lists and Engravers Ancient and Modern, which devotes a number of richly illustrated pages to the artist in question:

"Mr. Spicer-Simson is always vigorous without being insensitive to the charms of detailed definition. He has a remarkable faculty for catching the right moment and the right pose which, coupled with a reserve in treatment and an absence of anything pertaining to mannerism, makes his portraits still more interesting on closer observation. He is and will become more

and more a leader among medallists in Great Britain and America. He possesses in an exceptionally right proportion the qualities by which the independent artist is distinguished. His work bears the stamp of a dominating personality. The various sides of his art have been developed together; his skill of craftsmanship is guided by his æsthetic sentiment, based on the study of the art of the great masters of history. He is true to himself, and holds among our modern masters a place which but few artists can claim to share."



MRS. GRANVILLE WHITTLESEY



MRS. MORRISON-FULLER



MRS. EDWARD ROBINSON

A Decorative Alliance

A DECORATIVE ALLIANCE: NOTES ON AN UNUSUAL ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION BY C. MATLACK PRICE

IT HAS long been the lament of the joyless type of critic that the decorative arts of to-day are hopelessly commercialised, and that the artist-artisans of the Middle Ages and of the Italian Renaissance have gone forever from the face of the earth.

In this contention there is just enough truth to make it interesting, and enough untruth to make it inaccurate as a statement of fact. It is true that the old spirit of personal art in craftsmanship has largely been replaced by the spirit of the machine and by conditions arising from the demand for quantity production. The old guilds of weavers, cabinet-makers, metal-workers and the others are no more, but it is not true to say that the industrial arts of this country are entirely commercialised. There is a great commercial spirit, to be sure, great commercial impulses—but there is also a great measure of real art and a high standard of technical craftsmanship.

Proof of this promising condition was everywhere apparent in the thirty-third annual exhibition of the Architectural League of New York, held during February, and devoted even more than in previous years to the declaration of the great decorative alliance which has grown up between architecture and the associated industrial arts.

Furniture, textiles, hardware, metal-work, stained glass, tiles, woodcarving and many others of the decorative arts formed the greater part of the exhibits and pointed out to the thoughtful observer some highly significant developments.

For many years the understanding of "architecture and the allied arts" has been restricted to a vision of the fine old triple alliance of architecture, sculpture and mural painting, and not many people outside the architects, decorators and craftsmen have been fully aware of the important part played by every detail of building and equipment. And only the observant have noticed from year to year the ever-increasing merit in design and execution which now characterises the better productions of American industrial art.

Taste and discrimination are increasing, not



GATE LODGE ON AN ESTATE AT RYE, N. Y.

LEWIS C. ALBRO, ARCHITECT

A Decorative Alliance

deteriorating. The decorative materials at the command of the architect are more varied and of far higher merit than ever before in this country. Much of the credit for this should go to the architects, who have striven always to build better than their clients knew. Their designs for special details have raised the standard of "stock," or ready-made details, and for this much credit is due the manufacturers who have realised the importance of *good design*.

Good design, in fact, is no longer regarded as a more than necessarily expensive way of manufacturing a commercial product which might as well be inartistic. There was an old delusion that good design meant added manufacturing cost. In a sense, it did—but it also meant larger sales and a quick outdistancing of all competitors who did not believe in æsthetic ideals. It was soon found that money spent in good designs was not to be regarded so much as an added production cost, but rather as a sound investment. As far as manufacture is concerned, a loom may as well be set to weaving a good design as a poor one; hardware may as well be cast in a mould of good design as in a mould of poor design. The same threads or the same metal will make one as well as the other, and from the same wood may be made good or poor furniture.

But the most promising development which was apparent in this Architectural League exhibition lies in the fact that manufacturers are no longer indifferent, that they consider it not merely "just as well" to employ good design, but believe that it is *better* to employ good design in their products. It may not be anticipating the development of the industrial arts by many years to say that good design is becoming *essential*.

Among the textiles shown there was evidence of a commendable tendency on the part of American manufacturers to make use of American designs, those of Miss Simonson for the Cheney silks and the Thorp fabrics being specially notable.

In an exhibition which overflowed the gallery space, it would obviously be impossible to indulge in much detailed comment, and the writer can endeavour only to mention a few exhibits of conspicuous interest.

Among the textiles there were Herter and Edgewater hand-woven tapestries, in addition to the fine power-loom fabrics of several of the important American mills, and in this branch of



THE MARY BAKER EDDY
MEMORIAL

EGERTON SWARTWOUT
ARCHITECT

industrial art alone lay great promise and tangible evidence of fine present achievement.

Some of the finest wrought hardware was exhibited by Samuel Yellin and by Arthur Todhunter, and possibilities in metal-work in the execution of lamp-stands, brackets and the like were excellently realised in the examples shown by Heath and Kantack. As in former exhibitions, well-studied projects in stained glass bore the names of Maitland Armstrong and Nicola d'Ascenzo, and several fine bits were contributed by C. H. Davis and J. Stark Melville, of the house of Philip Oriel.

The more important of the interior decorators



COTTAGE ON AN ESTATE AT COLD SPRING, N. Y.

LEWIS C. ALBRO, ARCHITECT

arranged interesting individual exhibits in which rare furniture, fine fabrics and carefully chosen decorative accessories were assembled with a view to demonstrating the true appeal of the well-studied interior. Of these special exhibits, the great tapestried Renaissance room of French & Company and the panelled Jacobean room of C. J. Charles were the most impressive and the most instructive.

The Architectural League exhibitions have always showed the best work of the year in sculpture, of the informal type meant for gardens, and of the more formal type which is directly associated with monumental architecture. Both types were well represented this year, and the catalogue displayed a roll of names which are deservedly familiar.

In mural painting, too, the exhibition was as

A Decorative Alliance

rich as those of past years, and if any general tendency in this one of the allied arts were to be mentioned, it might well be the ever-increasing tendency toward informality, even toward the bizarre. As compared with the idea of mural painting which is represented by the old school of Abbey, Blashfield and Cox, the newer idea may become so assertive that it will defeat the proper purpose of mural decoration and overpower the architecture of which it should be a subtle part. Architects of perception and good judgment will keep a watchful eye on the mural which is too fantastic, and in the meanwhile the new school, with its colourful Orientalism and Russianistic spontaneity, may discover things which the older school had overlooked.

It must not be gathered from the foregoing paragraphs that one has been discussing a production of Hamlet without the Dane—an architectural exhibition without any architectural exhibits.

The year's showing of many types of building and gardening was as varied and interesting, even if not so conspicuous, as the showing of allied and accessory arts.

Bertram G. Goodhue declared once more his recognised prominence as a resourceful designer in Gothic in the scale model for the marvellously intricate reredos now being executed for St. Thomas' Church in New York City. The design is essentially one of Gothic imagination and ingenuity. As an architect of keen, practical vision, Mr. Goodhue was revealed in the plans and drawings for a model industrial village in New Mexico, for the true architect has not one ability, but many.

Not too far away from Mr. Goodhue's work, mention should be made of the splendid additions to the college buildings at Princeton, the work of Day and Klauder, and one of the most conspicuously fine contributions to the year's architectural achievement.

Three great private houses, designed by Allen & Collins, B. W. Morris and Paul Chalfin, showed American architects at their characteristically successful renderings of this distinctively American problem. A type of building more characteristic of modern English architecture is seen in the illustration of part of a cottage designed by Lewis C. Albro. Here is an excellent colloquial use of building materials and a keen sense of the picturesque at its best, apparent also in the brick cottage, which is also illustrated.

As a piece of monumental architecture, the Mary Baker Eddy Memorial is, perhaps, the most notable of the year. Its merit lies not only in that finesse of detail which is enjoyed and appreciated by the trained architect, but in the expression of graceful, classic dignity which makes it a thing to be enjoyed and appreciated by the lay observer.

An architectural exhibition should be the event of the year, and everyone who takes an intelligent interest in the world in which he lives should attend. Most of us have far too vague a notion of what architects do, and no notion at all of how they do it. We should be more familiar with his visions, with the *projet* drawings, the plans and the scale models by means of which he tries to aid us in seeing his visions. And in such an exhibition as the one which has formed the subject of this review, no one could fail to be impressed by the profound influence which the architect has had, and is still exerting, in the field of decorative and industrial art.

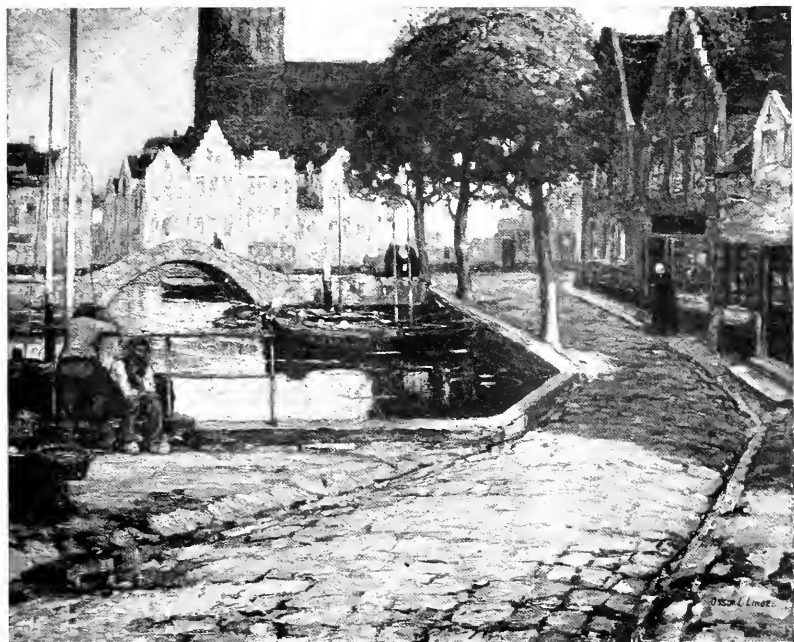
If this country were to rise to the great possibilities which lie in the *Industrial Museum*, another illuminating truth would come to the public at large; namely, that the manufacturers are yearly raising the aesthetic and technical standards of their varied products, that they are encouraging and rewarding good design, and that we may look to them from year to year as the patrons, not the oppressors, of the individual artist and designer.

The thirty-third exhibition of the Architectural League was inspiringly illumined by a light which emanated from idealism in industrial art. The blight of commercialism, taken to mean "in-artistic," was conspicuously absent, and architects, painters, sculptors, carvers, weavers, smiths, and all the goodly old company of those who made beautiful things in bygone ages sat convivially about a board, toasting Art, each other, the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, and, perhaps, even the critics.

For even critics sometimes accomplish far-reaching results, and aid in rearing edifices more worthy and beautiful than those which they have helped to destroy.

NOTE.—*Inquiries regarding furniture illustrated in Mr. Price's article which appeared in the March issue will receive the attention of the Readers' Service Department, International Studio.*

Ossip Linde



QUAYSIDE, BRUGES

BY OSSIP LINDE

OSSIP LINDE

OSSIP LINDE is widely known and recognised as a painter par excellence of Bruges and Venice. In these separate and distinct fields he has early in life made his mark and gained reputation. Had he chosen to perpetuate the unique charms of those ancient cities with their pristine palaces, bustling market-places, quaint bridges and rough-paved streets, he might have become an armchair craftsman, like many others, with an assured income and that more than comfortable girth which so often accompanies a life of ease and absence of struggle. Fortunately, however, Linde is a genuine artist and would scorn to barter his art for a mess of pottage. For some years he has put aside his foreign sketches and notes and has succumbed with willingness to the wistful charm of American scenery.

Around his home at Newport, Connecticut, he finds plenty to stimulate his enthusiasm, and there

he has studied and painted, painted and studied, until as a portrayer of Connecticut scenery he has achieved as signal a success as attended him in his interpretation of Bruges and Venice. Here, too, he has called a momentary halt and for several months has been preoccupied with figure work. Always a sound draughtsman, able as few landscapists are to place a figure or group in the immediate foreground as though they really belonged there and were part and parcel of their environment, Linde has entered into what may be regarded as phase No. 3 by executing several large canvases in which the figure, draped or undraped, holds the stage and gives pleasure by the significant line, good modelling in colour and well-thought-out design.

In reproducing here four illustrations to convey as far as possible the development of Ossip Linde, we have used an old Bruges study, a recent painting in the vicinity of Westport and two of his figure studies which he is now deeply interested in—one draped, the other undraped. These illus-



FIGURE STUDY
BY OSSIP L. LINDE



FIGURE STUDY
BY OSSIP L. LINDE



A CONNECTICUT LANDSCAPE

BY OSSIP LINDE

trations demonstrate his abilities in the different directions taken. The painting of Bruges is distinctly topographical. The first question aroused is, "Where is that place, surely I have been there!" The landscape is very directly painted and has a universal appeal quite apart from locality. We see the artist dominated by the mood and interpreting it with vigorous strokes.

All his paintings reveal Linde as a real colourist, one who revels in luscious pigment but always with judgment and restraint. Quite a modernist in his outlook and technical methods, his vision renders unconscious homage to the great painters of the past, Venetians and Flemings alike, to whose warning whispers he lends obedient ear. Linde has a jewel-like quality in his palette and is particularly successful with his foregrounds, and he carries his colour well into the rich shadows without robbing them of that atmospheric quality which all shadow demands.

Ossip Linde has devoted considerable time to sculpture—keeping, however, the interest in it subordinate to his painting. A true artist should be able to express himself in the round as well as

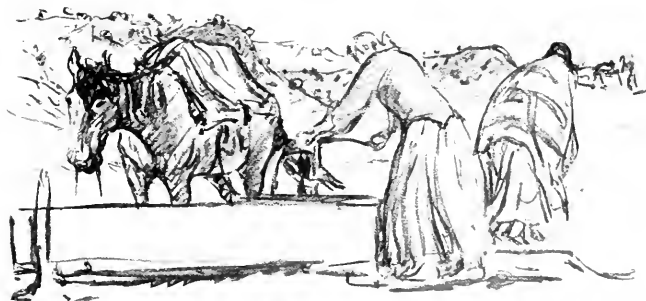
in the flat. Good taste and vision make the artist, not the medium.

W. H. DE B. N.

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE: MERYON EXHIBITION

JOHN W. BEATTY, director of the Department of Fine Arts, announces the opening of an exhibition of etchings by Charles Meryon in the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh. Probably no etcher of any time has rendered with more delicacy and precision the beautiful qualities of truth and elegance embodied in the architectural features of a great city. Meryon's works have not only maintained their supremacy during the years since 1850, but they have even advanced in the estimation of painters and etchers throughout the world. Among the notable etchings included in the collection are *Le Stryge*, *Notre-Dame*, seventh state; *L'Arche du Pont Notre-Dame*, third state; *Tourrelle de la Rue de la Tixanderie*, second state; *Saint-Etienne-du-Mont*, fourth state; *La Morgue*, fourth state, and *L'Abside, Notre-Dame de Paris*, seventh state.

Mahonri Young's Drawings



NAVAJO SERIES

DRAWN BY MAHONRI YOUNG

M AHONRI YOUNG'S DRAWINGS BY C. LEWIS HIND

ALL, or nearly all, love a new thing. Therein, happily, we are linked with the Athenians.

I am among those who love a new thing (please allow that this implies growth), and only that old thing called Death will cure me of interest in new manifestations of that new thing called Life.

Among the many new things (new to me) that have intrigued my eyes since I disembarked a few months ago at an Atlantic port must be counted certain lively shoots from the tree of American sculpture—small but significant—severe, mystical, playful, bound together by a negative. For they may be classical, but they are certainly *not* academic. And the names of the men who have thrust forth these shoots (there are others, but these will suffice) are Paulanship, Gaston Lachaise, who lived in Boston from 1905 to 1913, and Mahonri Young.

But I did not become acquainted with Mahonri Young's work through his sculpture. The encounter happened casually, as most aesthetic and spiritual adventures happen. The introduction came through a fellow artist, Paul Dougherty, who, among his other gifts, has the great grace of enthusiasm. When he first spoke of Mahonri Young my mind was blank. "Spell his Christian name," I said. This was done, and he added: "He's a grandson of Brigham Young."

I leaned back in my chair. Dim visions, dragged from the closed book of my youth, came hurrying forth. There floated before me phantoms of the Mormons, those strange folk of Salt

Lake City, of the exodus of the 500 about 1848 into the wilderness—and the "miracle" of the sea-gulls. "Didn't M. Young [I couldn't quite get the name] do the *Sea-gull* monument?"

"Yes," answered one of the group. "You'll find a cast of it at 'The Sculptors' Gallery' with a representative selection of Mahonri Young's sculptures, drawings, etchings and paintings. The *Sea-gull* monument is in three panels. The story? Listen! One dire day, clouds of locusts appeared and gorged the young corn. Despair settled upon the Mormon community, when lo! clouds of sea-gulls appeared, gobbled the locusts—and all was well!"

But Paul Dougherty was not bothering about locusts or gulls—his mind was active with one thing only, with certain drawings by Mahonri Young. Very enthusiastic was he; quickly he warmed himself at the flame of his eulogy, he—but I won't attempt to report his vivid appreciation. You know how an artist talks; you catch the words "splendid," "stunning," "magnificent," but it is the eyes, the hands that really talk.

What are these drawings about? They are the drawings Mahonri Young made of the Navajo Indians in Arizona. Some years ago he and Howard MacCormick were commissioned by the Natural History Museum authorities to study the Indians of the Southwest for the purpose of making groups for the Museum, not only accurate but also natural and beautiful. Young models the figures, MacCormick does the setting and environment. Young made his third trip to Arizona last autumn. He was there five weeks and brought back 222 remarkable drawings, many in colour.



NAVAJO SERIES
DRAWN BY MAHONRI YOUNG



NAVAJO SERIES
DRAWN BY MAHONRI YOUNG



NAVAJO SERIES
DRAWN BY MAHONRI YOUNG



NAVAJO SERIES
DRAWN BY MAHONRI YOUNG



NAVAJO SERIES
DRAWN BY MAIONRI YOUNG

Mahonri Young's Drawings

"Are they to be seen?" I asked. "Yes, they're in my studio," answered Paul Dougherty.

A day was appointed for my visit.

So here was a new thing, exciting, exhilarating—drawings, real Indians, a strange country and a new art personality.

The next day I visited the Natural History Museum for the first time. My objective was

and the sedentary—and you have the satisfaction of knowing that these are no wild-west, show-booth re-creations, but the actual facts by artists trained to observe and to translate. New! What is new? When I left London last summer, the newest thing in sociology, in the tentative stage, hardly yet formulated, still in the realm of discussion, was the idea of descent through the mother, and the ownership of all houses by the township. Imagine my astonishment to find that these two "advanced views" were long ago put into practise by the Hopi Indians.

A vacant place awaits the Navajo group. Mahonri Young and his companion should be able to take degrees in Indian customs and manners. The Navajo expedition was Mahonri Young's third visit to the Indian haunts of Arizona. In 1912 he made his first journey to make studies for a Hopi Indian group which was completed in about two years' time. The two palefaces were then commissioned to do the Apache group which was completed in the spring of 1917. The Navajo group will be completed in about two years.

The reader will find accompanying this discourse a few of Mahonri Young's drawings of the Navajo Indians. A glance at them shows the artist's extraordinary instinct for suggesting atmospheric actuality. He draws the bird on the



NAVAJO SERIES

DRAWN BY MAHONRI YOUNG

the Southwest Indian Hall containing the groups of Hopi and Apache Indians by Mahonri Young and Howard MacCormick. But I was delayed for an hour and a half. The Museum was new to me and clamant for delay. Who could pass by a tree that began to grow in 550 A.D. and was only cut down in 1891; who could resist the amazing and beautiful deep-sea Rhizopoda, natural tiaras, aigrettes and fanciful pendants that outclass and outsoar such cunningmasters as Lalique? New! What is new? These tiny natural ornaments make the work of human jewellers look like children's efforts. And the Giant Skid that hangs, terrible and stuffed, from the roof. He is the progenitor of the torpedo—in form, in colour, in steely armour-plate. His natural enemy, the sperm-whale, eats him. Let us hope that our sperm-whale is now being invented by American brains.

In the Southwest Indian Hall, which I reached after this profitable delay, I studied with vast interest the Hopi and Apache groups. Here, without effort, you are transported to Arizona; here you live the life of the Indians as they live to-day, as they have always lived—the nomadic



NAVAJO SERIES

DRAWN BY MAHONRI YOUNG

wing, as it were; he seizes, or snatches rather, the quick movement of these nomads, their look and their ways. These few drawings are better than nothing, but would that the reader could see the range of drawings, some flushed with colour, as I saw them in Paul Dougherty's studio and under the inspiration of his enthusiasm. Here I say

The Hearn Sale

is a man who kindles before the actual thing; who can give the kick of a horse, the frolic of a goat, the swing of a blanket-garbed woman, the stride of a squaw, the gesture of an Indian at one with his horse, the lie of the land, the scurry of clouds, the sway of a tree in the wind, the wandering herd, the bigness of this country, where you can see for ninety miles. In a word, he is the artist of the actual, of movement, of adventure; he is the man to give the spirit of the appalling restlessness of the Western front. "Over there" he might find his life's work as Nevinson did.

I saw no reason to change my mind when I visited Mahonri Young's exhibition at "The Sculptors' Gallery." He is kinetic, not static. As a sculptor, with such themes as *The Violinist*, the *Bird Bath* and in idealistic panels, his inspiration leaves him; it returns when he meets actuality, as in his small figures, table-pieces—tense, direct, vibrating with character—such as the *Organ Grinder*, *Porcelain Mender*, *Scrubwoman*.

But above all he is a draughtsman; he was born to drawing; he loves drawing, and, given a real thing to do, something snatched swiftly from life, composed through instinct, not through effort, he is the equal of any American. Let me end with his own words: "I have always drawn, and since I was eighteen have consciously tried to learn to draw. I have loved and studied all the great draughtsmen, but have always gone to nature for my material. I have tried to make good drawings, not to make drawings that looked good."

He has succeeded. The draughtsman in him has arrived.

THE HEARN SALE BY CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

THE George A. Hearn sale of foreign and American pictures, conducted and concluded in this city during the week of February the twenty-fifth, served to fulfill in a sensational and unmistakable fashion the beliefs and expectations of that small minority of persons who have consistently advertised and advocated the incomparable merits of American painting. The salient feature of the sale was the prices brought by American pictures. To say as much is merely to record the concrete invincibility of statistics. The question of personal prejudice and personal interpretation has nothing to do with the matter. Over and beyond all exces-

sences of incident and idiosyncrasy of opinion, over and beyond all theoretical disagreements and antagonisms, one fact of supreme significance projects itself—the fact, repeatedly emphasised by the present writer, that American painting is the dominant issue in the art world of this country to-day.

The Hearn sale conclusively demonstrated the accuracy of perception possessed and exercised by those persons who have realised that America is producing and has produced great art. But it did more. It hinted tremendously, if we may so express ourselves, of revolutionary conditions and developments in the art world; conditions and developments of a nature unthinkable a bare half-dozen years ago. The spectacle of two houses of fundamentally foreign affiliations, Knoedler & Company and Scott & Fowles, competing with each other for the purchase of American pictures while foreign pictures were allowed to go practically unsupported, supplies us with an incalculable indication of the essential gist of things. And this essential gist of things is, if we correctly apprehend it, something as follows: Foreign art of whatever period and of whatever nationality must stand or fall in the future on its merits alone. It can rely no longer upon a spurious prestige. The time has gone by when a foreign trade-mark could be confidently expected to sell a picture to the American public. True, we have still with us, and, no doubt, we shall always have the type of person that prefers a fictitious exoticism to a beauty blooming in their neighbour's back-yard. This chronic incapacity for authentic reactions is a mark of warped or arrested intelligence, and as such it need not detain us. The saliences that we should bear in mind and ponder the pregnant significance of are the comparatively low prices brought by such painters as Mauve, Maris, Daubigny, Corot, Cazin, Troyon and Turner in comparison with such painters as Inness, Wyant, Blakelock and Murphy. The highest price brought by a foreign landscape painter was the price of eight thousand, two hundred dollars brought on the third night of the sale by Daubigny's *On the Oise*. Against this we may place the ten thousand, one hundred dollars paid for a Wyant by Henry Reinhardt & Sons; the twenty-one thousand, five hundred dollars paid for Wyant's *In the Adirondacks*; the seventeen thousand, five hundred dollars paid for a Blakelock; the fifteen thousand, six hundred dollars paid for a Murphy by ex-Senator

The Hearn Sale

Clark, and the thirty thousand, eight hundred dollars paid for Inness' *Wood Gatherers* by Scott & Fowles. We find a 16 x 22 Murphy bringing three thousand, eight hundred dollars, as against the three thousand, three hundred dollars paid for an excellent Troyon.

A question arises: Does all this indicate that an unstable public taste has turned, temporarily or permanently as the case may be, against foreign art and in favour of America art? We would not go so far as to commit ourselves to so crucial a decision. It may be argued, for example, that Mr. Hearn's collection of foreign paintings was mediocre. However this may be, it is probable that his foreign art would have brought higher prices six years ago than it brought in the sale recently concluded. A masterpiece is a masterpiece no matter where or by whom it is produced: even so, the proverbial straw would seem to indicate that the future of art, not only in this country but, we are tempted to believe, throughout the world, belongs for some decades to come to the American painter. Foreign dealers are now exploiting the art of this country within its native environment. We confidently await the time when they shall exploit it elsewhere as well. Economic conditions and the prejudice inherent in precedent may prevent the consummation of this development, but we feel ourselves guiltless of parochial predilection and immature enthusiasm in contending, as we have so often contended, that, on its intrinsic merits, American painting, at its representative best, is entitled to hang in any company.

Mr. Hearn's collecting was largely a matter of naive and haphazard wilfulness. As in the case of the majority of collectors, he exhibited sporadic indications of continuity and consistency of taste, but he never achieved, and his exhibition did not represent, that inspired fineness of perception, that impeccable fusing of diversities of taste, which characterises the unique appraiser. He accepted, apparently (as in the case, for example, of the French Impressionists), advice of a prejudiced and immature nature. He bought many banal and feeble pictures. But he possessed a magnificent Inness (intrinsically, the finest picture in his collection), and the service he rendered to the maintenance and advancement of American painting was, if not always exercised with the purest motives or the clearest discrimination, of an incalculable and unforgettable value.

Taken at its sum total, this sale was legitimately significant, constructive, beneficial. Certain isolated aspects were injurious and much to be deplored. On the affirmative side, it supplies us (we repeat) with the latest and weightiest of a long series of practical demonstrations of the integrity and paramount importance of our American painting. To the shrewd observer, it offered clear indications as to the relative merits of the kind of American painting it exhibited and the kind our *cognoscenti* would urge upon us. It discriminated between the best of our American painters and the rest. The sharp and unmistakable relief into which it threw the two greatest masters of American landscape painting—Inness and Murphy—may be noted. The prominence secured by Blakelock was justified. The low price, comparatively speaking, of eight hundred and seventy-five dollars brought by the later Tryon was both a legitimate reflex of the picture's inherent deficiency and a vague adumbrating of the fate that we are confident awaits Mr. Tryon's art in the future. Mr. Tryon's colour sense, always perilously close to the flimsy prettiness of the Christmas card or the ornate sentimentalities of the valentine, has degenerated in his contemporary efforts into the kind of chronic ineptness that is anticipated and provisioned by the picture in the Hearn sale. We were glad that Ernest Lawson was admired, although the picture representing him was not one of his best; and congratulations should be tendered the Corcoran Art Gallery for its acquisition of Theodore Robinson's tenderly beautiful picture *Girl Sewing*. A discrepancy may be noted between the price of five thousand dollars paid by the Corcoran Art Gallery for this picture and the price of four thousand dollars paid for the same painter's *Valley of the Seine*.

The thing we cannot cease to regret (the thing we have always deplored as one of the factors that render the art of painting a matter by itself, a matter irreconcilable with familiar consistencies and with those abstract standards and integrities that obtain in other arts) is the pernicious and disproportionate amount of influence that individual idiosyncrasy of taste (or lack of taste) and mere dollars and cents can exert. Obviously, it is not the privilege of the reviewer to determine what the collector shall buy; but we have never been quite able to relinquish our wish that the collector should realise that his acts are pregnant

The Hearn Sale

with widespread results. Should he not subject his whims and vagaries of personal inclination to a closer discipline? Should he not feel himself under obligation to represent and to inculcate, wherever possible, the principles of sound taste and æsthetic idealism? Ex-Senator W. A. Clark, for example, has rendered J. Francis Murphy a singular disservice in purchasing the latter's *Landscape* for the preposterous price of fifteen thousand, six hundred dollars. The ex-Senator has, by his act, temporarily ratified the absurd notion prevalent among dealers that Mr. Murphy's art ceased sixteen years ago. As a matter of fact, Murphy's art only began sixteen years ago, and pictures painted previous to that period have no standing whatsoever in the judgments of authentic critics of painting. There was no Murphy in the Hearn collection that measured up to those standards of a genuine and unique greatness represented, for example, by the *Indian Summer* of Mr. James Shepherd, the *November Afternoon* of Mr. Burton Mansfield, or the *November Day* of Charles L. Baldwin. Indeed, as Murphys go, they were all poor Murphys, but to ex-Senator Clark must be accorded the palm for having chosen the poorest of them all, and for having paid an exorbitant price for a picture intrinsically negligible. Is it possible that ex-Senator Clark is the kind of buyer that does not hesitate to pay an exorbitant price for an indifferent work of art so long as the occasion be a conspicuous one?

The price of three thousand, six hundred dollars paid by the Macbeth Galleries for the Homer Martin approximated something like a just valuation of the picture's intrinsic worth. The finest Blakelock in the collection went for the disproportionately inconspicuous price of twenty-one hundred dollars, against the vastly inflated figure of seventeen thousand, five hundred dollars paid for the same artist's *Landscape*. Second in importance to Mr. Clark's unfortunate exhibition of a taste idiosyncratic rather than equitable was the price of twenty-one thousand, five hundred dollars paid for the large Wyant. We are not one of those for whom the name of Wyant is sacrosanct. Despite our veneration for the unquestionable integrity of the man's artistic and spiritual morale, we believe that his art is vastly overrated, and we believe that a time will come when its inherent incompetency will be detected and acknowledged. Wyant was unquestionably the weakest of our early painters, and an endorse-

ment is accorded him that might better by far be accorded the work of a number of our contemporaries. We have yet to see the Wyant that, judged from the standpoint of a sheer æstheticism, we would accept in exchange for a marine of Dearth's or a landscape of Lawson's, Weir's or Murphy's at their representative best.

It is fitting that these few notes should conclude with the recording of the price of thirty thousand, eight hundred dollars paid for the *Wood Gatherers* of Inness. From certain comments we have heard made on this picture, we are inclined to suspect that a number of belated gentry are beginning to assume, unconsciously no doubt, the role of prophet. One of them—a gentleman for whom there was no such thing as American painting a half-dozen years ago—amiably concedes that this picture is as fine “as a Corot.” We would hardly choose Corot as a basis for comparison. Although this Inness is not one of the great Innesses (one of a number of Innesses that, in some future revelation, will lift this country off its feet), it is a picture greater in conception and breadth of feeling than anything ever painted by Corot. This phase of Inness is the exquisite witchery of Corot seen through the eyes of a vast, apocalyptic soul, a transcendent soul, a man of infinite vision, a man who may some day be ranked the greatest landscape painter the world has so far known.

RANDOLPH-MACON COLLEGE IN ART

THE leading institute of the South, ranking officially with Vassar, Wellesley, Barnard and Bryn Mawr colleges, is the Randolph-Macon Woman's College at Lynchburg, Virginia. A very great interest in art has been fostered there by Miss Louise J. Smith. Last year pupils and art lovers of the neighbourhood were enabled to see the work of Alden Weir, Robert Henri, Jules Guérin and Childe Hassam. This year an international exhibition, with first-class examples by such eminent men as Aman-Jean, Henri Martin, Ludwig Dill, Sir Alfred East, Laura Knight, Gaston Latouche, Ramona Birch, George Sauter, Eastlake Leader, Charles Cottet and Emile Blanche, were on view during March. The editor of THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO was the guest of the college for some days and lectured upon Impressionism with special regard to the pictures exhibited.



Owned by W. E. Bock, Esq., Toledo

JOHN BURROUGHS
BY C. S. PIETRO

The statue has been placed upon a terrace facing the river in a beautiful setting of Italian garden on the estate of Mr. W. E. Bock, of Toledo, where in the presence of Mr. Burroughs, who has attained this month his eighty-second year, surrounded by school-children and invited guests, this bronze memorial of a famous man will be ceremoniously unveiled.



Courtesy Macbeth Galleries

GOLDEN FIELDS

BY ELLIOTT DAINGERFIELD

I N THE GALLERIES

THE ninety-third annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design, in short, the Springacademy, will be noticed in the May issue. It has maintained its good average in spite of the fact that so many artists are not represented on this occasion, for reasons too obvious to need explanation.

The Paris firm of Demotte has opened important galleries off Fifth Avenue at 57th Street, devoted to Gothic art, about which more will be said in another number. On page lxviii is the reproduction of an unusual Gobelin tapestry, woven for Louis XV., representing in symbolic manner the discovery of America by way of Columbia. The opening exhibition of masterpieces in early and later Gothic statuary should stimulate interest in that most human and lovable period of art, an

art which would dignify and enrich any collection in times of war as much as in times of peace. The appeal of Gothic in its best apparel is far too little understood or appreciated in America.

Maurice Fromkes has been holding the stage at Reinhardt's Galleries with a sumptuous array of portraits and still-life arrangements in that Oriental spirit so favoured by H. Golden Dearth. No one can be blind to the immediate appeal of colour and pattern, but whether these paintings will have an abiding lure is another question. A lack of atmosphere and the elevation of accessories to equal importance with the sitter, sometimes even greater, are dangerous precedents. Where the sitter is regarded as of premier importance, which occasionally occurs, very handsome results have ensued. Particularly fascinating are his child portraits.

In a very different spirit, Robert H. Nisbet

In the Galleries

attacks his landscape problems now on view at the Arlington Galleries. Nisbet is a naturalist with a suave and poetic grasp of nature quite different from the followers of Redfield. He is one of the very few men since George Inness who can render green scenery strongly and at the same time with innate charm and distinction. Nisbet is the faithful chronicler of hill and dale as they stretch before him in all their moodful mystery,

and needs no foreign pasturage for inspiration. In him we have one of the strongest among the younger American landscape painters.

A very unusual and highly important exhibition is the memorial display of Albert P. Ryder paintings at the Metropolitan. He was of no school, but a dreamer and mystic, poet and thinker who painted and altered, fussed and titivated, sometimes for years, but with wonderful results.



Exhibited at the Salmagundi Club

MEMORIES

BY OSCAR FEHRER

In the Galleries



Comte y Jacques Seligmann & Co.

A NUDE

BY BEN ALI HAGGIN

Small in scale, his pictures are big in conception and contain beautiful quality and colour, revealing Ryder as an imaginative artist of the kind that is termed genius.

The Daniel Gallery is instinct with Zorach, husband and wife, whose contributions—especially

his water-colours and her embroideries—are extremely interesting.

Ben Ali Haggin has occupied two large galleries at Seligmann's with a retrospective display of his portraits in aid of Red Cross work. No one can deny dash and vigour in technique, combined



Courtesy Milch Gallery

INDIAN GIRL IN A BLUE WRAP

BY ROBERT HENRI

with, at times, highly effective colour achievement, especially in the Mary Garden portrait and a capital impression of Mrs. Haggin in a Garde Napoleon hat which lends itself admirably to artistic treatment.

"Indigenous sculpture" at Mrs. Whitney's studio led to excellent results. A three-days' limit was enforced so that ideas rather than execu-

tion prevailed. J. B. Fraser's *Storm-driven Horses*, Paul Manship's *War Waij* and the *Death on Horseback* by Hunt Diedrich were especially noticeable.

Pieter van Ween has shown a large assembly of landscapes in the Majestic Hotel ballroom, attracting considerable attention for their poetic charm and skilful rendering.



Courtesy, Demotte Galleries

**A ROYAL GOBELIN
WOVEN FOR LOUIS XV.**

It is a curious coincidence that the head-dresses of the aborigines are woven in red, white and blue, thus quaintly anticipating the American colours. Flowers and tropical fruits characterise the shores of Columbia, where the discoverers effected their landing.

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A PAINTER'S PAINTER: LOUIS
BETTS
BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

MR. JOHN E. D. TRASK utters or repeats the dictum that "the artist's message is written in paint" and deprecates the custom of

critics who write regarding artists and their work. Whereupon in negative support of his axiom he devotes in the April issue of the *American Magazine of Art* several pages in honour of the great Bostonian artist, E. C. Tarbell. There is nothing so fascinating as the living up to one's principles. It would appear, however, that art, whether it



FLORENCE SMITH

BY LOUIS BETTS

LXXI



THALIA AND STEPHEN MILLET
BY LOUIS BETTIS



THE DAUGHTERS OF MRS. CHAUNCEY J. BLAIR
BY LOUIS BETTS



MRS. WILLIAM LAIMBEER
BY LOUIS BETTS



MISS MARY PRENDERGAST
BY LOUIS BETTS



MRS. EDWARD F. CARRY
BY LOUIS BETTS



THE ARTIST'S WIFE
BY LOUIS BETTS

A Painter's Painter: Louis Betts

be statuary, architecture, painting, literature, music or what not, offers so many facets of interest, so many angles of thought and inference, that no two writers will ever agree, and no empirical rules can be adjudged as adequate in the arbitrary task of discussing the achievements of any particular artist. His message may be scored in paint, but messages are differently recorded, some being clear as crystal, others as cryptic as the Delphic oracle. Besides, the very fact that we are human makes us like to know what A and B think despite the fact that we may already have registered a very definite opinion of our own. No two persons looking at a horse, whose message is written in bone, hoof and hide, would come to a parallel conclusion. The one might observe that the couplings are wide, whilst the other, disregarding that virtue, might happen to discover an incipient ringbone or that the teeth had been "bishoped." It is so with art and life throughout. The writer gives his views which the reader can alter or upset, and in neither case has much been achieved. It is the final revision alone that signifies, and that final revision is not what this writer or that reader asserts but is the conglomerate voice of public opinion moulded from the consensus of many writers and countless readers, and taken from the lap of time.

In music the melody, in literature the document, in painting the subject, are the obvious contents that need no bridging between layman and critic. Where the critic is of service is where he can see and translate the more or less occult qualities that need a divining-rod, or that at least react upon æsthetic emotions. If we like something artistic, why not know the basic reason for our predilections? What can be more futile and craven than to subscribe to the creed: "I don't know why I like it, but I do." The person who did not like Dr. Fell has become a classic, but that does not save him from having been a fool. Pictures are not closed doors except to those too idle mentally to apply the key.

To say that Louis Betts is simple must not confound him with "the heathen Chinee," whose simplicity was the mask for guile, nor with that celebrated character so intimately linked with the pieman. Betts is simple in that he is unsophisticated and unspoilt, with none of the outward characteristics of the successful portraitist. Simple in speech and ways, his sincerity is reflected in all his canvases. This simplicity

of character added to lofty ideals, psychological insight in marked degree, contempt for unrealities and commercialism in his profession, are a few of the qualities which along with twenty and more years of study and practice have brought Louis Betts in early middle age to an enviable position amongst the portrait-painters of distinction. Reared in the stern school of struggle, continually overshadowed by the *res angusta domi*, with but elementary schooling, Betts set out at about fourteen or fifteen years of age to support himself. His father, a landscapist well thought of by George Inness, had encouraged the boy and given him his early and only training, except for one season at the Pennsylvania Academy School, where he secured the Cresson traveling scholarship. His mother, also an artist, died when he was a child. No silver spoon attached to his early recollections but, instead, a large gathering of stepbrothers and sisters, with consequent shortage in the larder. At thirteen he made sales, and up to twenty-one practised landscape painting. After a year in Haarlem and a year in Madrid, Betts commenced portraiture, every year until the war spending some months abroad, ever studying and copying the old masters. His rendering of Velasquez's *Anne of Austria* was voted by the director of the Madrid Gallery the best copy that had ever left it.

Betts is a cosmopolitan artist who may not be localised, having painted from Pasadena to Maine.

And he is equally successful, be his sitters men, women or children. His grasp of character and essentials is revealed in a broad and dashing manner. Nothing finicky and small, nothing pretty and studio-made, sullies his brush. He sees the best, and in a few brief passages records it in full, juicy tones upon the canvas. His women look good and pure because those are the qualities he discerns in them. The smooth photographic presentment is unfortunately popular, but for such work Betts has no sympathies. He is a painter's painter in the truest meaning whose work will ever appeal to connoisseurs. Every portrait that he undertakes carries with it the ambition that it should be not merely the counterfeit of this man or that person, but should contain picturesque and enduring quality. He is an eclectic but no imitator, painting as one sculpts, chiselling with his brushes, seeing a whole, not dwelling upon the units—and of such is the kingdom of portraiture.

CRAFTSMANSHIP, ART AND THE PERSONAL EQUATION

BY C. MATLACK PRICE

THE ultimate and most unerring of all critics, curiously enough, is the one least recognised by the average artist and architect and writer. Beset with the constant necessity of courting present favour, they overlook the judgment which Time will pass upon their works.

In future ages the criticism of much creative work of to-day may take the form of a statement that the personal equation had been sadly ignored in this age in which we now live; that art has been too impersonal, has failed to express any individuality. One man's home might equally well be the home of another, and a library might equally well have been a post-office. We lack the proper appreciation of symbolism, and are ever held in leash by a false sense of self-consciousness.

The old Egyptians bedizened their walls, perhaps too egotistically, with pictorial records of their tastes and achievements; the Romans had their apt inscriptions; the Mediaevals their symbolic grotesques, and the Renaissance Italians individualised everything they created.

Not so to-day, when the ideal would seem to lie in the direction of making our public buildings as non-committal as possible, and our homes, if not imitations of some other person's home, at least entirely void of any expression of our own home.

A practical believer in symbolism dwells in Greenwich, Connecticut, in the person of Mr. A. J. Norris, who combines a lively and sympathetic imagination with the trained hand of a master craftsman. His work, as must be the case with any true artist, tells us of his ability to execute his visions, so that we need only as corroborative evidence the knowledge that he attained honours in the several branches of the decorative arts which are taught at the South Kensington schools in London. Would that we in this country possessed a comparable industrial art school.

Space permits only brief comments upon but a few illustrations of Mr. Norris' unusual work, but it is hoped that these will suggest the significance of his achievements in combining highly imaginative symbolism with the personal equation in decorative craftsmanship.

On turning over the page is seen a carved



A CORNER CORBEL
FIGURE

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED
BY A. J. NORRIS

Craftsmanship, Art and the Personal Equation



CARVED POLYCHROME PANEL ABOVE A WINDOW

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY A. J. NORRIS

window-head from the dining-room of a residence at Greenwich. Here the possibilities of both tool and material have been admirably realised, and the fine old Italian device of dull, mellow colours has added further artistry.

On another page are two interesting details. The first is a small corner corbel figure, in a girl's room, suggesting in the soft tempera colours with which it is treated the old *cinco-cento* Italian use of colour in figure work. In this, and the other corner figures in the same room, it was Mr. Norris' idea to express the sentiments which might occupy a young girl's thoughts. Springing from the corner corbels are flat, recessed arches, with modelled fruit and flowers, delicately tinted, in their concave reveals.

Another interesting detail is seen in the truly mediaeval little figure perched on the end of a seat in a library living-room, and symbolising a devotion to the serious pursuit of reading which would put to shame any more frivolous diversion. The technique is essentially that of wood,

carved with the spontaneous vigour and craftsmanlike sincerity which gave to Gothic detail its peculiarly vital character.



A SYMBOLIC DETAIL IN A PRIVATE STUDY
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY
A. J. NORRIS

Again we encounter symbolism as apt as it is delightful in the detail of the pair of beds, at the heads of which sit Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, as in the time-honoured nursery-rhyme, while four little winged angels at the feet industriously perform upon musical instruments. St. Matthew has one hand upon the money-bag and the other hand open; St. Mark reads, while St. Luke holds the emblems of his medical calling, and St. John sits upon a miniature island, lapped by waves, one hand to his ear to hear, and the other busily writing down the mystic message. Here, indeed, is a wealth of quaint symbolism, again carried out with the peculiar zest of the Middle Ages.

The Gothic spirit is again apparent in the corner niche, in which a singing chorister symbolises the owner's love of music. This little figure is one of many interesting

Craftsmanship, Art and the Personal Equation



CARVED DETAILS IN
AN ENTRANCE HALL

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED
BY A. J. NORRIS

details in a small private study, the walls of which are treated with warm, umber-toned plaster between dark brown-stained strips of wood, the scheme designed to recall the interiors of the old "magpie-houses" of Cheshire.

Another illustration gives a glimpse of an interesting hall, with tile floor and carved window-boxes.

The centre panel, with its Shakesperian quotation of welcome, gives a quaint rendering of the house itself, and a foretaste, as well, of the many symbolic bits of woodcarving in the rooms beyond. On the same page is a detail which realises to a remarkable degree the old William Morris creed of beautifying the utilitarian things of life.

It is, in point of fact, the door to an ice-box, but its picturesque approach and fanciful

guise might lead, if imagination beckoned, to a treasure-room or the bower of an imprisoned princess.

Generally unrealised possibilities in decorative plaster-work are seen in the sitting-room which is shown in the last illustration. The figures symbolise the sun, the moon, wind, thunder and the



A BIT OF DETAIL FROM
A LIVING-ROOM

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED
BY A. J. NORRIS

Craftsmanship, Art and the Personal Equation



CARVED BEDSTEADS WITH ANGELS
AND FOUR APOSTLES

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY
A. J. NORRIS

like, and are treated in an unusually free and informal manner.

This quality of easy informality in Mr. Norris' work, however, in no sense conflicts with its perfect fitness in the interiors he has devised. He does not believe in designing and decorating from the pages of a book, but prefers, rather, to enjoy an intimate personal acquaintance with the people whose homes he is to enrich. Feeling, then, their tastes and personalities, he sets skillfully about the pleasant task of rendering all he has assimilated in terms of his own imaginative mind and, in perfect accord and unison with his mind, inanimate materials are wrought by his clever hands into animate and vivacious forms.

Another element, too, enters into Mr. Norris' work, and is apparent in the all-too-inadequate showing of the illustrations. Even a casual survey of his work

must disclose the fact that he enjoys the doing of it. The vitality of his handiwork is the same as that of the happy Mediaeval carvers, who enjoyed their work so much that they could pause in the building of a sublime cathedral to fashion a grinning grotesque or a fantastic gargoyle.



A STUDY IN THE TREATMENT
OF A UTILITARIAN DETAIL

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY
A. J. NORRIS



DECORATIVE PLASTER-WORK IN A SITTING-ROOM
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY A. J. NORRIS

The Breckenridge Long Art Gallery

THE BRECKENRIDGE LONG ART GALLERY

THE small private art gallery of Mr. Breckenridge Long, of St. Louis, is an example of a unique type of building that the great wealth and greater appreciation of art and architecture in the United States have made possible. There have been but few buildings built since the Morgan library by McKim, Mead & White where the architect was given an opportunity to carry out the work in so finished a degree.

The building is of a style of architecture which

may be called classic, if we use the term broadly. The general design is Roman or Italian, while the details have a Græco-Roman feeling. The gallery was begun by Roth & Study, architects, and finished by Mr. Guy Study, who designed the greater part of the work.

In plan, the building is extremely simple, consisting of one large rectangular room, thirty by seventy feet, with a small loggia or atrium connecting the gallery with the old house. In the gallery the architect had the good fortune to be able to use old fragments in building up the room, such as the carved wooden doors, the stone fireplace, the Rosseliro Tabernacle, and most of the furnishings; and, also, to invite well-known artists and sculptors. As the gallery stands to-day, with but few of the Long art treasures yet installed, the loggia fountain, by Paul Manship; the beautifully carved marble doorway leading into the gallery, by Peter Rossak, and the ceiling painting, by H. Siddons Mowbray, are the chief points of interest in the room.

The design of the ceiling as a whole, as well as all the architectural details and arabesque ornament, is the work of Mr. Study. The treatment of the lunettes and small panels in the centre of the spandrels, is the work of Mr. Mowbray. It was Mr. Study's desire that the ceiling become, in a sense, a rich frame or band of colour to incase the various objects of art below that the room would contain. While the general design of the ceiling is in the later period of the Italian Renaissance, it was the architect's desire to have the ceiling recall the colour scheme of the Borgia apartments in the Vatican. Mr. Mowbray in carrying out this colour scheme has employed a most liberal palette, still further enriched with gold, yet, he has brought down the tonal effect of the whole to a low key of perfect blending and quiet colour. The work has an unquestionable scholarly and classic character, of which no corresponding style of decoration is to be found except in the work of the masters of the Renaissance. It is mural decoration of the very highest type, richness of colour subdued to quiet and perfect taste. No attempt has been made to paint a series of masterpieces in the Long gallery; no lunettes or panels will be found to capture attention; but, on the other hand, it is a masterful handling of decoration, with proper use of decorative composition and architectural detail, all wonderfully and subtly wedded into one



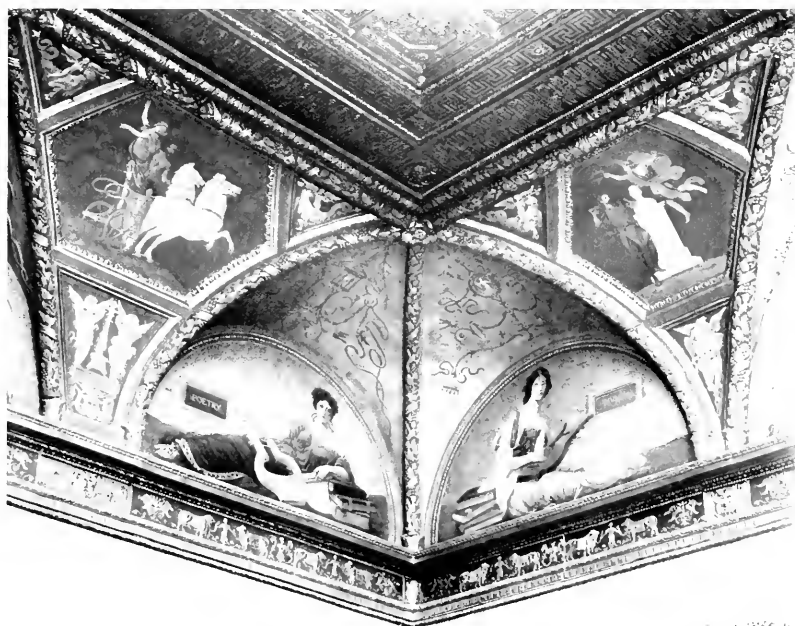
MARBLE DOORWAY
IN GALLERY

ARCHITECT, GUY STUDY



THE GALLERY

ARCHITECT, GUY STUDY



CEILING DECORATIONS BY H. SIDDONS MOWBRAY

ARCHITECT, GUY STUDY

magnificent whole, sumptuous, yet quietly dignified, a ceiling, in fact, that should have a wide influence on the future work of the city, serving as an example of the best Renaissance art.

The lighting of this room offered a serious problem. The intention was to obtain a light at night that would approximate the light of day. In order to do this the entire space between the upper and lower skylight is flooded with artificial light, which is reflected down into the room below. The lights are placed in white enamel reflectors running over the top of the beams of the skylight, reflected down into the gallery by means of white enamel reflectors made in the form of movable louvres situated under the upper skylight. These louvres are operated by a control in the gallery wainscot and serve likewise to shut out the sunlight during the day when desired.

The gallery is built of buff Bedford stone, backed up with eighteen inches of brick, waterproofed with Cer-o-sit. Inside of wall is furred out and covered with three-inch fir boards. The floor and roof slabs are of reinforced concrete. Loggia floor is finished with Ste. Genevieve stone, gallery floor being of teakwood. All projecting courses of stone are covered with lead. Interior of loggia is of plaster with Bedford stone trim. Marble doorway in gallery is of Tavernelle marble; gallery ceiling and loggia are of plaster, modelled and cast.

BOOK REVIEW

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF LANDSCAPE DESIGN. By H. V. Hubbard and Theodora Kimball. (Macmillan & Company.) Price, \$6.00.

It is a fortunate fact that a few authors of text-books understand their greatest service as lying in careful and systematic exposition rather than in a mere publication of their personal predilections and theories. There are far too many writers who ignore the great importance of adducing proof and substantiation for every significant statement in a text-book; far too few who recognise the real seriousness of their responsibility to the student or the lay reader. The fellow-practitioner, with competent theories of his own, is in a position to accept or reject the published theories of another, while the student or layman, turning to a text-book, is not sufficiently qualified to reject, and must perforce accept what he reads, unaware as to whether he is being guided or misled.

The reviewer, then, is sincerely glad when he receives a text-book which clearly sets forth its aim and intention and which shows in every chapter a careful and conservative presentation of the subject in hand, duly substantiated and amplified by copious references to recognised past authorities. Such a book is found in the subject of this review—a treatise on landscape design as of practical value to the student or practitioner and to those whose interest lies entirely in the appreciation of natural or arranged landscapes.

Although a text-book should be, above all else, authoritative on matters of fact, its value decreases in proportion as it is empirical and didactic on matters of opinion. In this case, the authors strike the right note when they say, in the preface:

"It is emphatically not a book of rules which are supposed automatically to produce good designs if religiously followed; there are no such rules, and no aesthetic theory is final."

Throughout the book there is a nice balance between the two sides of the subject—theoretical and practical. One chapter is devoted to "Theory," another to "Taste," another to "Style," and distinct from these are chapters on such specific details of landscape study as "Composition," "Natural Forms," "Planting Design," "Structures in Relation to Landscape."

Of obvious and direct value to the landscape architect who is about to open his own office are the two parts of the appendix, the first dealing with professional practise in America and the second on the details of professional procedure in presenting and carrying out an actual piece of landscape work.

Further study is aided by means of a very thorough bibliography and a comprehensive index, while ample marginal notes add to reference value. From the point of view of the book-maker, here is a volume attractively bound, unusually agreeable in the matter of typography and margins, and amply endowed with interesting illustrations.

In an age of short cuts and hastily written books, the authors of this introduction to the study of landscape design deserve sincere praise for having produced a serious and conscientious piece of work, possessing, as it does, a distinct flavour of the good old days when treatises were taken seriously by both their authors and their readers.



U. S. DESTROYER PATROL CAMOUFLAGED

BY LIEUT. HENRY REUTERDAHL

ART ARTISTS AT THE SPRING ACADEMY

BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

TO many it has been a source of wonderment and amusement as to what the chief municipal executant of New York intended by the term "art artists." Are we confronted with the possibility of bar barbers, plum plumbers and wri writers? But his recommendation to art artists is crystal clear. "Art artists should take a vacation." Whilst sauntering specifically and loitering with intent around the well-filled galleries of the National Academy of Design one cannot escape the conviction that the mayoral advice has been but badly heeded, for which let us be truly grateful. Trenches in France, training camps at home, camouflage depots and workshops have accounted for many absentees, but nevertheless the Academy has put up a strong show; strong in good work and strong in the number of exhibitors. Now, more than at any

time, we need beauty in our lives, and if the artist cannot supply it, to whom may we refer?

Regarded as a whole, the exhibition lacks that cohesive force dependent upon careful selection and choice hanging. It must be extolled rather for individual offerings than as an æsthetic unit. As might be expected of an eruptive spring-time academy, it has broken out in spots, pleasant spots however, permeating its system from the Vanderbilt gallery to the Academy room. This latter space grows continually in interest, determined to live down its old reputation when known as the Morgue. As well might it have been dubbed the Rogues' Gallery, for no one liked to have his portrait there. All that is changed, however, and no artist to-day feels chagrined at finding his picture there, for he is in good company.

A curious little discovery led to the banishment of a medal which revealed the unpopular lineaments of General von Mackensen. The explanation that it was some one else did not suffice, and even as a near-Mackensen it had to go. This is



A BUNCH OF ASTERS
BY G. LAURENCE NELSON



THREE MUSKETEERS
BY F. LUIS MORA

Art Artists at the Spring Academy



DRYING SAILS, ST. IVES

BY HAVLEY LEVER

quite right and proper, but why discriminate? Why regard a mouse-trap and overlook an elephant-cage? In the centre of the far wall as you enter the Academy room is a huge three-figure painting entitled *The Sacrifice*, in which a youth of draft age and fine physique steps out sorrowfully, supported by his mother on his left and his sister or sweetheart on the other side. All three contribute to the sentimentality of the conception, each wearing an expression of unmitigated grief. Although the draperies denote early Christian times, there can be no doubt that many besides the writer will see here a strong note of pacifism. These figures are symbolic of a slacker family to-day where "Send me away with a smile" is not part of the family conscience. We do not imply any un-American thought to the artist but we do feel that the canvas gives out this meaning and should therefore wander forth with the near-Mackensen to the German Club or elsewhere.

But to return to the spots. Space will not per-

mit of recalling all the pictures deserving mention, but quite a number demand and shall receive some comment, regardless of order.

One of the best portraits on exhibition is the work of Robert B. Brandegee and represents the gifted artist Cecilia Beaux. The understanding of the planes and shadows is only equalled by the excellent colour and tonal values.

The scale is somewhat large for the facts expressed in Kline's picture, entitled *Heritage from the Middle Ages*. 'Twere better to avoid any literary flavour and simply name the subject *Chartres*. An old-world calm and dignity has been well translated into terms of paint, the simple massing of cottages giving fine relief to the imposing silhouette of the cathedral. Glenn Newell has given fine values in his cattle picture *Clear and Cold*, the red barn being rendered with subtlety and distinction. It is Newell at his best. *The Valley of Mist and Forgetfulness* by Eliot Clark reveals refined colour passages and an access of

imagination, though such a phantasmagoria might have been more delicately felt. Hayley Lever has a characteristic St. Ives Harbour scene more realistic than is usual with him, a big full-rigged schooner in the foreground being most impressive. Gifford Beals' best contribution is *Easter Snow*, which is a slap in the face to so much around that is commonplace, or anemic in treatment.

We need the robustness of men like Henri, Bellows, Beal, Jonas Lie, Kroll, Dougherty, etc., to offset our weaklings in the profession. That list might be considerably extended, but it will suffice to point a moral. Marie D. Page in *Her Littlest One* depicts a Scandinavian mother holding up a swaddled youngster. It is a strong presentment, excellent in drawing, colour and composition, quite one of the best figure-pieces on exhibition. Lieutenant Reuterdaahl has sent in a daringly painted scene in the Atlantic, a camouflaged United States patrol-boat churning its way through mountainous waves which with the sky bear also camouflaged colour.

Girl Knitting, by John E. Costigan, is a fine colour pattern and well drawn. A luscious impasto marks the work of Howard Giles, who well deserves the associateship just awarded him. Carl Rungius shows Mt. Athabasca in a big and rhythmic manner. Ernest Blumenschein has made progress by presenting a big idea in a decorative manner. *Taos Entertains the Cheyennes* is far in advance of his recent exhibits. Powerful, direct and simple is Gardner Symons' *The Winding Millstream*. Oscar Fehrer is well represented in a three-quarter figure in harmonies of blue and gold, his application of tones in parallel bands being very effective. Ernest Parton has an excellent portrait of a girl in a blue velvet gown comfortably ensconced in an arm-chair, book in hand. George Elmer Brown has pictured Portuguese fisher-boats in a vigorous style all his own, marked by good colour and composition. A little sketch of house-tops in winter is full of character and a credit to its maker, Henry Russell Wray, an occasional visitor from the Far West. T. Pearson has a large decoration of geese excellently handled; a little less pronounced treatment of the ruins in the background might be recommended.

Constance, by Murray McKay has an Oriental splendour of colouring and shows considerable cleverness. Ruth Anderson maintains her high standard in *The Return*. There are too many

pictures in Molarsky's *Knitting*, but all are good. Alphaeus P. Cole gives a good portrait of his attractive wife. Joseph H. Boston has an excellent Adirondack scene of wooded heights and water in moonlight. A quality still-life with a "Sold" ticket in the frame, presupposes Dines Carlsen, who also exhibits a bit of pine forest cleverly executed but amateurish when compared with his still-life canvases, which remain a mystery when one considers his tender years.

Carle J. Blenner is well represented in his picture entitled *Girl and Goldfish*, treated in a refined and subtle manner and with great knowledge. Paul Cornoyer is happy in his rendering of *Autumn*. Sergeant Kendall's *Portrait Sketch* is well drawn and full of character, but lacking in charm of colour. A capital likeness of Colin Campbell Cooper stands to the credit of H. R. Rittenberg. Admirers of Blakelock will view with fervour *The Moonpath* by Harry W. Watrous. Paul Dougherty, Ben Foster, Leopold Seyffert, Louis Betts, Max Bohm, and F. Luis Mora are all well represented in the Vanderbilt gallery with characteristic works. It is not bestowing undue praise if we rate Leon Kroll's picture *In the Country*, representing George Bellows and family in rustic seclusion, as quite one of the best pictures in the Academy. In point of design, colour, and conception, this garden portraiture has been admirably achieved.

Colin Campbell Cooper pleases with his *Portrait of a Lady* painted with great technical skill and charm. *Tell Me a Story* can be read on the pleading lips of a fascinating little fellow painted by Lydia F. Emmet, who carried off the Maynard prize deservedly with this excellent portrayal of childhood in which she is so apt. *Beatrice*, by G. L. Nelson, is a well-painted picture in which one wishes, however, that less importance attached to the flowers bunching so obtrusively behind the child's head. Henry Balink's *Treasures of the Tribe* is a painstaking, almost too painstaking, still-life that should find its way to the Museum of American Indians. Space does not allow of mentioning the many good pieces of statuary and miniatures.

ADVICE ON PAINTINGS.

Mr. Raymond Wyer, who is a recognised authority, will give special attention to letters addressed to this magazine under the above heading.

Man's Adaptation to Beauty

MAN'S ADAPTATION TO BEAUTY BY TUDOR JENKS

PROFESSOR SIMON NEWCOMB presented strong arguments to prove that our earth's place is near the middle of the universe—so far as the universe is appreciable by man.

The conclusion is that man occupies something other than a frontier post, and is of some moment to the higher powers.

It occurred to me recently that in the æsthetic universe also mankind may be said to occupy a central position, since it is fairly arguable that beauty may be said to exist in greater degree as an approach is made to man's sense domain.

To put the matter more plainly—is it not true that beauty is a matter dependent upon scale, and lessens as we depart from the scale normal to man—what we may call the natural scale? In other words, do we not recognise less beauty in nature as we magnify or diminish, and would we not live in a less beautiful world if we were on a larger or smaller plan? I believe that to a giant or fairy the world would be far less attractive than to the same mind housed in a normal frame.

The matter of the fairy-size seems to me most easily disposed of. Indeed, I can only advise the reader to do what I did in thinking over the question—namely, to make a mental return to the land of the Lilliputians in company with that very frank and accurate observer, Capt. Lemuel Gulliver, and thence to the contrasting region of the Brobdingnagians. The Lilliputians found Captain Gulliver rather a shocking sight; and in the land of the giants Gulliver gives us a most realistic sense that the fair damsels were most repulsive to his diminutive point of view.

It is the fashion to assert that nature, no matter how greatly magnified, remains alike beautiful. But I claim this is a mistake. Sufficient magnification reduces most things to lumps of uneven pulp, and also makes narrow the field of view. Is it not a fair conclusion that to the eye of a Tom Thumb the world would lose the larger part of its beautiful features? Do we not gain by mere distance the same minute beauties (as, for instance, in a tangle of wild flowers seen some feet away) that our imagined fairy may find in viewing things too small for us to see?

Even among flowers, where there are many minute marvels, the vast majority bear their message of beauty in type large enough for the

human eye. And if you will insist upon secret beauties revealed by the microscope, be fair enough to weigh against these the many, many cases where lens-analysis makes beauties into deformities or reveals unsuspected defects.

Remember that I am not asserting more than a preponderating amount of beauties belonging to the normal as against the microscopic scale. There is beauty everywhere; but we are so made as to obtain the widest æsthetic harvest.

I recognise, of course, that there is a subjective question involved in this conclusion; but we may take that up after we have considered the case of the imagined giant. To his eye all things become—pretty. When we gaze into what used to be called a Lorraine mirror, or through a diminishing-glass, we see with the giant's eye. An example of this is the "finder" on a camera.

All things so viewed become pretty, dainty, pleasing, delightful. Visit an exhibition of miniatures, and you will taste the delights of this sort of vision—and all too soon will know its rapid weariness. Gone are grandeur, impressiveness, dignity, sublimity, awe, repose, vastness. What elements remain to make up for these sons of the mighty, these marks of the Creator's power! The giant can not know more than a few notes of the grand diapason; he must listen to a spinet instead of to a great organ; to the chirp of a cricket rather than to a prima donna.

But we have still left the subjective question:

Do we decide in favor of the normal man because our ideas of beauty are those of the normal man himself? Would a rational insect be able to make out a similar case for his own kind?

It is inconceivable that there is not in nature a scale of difference from the most varied and differentiated creatures to the simplest beings. To perceive this scale one must be at its centre.

This seems evident if we imagine the loss in æsthetics to a being at either extreme—namely, the enormous giant or the tiniest microbe. The fortunate being is one to whom half of nature is diminishing and the other half is increasing—and such a being is man.

Is it not fair to conclude that there is an intimate connection between our senses and the beauty of the material world?—and that nature is so planned that its beauties are adapted for the scale of our own activities?

Science may need lenses, but art requires only the normal eye.



IN THE DEMOTTE GALLERIES

A HOME OF EARLY GOTHIC
AMONGST the manifold lessons imparted by the great war, that of immunity occurs as we see the enemy wreaking continual havoc upon sacred edifices containing treasures of art which no restoring hand can ever give back to the world. Inanimately Rheims Cathedral in its loss is the counterpart of a life-freighted *Lusitania*. But Rheims is merely an instance of irredeemable loss that confronts one in dozens of cities along the highways of Europe. This fane that has survived centuries of man's follies and passions seemed, judged by ordinary standards, to be immune from destruction for centuries to come, for it is fair to surmise that no other nation in Europe would have sullied its hands with such a dastardly crime. The martyrdom of Rheims is of particular import in the future preservation of art relics which enrich humanity and must never again be jeopardised.

The gentle art of the mediæval temple-builders has never held more significance for us of the twentieth century as we stand bowed with grief in the presence of such horrible sacrilege.

All these thoughts and many others must pour in upon the visitor to the Demotte Galleries whilst viewing the beautiful Renaissance sculpture which this old Parisian firm has rescued from danger and housed in their new American galleries at 8 East 57th Street. This mansion, leased from the Huntington estate, has been especially prepared, as the above illustration testifies, for the reception of statuary. An unique atmosphere is imparted to many choice examples of sculpture in their monastic, almost dungeon-like setting which completely separates one from view and sound of outdoor happenings. French and Byzantine spirit may be studied in these tranquil surroundings. The student may mark the transitions of the different periods of Gothic art.

Popes with the two fingers raised in benediction, Madonnas with enigmatic smiles and graceful draperies, a beautiful head of Christ, a most dramatic three-figure Pietà, a spirited rend ring of St. Hubert with horses and dogs in bold relief, a polychrome Virgin and Child (reproduced on next page), Lorraine school, are only a few of a wonderful group of statues, whilst up-stairs are paintings, tapestries and furniture of especial significance.



Courtesy Demotte Galleries

VIRGIN AND CHILD IN POLYCHROME—LORRAINE SCHOOL

BOOK REVIEWS

BY JACOBAN FURNITURE. By Helen Churchill Candee. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.) \$1.25.

With furniture-collecting no longer confined to the connoisseur, there has opened an extensive field for parlour books on the historic styles.

When the collection of historic furniture types was limited to the antique, it was inevitably denied to all but persons whose means allowed them to indulge their fancy, but to-day the case is different, and virtually all furniture styles are

available in the form of reproductions and adaptations. For this reason popular books on furniture are in great demand to meet the constantly increasing desire for accurate knowledge by which to judge the merits of modern pieces.

Of all furniture styles, perhaps that which is broadly known as "Jacobean" has been the most obscure and the least familiar to those who have not made a comprehensive study. The reason for this lies in the fact that Jacobean furniture, through the evolution of the period, was not of one type but of many, so that we find at one end pieces of character nearly primitive enough to be Elizabethan, and at the other end pieces of the sophisticated "late Stuart" type, as well as forerunners of William and Mary traits. And, during the period, came the interruption caused by the Commonwealth.

The sequence, as recorded in Jacobean furniture, began with heavy oaken pieces, often distinctly Elizabethan in character—"court cupboards," massive refectory tables and benches, chests and solid wooden chairs. These were of the reign of James I, and by the time of Charles I the numerous Italian craftsmen invited to England were beginning to fashion furniture more rich and complex as well as more comfortable.

Under the stern influence of Cromwell, furniture forms were more austere. But with the Restoration, luxury and even extravagance blossomed forth again in the furniture which was made under the reigns of Charles II and James II.

While the entire period comprising the reigns of the four Stuarts and the Commonwealth (1603-1688) is often called "Jacobean," the purpose of identifying furniture styles is better served by confining the term "Jacobean" to the reigns of James I and Charles I (1603-1649) and dividing the remainder of the whole period into "Cromwellian" (1649-1660) and "Carolean" (1660-1688).

Mrs. Candee's recent book, "Jacobean Furniture," begins with the time of James I—the "Jacobus" whose Latin nickname gave the period its designation—but traces the influence of the period immediately preceding which ended with Elizabeth, the last of the Tudors. The second chapter carries through to the reign of Charles II, and in the third is marked "The End of Pure Jacobean" and the traits of the Commonwealth. The fourth chapter deals with the Carolean, or Charles II furniture of the Restoration, and the last chapter covers the passing of the Stuarts



DANCING WITH HELEN MOLLER
PUBLISHERS, JOHN LANE COMPANY

and the metamorphosis of English furniture into the style of William and Mary.

This, in brief, is the substance and scope of this new book on Jacobean furniture, which cannot fail to instruct and entertain the reader whose interest in furniture is literary rather than acquisitory, as well as the reader-collector who is more directly interested in antiques or reproductions of the periods. While the illustrations are adequate, there are certain pieces which one might like to have seen more particularly, such as a refectory table, shown only at rather small scale in an entire room forming the subject of the frontispiece. There is no pretense, however, of an exhaustive treatise, and the book is welcome as a pleasant addition to the constantly increasing library of popular works on historic furniture.

DANCING WITH HELEN MOLLER, with forty-three full-page art plates, by herself, edited by Curtis Dunham. (John Lane Company, New York.) Price \$6.00.

A book on dancing is always welcome if it lays stress upon man's need of movement both for his physical and mental well-being, and this is the case in *Dancing with Helen Moller*, published by

John Lane Company. It is profusely illustrated and these photographs of young girls and children posturing and dancing are delightful commentaries on the text, which is also commented upon in an illuminating introduction by Ivan Nardony. If the reader expects to find a poetic plea combined with good practical common-sense to become a worshipper of Terpsichore, he will not be disappointed. The titles of the different chapters already denote reasons why we all should dance. In the one on "Our Debt to Classic Sculpture" a paradoxical reference is made to the teaching of tranquillity by the ancient Greeks. Dancing surely is movement, but a tranquil mind means confidence and happiness in one's own task and is conducive to spontaneity both in mental and physical expression of self. There is an excellent chapter on "The Tyranny of Clothes," though why draperies should not be termed clothes would have surprised an old Greek or Roman! Doctors endorse the opinion of Lieutenant Mueller of the Danish army, whose words are quoted at length. He is the author of possibly the highest commended book on home gymnastics of such great popularity that it has been translated into at least a dozen languages.



DANCING WITH HELEN MOLLER
PUBLISHERS, JOHN LANE COMPANY

He advises all exercises to be done without clothes if possible and in the open air. A tribute is paid to Jacques Dalcroze for his discovery of eurythmics, but inferentially we learn that dancing must be more spontaneous than is possible when stress is laid on the importance of making gesture primarily analyse a musical composition. Modern society suffering from self-consciousness has lost the power to express itself through gesture; its soul has been repressed for centuries and become a morbid thing. It is especially pointed out how naturally graceful children are before these repressive measures have taken effect. We are asked therefore to throw away our tight-fitting clothes and high heels, drape ourselves and dance ourselves back to Arcady—a delightful ideal but difficult, for Mrs. Grundy still reigns supreme, and until her most potent weapon—ridicule—is torn from her grasp by man becoming less self-conscious we can but dream of the Golden Age.

THE HEALTHFUL HOUSE. By Lionel Robertson and T. C. O'Donnell. (Good Health Publishing Co., Battle Creek, Michigan.) \$2.00.

We have been given books upon the "House Beautiful," the "House Dignified," the "Honest House" and the "House in Good Taste"—we might, indeed, have supposed that all manner of houses had found their way between book-covers, until there appeared "The Healthful House," a work of frankly practical intent, yet one in which art and hygiene are both embraced in the author's vision. To the interior decorator or the æsthetic exquisite the very name of the book may conjure up visions of a house of white porcelain tile throughout, glass-and-metal hospital furniture and vacuum-cleaner apparatus in every room.

Such, however, is not the ideal of the authors, and we find portrayed a house which is to be regarded as healthful because it is a pleasing and restful living environment as well as hygienic.

Following "Some Principles of Beauty" and a chapter on "Backgrounds," there appeared a chapter called "The House Harmonious." "The Purchasing of Furniture" is a chapter which deals in general rather than specific advice, and which would have had greater value to the reader if illustrated and if written with a more comprehensive knowledge of the furniture now being made in this country. It would be a mistake, however, to criticise the book as a work on interior decoration, which, as the authors remind

us, is far more adequately dealt with by others. Its value to the home-builder or the remodeller lies rather in its advice and instruction upon such important matters as heating and ventilation and on kitchen and bathroom equipment. Here is a field which has appealed so little to the æsthetic that he has left it entirely to the architect.



Courtesy Museum of French Art



Courtesy Reinhardt Galleries

GLORIA GOULD

BY F. LYNN JENKINS

Director, Dr. George B. Gordon, has recognised the educational aims of the institution in placing on exhibition a collection of objects of art, the work of the negroes of Benin and the region of the Congo River and its tributaries in West Africa. The work dates from Shakespeare's time and was produced by the tribe known as the Bushongo and by others not so well known, under the reign of a great and wise King Shamba. Comprised in the collection are a number of figures in carved wood, some apparently portraits, others used as fetiches or objects of religious worship; a very remarkable equestrian statuette about three feet high, grotesque in exaggerated character; several ceremonial masks, painted white, set in masses of simulated blond hair, probably to make them more impressive to a black race; numerous heads, evidently of local personages of the time, in cast bronze; domestic fowls in the same material; a very elaborately carved ele-



Courtesy Reinhardt Galleries

A CHILD PORTRAIT

BY MAURICE FROMKES

I N THE GALLERIES

"I DON'T wish it known," seals the dealer's lips. Consequently on all sides we hear that "nothing is doing." Many people to-day, besides liberally supporting patriotic requirements, are interested in adding to their collections, but prefer for obvious reasons to keep that fact secret. Still, in face of the great financial drive now in progress, it is naturally very quiet in the art markets and galleries. In most of the latter one might hear a pin drop. Such conditions will not endure, and it is a safe and easy prophecy that a great artistic impulse will begin to assert itself as soon as more confidence is felt in the issues of the war.

In these days when there is increasing interest in the manifestations of the æsthetic impulse of primitive peoples, in the crude, but vital drawings of the cave-wall artists of Arriães, in the ivory carvings of the Tchukchis and Innuït tribes of the islands of the northern Pacific Ocean and in the deerskin pictures of the North American Indians, the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, under the able management of the



SCULPTURE
STORES

MEUDON
19-11-19

phant's tusk and group of textiles of excellent design that would not disgrace the product of a modern industrial art establishment. Unusually expert must these people have been when we find upon inspection of the bronzes here exposed that they have been cast by the *cire perdue* method used by Cellini and other sculptors of the Italian Renaissance and revived in modern practise. It is more than likely that they acquired the art from Portuguese navigators, who were the first white men to visit the country. That these artists were not lacking in a sense of humour, one of the traits of the blacks of the present day, can be seen in a life-size full-round head of a king suffering torment under the weight of the metal neck-rings symbolical of his greatness.

There is a series of smaller portrait heads also in bronze, but in mezzo-relievo, resembling, curiously enough, the well-known door-knocker of Durham Cathedral; several bronze pendants decorated with figures in low relief, apparently used as articles of dress, and an amusing statuette of a man, in sculptured wood; bits of mirrored glass set in the eyes and in the front of the abdomen as if to furnish a view of his interior anatomy. Besides its value from the point of view of ethnology, the exhibition contains much that is suggestive to the sculptor, especially to the one not limited in his work to academic tradition.

One hundred and ninety works by members of

the Fellowship of the Pennsylvania Academy were on view at the annual exhibition in the galleries of the Sketch and Plastic Clubs, February 16-March 2. There was a more or less uneven quality to the showing, doubtless, to the varying degree of competence of the contributors, including artists of established reputation with others barely out of the student class. There was a good portrait of *Mrs. M* by Ada C. Williamson; of the late Henry Thouron, painted some time past by John McLure Hamilton; another entitled *A Study* by Joseph Sacks, and *Miss B* by Albert Rosenthal. Fred Wagner showed a full-length *Girl in Furs* and a landscape *Along the Canal*; Mary Butler, two pictures of Mount Washington, very fine in tone. Elizabeth Washington was equally happy in *Across the Valley*, and Annie L. Perot in *The Old Blacksmith Shop*. Clara C. Madeira's interior entitled *Bird Cages*, Cesare Ricciardi's *Moonlight*, and N. C. Wyeth's *Woodcutters* were excellent presentations of competent artists.

Marking the twenty-fourth annual exhibition with a new departure, the Philadelphia Art Club, through the hanging committee, recently invited seventy-three oil paintings, dispensing with the services of a jury that has been its practise in previous years. Care was taken, however, that artists of known competency were asked to contribute one work each of moderate dimensions



UNDRAPE MODEL FOR AQUARIUM
BY P. BRYANT BAKER

In the Galleries

and of his best production. This most interesting experiment proved an artistic success, although one failed to find quite a number of leading names in the catalogue. The official portrait was in evidence, marking the positions of honour; that of the Hon. J. Henry Williams, by Benedict A. Osnis, draped in the judicial robe and a most satisfactory presentment of a dignified personality, painted with knowledge and finished technique; of Lieutenant C. F. Westing, R.F.C., in khaki, by Henry R. Rittenberg, an adequate impression of military char-



OUT-OF-DOORS

BY NANCY M. FERGUSON

acter, and of Henry Tatnall, Esq., a leading banker, by Joseph Sacks, one of the rising young painters, doing some admirable work. Albert Rosenthal sent a clever figure subject, *Miss S—*; John R. Conner, *The Little Seamstress*; F. W. Harer, a good head of a *West Indian*, fine in color; Louise Kronberg, a group of little ballet girls, *In the Dressing Room*, and Mary Prindeville a nude, *Esther No. 2*. Landscape painting was represented by Birge Harrison's *Day of Forest Fires*; Lucile Howard's *Cloud Drama*, Mary Butler's *Storm Cloud over Mt. Lafayette*, Elizabeth F. Washington's *Reflections*, and Alexander Bower's *Loma Preita, Santa Cruz*. There were Provincetown sketches by Nicola d'Ascenzo and beautiful tonality was seen in Robert Spencer's *Waterloo Place*.

Mrs. John E. Johansen's *Hill Top*, representing

children at play blowing soap-bubbles on a grassy hill, has been donated by the artist to the Milwaukee Art Institute. It is a joyous subject full of light and life and technically a fine performance. At the Woman's Show in Milwaukee, October 19, this canvas was given the place of honour and a subscription was started to purchase it, but failed to attain the figure required. Mrs. Johansen, also well known as M. Jean McClean, allowed her heart to equal her pigment and presented the picture, thus advancing the Institute's winter to summer.

The Macbeth Galleries, which lead in the display of first-class examples of sound American painting, have some fine examples on view by Weir, Childe Hassam and Carlsen. A group of twelve Americans, all well-known painters, has just concluded at the Ferargil Gallery, whilst a brilliant exhibition of Hayley Lever's oils and water-colours has been seen at the Daniel Gallery, headquarters of the best of the more modern men.

On page xcvi, by courtesy of Mrs. Bertha E. Jaques, indefatigable secretary of the Chicago Society of Etchers, is reproduced an etching by John Storrs, done to order of the Government, of August Rodin after death as he lay in state in his home at Meudon. The features of the great sculptor have been admirably expressed.

F. W. Wright has been showing at the Knoedler Galleries some notable portraits recently executed, especially interesting being Bishop Hayes and an interior with the seated figure of Mrs. Charles Deming; also a good portrait of Miss Brooks of Akron, Ohio, and a successful post-mortem of Mr. James J. Hill.

Charles A. Vanderhoof, painter, etcher and illustrator of wide reputation, passed away suddenly at his home at Locust Point, N. J., on April 1st. He was an instructor at Cooper Union in the late '80s and for some years thereafter, a charter member of the Holland Society, and was connected in an official capacity with the formative years of the Art Students' League. In his passing on, his associates have lost a personality of rarely genial friendliness; his brother artists a delightful comrade whose sympathetic judgment or appreciation was always an inspiration, and the art world one whose work as an illustrator possessed a technical charm much akin to that of E. A. Abbey and Alfred Parsons, whose intimate he was.



Courtesy, Jacques Seligmann & Co.

A GIRL WITH RED HAIR
BY BEN ALI HAGGIN



STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN
BY ANDREW O'CONNOR

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Owned by James F. Ballard, Esq.

THE ENCHANTED MESA

BY ALBERT L. GROLL

A PAINTER OF THE SILENT PLACES BY CHARLES H. PARKER

IF you were a lover of art looking at an exhibition of the best of American paintings, and you came to a picture showing the desert with its great expanse of sand and sagebrush, distant purple hills and luminous banks of Valkyric clouds, with the spirit of the silent places over all, you would at once exclaim, "This is a Groll," and you would guess correctly.

So closely is the subject of this article identified with his work that the word "Groll" is synonymous, in the world of art, with the deserts of Arizona. Even the primitive Indians, among whom he worked, recognised this in the vigorous, if somewhat personal name they gave him—"Chief Bald-Head-Eagle-Eye," which interpreted signifies a painter of the silent places. It is this intimate association of the man and his work which has helped to place Albert L. Groll among the leading painters of American landscape.

A Painter of the Silent Places

To most people, including artists, the desert is the desert—a place dreary, lonesome and uninspiring. To Groll, with his deep appreciation of nature in her more subtle and mysterious moods, it was an inspiration—an inspiration so strong that it moved him to the best work of his career. Herein lies a story that touches the high lights of adventure and at times came perilously near the shadows of tragedy.

On his return from Paris and Munich, after seven years' residence, Groll began his career by painting symphonies. This was in the early nineties, when the Barbizon school and Whistler were exerting great influence over the younger men. To these symphonies Groll gave colour titles, and this association of colour and music vividly illuminates the poetical side of his character. *Silver Moon*, for instance, is a veritable poem in paint, vibrating with the charm of the nocturne. *Harmony in Silver* recalls Corot at his best without in any way being imitative. In fact, all of Groll's earlier work shows this deep poetical expression which in itself would have won him unusual recognition had he chosen to remain within the limits of such a field. Indeed, *The Milky Way*, a composition of the sand-dunes of Provincetown, pregnant with the majestic mystery of the star-lit heavens, was awarded the silver medal by the International Jury of the St. Louis Exposition in 1904.

All this, however, was but a prelude to the great work that was shortly to follow. Urged by the feeling that he had not yet found his true inspiration, Groll went to Arizona for a vacation. Like the prospector seeking gold, he ventured into the desert, and, like the prospector, he remained to endure the hardships of burning sands, hunger and thirst, and the experience of being "lost." And, to complete the simile, he "struck it rich."

How rich his "find" proved the art world learned when Groll's pictures began to appear at Schauss' Gallery—the deserts of Arizona on Fifth Avenue! These were shortly followed by *The Enchanted Mesa*, at once recognised as a masterpiece among Groll's earlier pictures of the West.

Emily G. Hutchings, writing recently in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, ably described its charms:

"The picture is a piece of mystical landscape painting from the brush of Albert Groll of New York. You are likely to shiver at it, no matter

what the temperature of the room. It is called *The Enchanted Mesa* and it was painted in the region from whence Groll derives most of his inspiration. He has been a frequent exhibitor in St. Louis and his titles will serve to show his trend: *Rain Clouds on the Desert*, *The Sunny West*, *Arizona*, *Flying Clouds*, *Hopi Land*, will suffice. These and several other mountain and desert compositions have been in the American Exhibition during the past ten years. The one now on exhibition is one of the best both in technique and in theme. The middle distance is occupied by the mesa rising sheer and forbidding from the long foreground of wind-swirled sand. At one side the atmosphere is dense with storm-clouds, while on the other the vivid blue is revealed. The sand that is whipped into action takes on the elusive forms of wraiths which appear towards the enchanted rock, where other ghostly forms seem to emerge from the sinister face of the rock cliff. Without imagination you will see nothing in this picture but a jagged mass of rock with a flat top and an intervening atmosphere of flying sand, for Groll has not materialised his ghosts into solid, tangible forms. They exist only for those who have the eyes to see them."

To many it was a great disappointment that this monumental work did not go into the permanent collection of the Metropolitan Museum, where Groll is represented by one painting only, which, though typical, is not one of the artist's great conceptions.

Although Groll's earlier work had won him enviable recognition, the brilliant series of compositions that followed his first trip to the desert firmly established him in the front rank of contemporary landscape painters. Year after year he went back to the scenes of his great inspiration; each visit being followed by work which so enhanced his reputation that, as has been said before, the name of Groll became synonymous with the desert. Most of these pictures have found their way into public and private collections.

It is characteristic of this artist's restless temperament that he should, from time to time, have sought new fields of inspiration and suggestion. This tendency is illustrated in his picture of the *Red Woods of California*, now in the Brooklyn Museum, and his painting of *Lake Louise*, a result of a visit to the Canadian Rockies, which won the Inness medal in the National

A Painter of the Silent Places



Owned by James F. Ballard, Esq.

THE RAIN POOL, ARIZONA

BY ALBERT L. GROLL

Academy exhibition of 1906. But despite these successes, which might well have tempted him away from the desert, he returns to it again and again. In fact, he said recently: "I shall never forsake it."

How strong is this tie, all of Groll's latest work emphasises. *The Cañon de Chelly*, illustrated on page cviii, and recently completed, strongly expresses how deep is the appeal made to him by the grandeur and mystery of the primitive and how readily he responds. In another recent work, *Gateway of the Garden of the Gods*, he depicts a subject demanding rare vision to give it full expression. Rich in archaic form, virility of colour and decorative feeling, it shows a marked advance in the artist's struggle for light, tenderness and colour sensitiveness, as well as a more refined treatment of the qualities associated with his earlier work. While these two pictures reveal the rugged character of the Southwest in all its primitive force, they still maintain the delicate symphonic charm that is always present in Groll's work. In this connection, it is interest-

ing to note that this appeal has been recognised by many leading musicians, some of whom are the artist's intimate friends. It was one of MacDowell's moonlight symphonies which inspired the picture that hung over the great composer's bed to the last. His friendship with Gustave Mahler was very close, and many amongst his friends at the present time are men of the highest standing in the world of music.

Few American painters have attempted the interpretation of their country with such success. Remington has left us thrilling chapters in the history of the upbuilding of the West. Others daring the hardships of the desert, have endeavoured to imitate Groll, but none has ever achieved his masterly and sympathetic interpretation of the lonely lands of Arizona. Where others found desolation and sadness, to Groll were revealed ramparts of rich purples topped by great mounds of clouds echoing barbaric hymns of praise—"A Garden of the Great Spirit." In short, he is the first painter to bring to us the epic grandeur of the Western plains.



Presented by Hon. Wm. A. Clark to the Lotus Club

GATEWAY OF THE DARLING OF THE GODS, COLORADO

BY ALBERT L. GROLL



CAÑON DE CHELLY, ARIZONA

BY ALBERT L. GROLL



IN NEW MEXICO, NEAR LAGUNA

BY ALBERT L. GROLL



PUEBLO VILLAGE, ARIZONA

BY ALBERT L. GROLL

A Painter of the Silent Places

Irresistible craving for colour, better organisation, more drawing and a more pronounced desire for significant forms characterise Groll's latest work. The power of form and colour indicates that some of the principles of the great modernists, like Cézanne and Van Gogh, have been utilised. Groll is not afraid to experiment in technique while maintaining the personal vigour of conception and creation. He has always a deliberate intention and the ability to carry it out. As he learned from Claude Monet, Picasso, Winslow Homer and Inness in the past, so he learns from their successors in the present. While not being an extremist himself or a pioneer in æsthetic movements, he refuses to be confined by academic boundaries. Nor has he much sympathy for those who, lacking in vision themselves, seek to retard the development of others. Power of achievement came to him because he had the courage to learn a new language to give fuller expression to his individuality.

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS

THE American Institute of Architects believes the time has come when steps should be taken toward federating the whole building industry of the United States. The war-time



MASTER JUNE CLARIE

BY LOUIS BETTS

CX



Exhibited at the Allied Artists, 1918

MORNING

BY A. P. LUCAS

need of such action appears to be immediately imperative and it would seem that the first and paramount duty of the building industry is to place its knowledge, skill and equipment unreservedly at the service of the nation. That service can only reach true efficiency through intelligent adjustment of all the vital parts.

With a view to the possible formation of a national organisation, the Institute accepts the patriotic duty of initiating the movement.

Please address all communications to the Executive Secretary, The American Institute of Architects, The Octagon, Washington, D. C.



Courte Reinhardt Gallery

PORTRAIT BUST OF MRS. W. E. BOCK
BY C. S. PIETRO

A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY
RELIQUARY
BY STELLA RUBINSTEIN

IN the walls of old houses and convents art treasures are still to be found and probably will be for a long time to come. Hidden away at times of religious or revolutionary disturbances, many of these art objects remained concealed, sometimes through forgetfulness and sometimes through ignorance of their existence, even after order was re-established.

Objects so found are mostly of precious metal or copper because these materials were needed in war-time. It was in this way that, among a great number of pieces, the beautiful little figure in goldsmith work called *Le Roi de Bourges*, forming a part of the George Hoentschel collection, was found in a house in Bourges. It was in this way also that the reliquary which we are reproducing was found a few years ago in the walls of a convent in Toulouse. The group, of rare quality and beauty, is fifteen inches high. It is in casted bronze and champlevé enamel. The Virgin is sitting on an elaborately ornamented seat in a flowing garment girdled at the waist in the fashion of the time, over which is draped a mantle, covering her head, shoulders and a part of her gown. A passementerie border trims the neck, sleeves and mantle. On her head over the veil is a golded crown with an incised pattern. Seated on her lap is the Infant Jesus in a long gown, which falls in harmonious folds. He is holding a closed book in His left hand while trying to reach with His right the apple which the Virgin holds. The proportions of the Mother and of the Child are very slender and their workmanship indicates clearly the inspiration derived from the sculptors of the cathedrals. The head of the Infant especially, in its delicacy and fineness, would suggest the influence of some of the angels of the Rheims Cathedral. The seat itself belongs to one of the best periods of the Limoges productions of the thirteenth century. It has a blue enamelled background on which a conventionalised pattern of leaves and flowers is incised and enamelled. The workmanship of this particular background followed immediately in Limoges the one called vermiculated, which consisted in engraving foliage and other patterns on a golden background. On the sides the Virgin and the Angel of the Annunciation are repre-



RELIQUARY—DETAIL OF SEAT
CANESSA COLLECTION, NEW YORK

sented, on the back the figures of St. Peter and St. Paul. They are standing under trefoiled Gothic arches and they are incised on an enamelled background. The nimbi are in blue enamel with golden circles. The front of the seat shows the same incised and enamelled foliage but without figures; and on top of the seat on the sides and



VIRGIN AND CHILD FORMING A RELIQUARY
CANESSA COLLECTION, NEW YORK

A Thirteenth-Century Reliquary

in the back is a cresting with keyhole pattern and underneath in the centre is an opening for the relics.

Only a small group of seated Virgins forming reliquaries and executed with the same technique are known. The method employed just before this consisted in covering a wooden statuette with a thin coating of silver, and this method, which was already known in the Carolingian period, was used until the end of the thirteenth century. Some masterful examples are still extant. Among them, and of the most beautiful workmanship, are two French reliquaries in the Treasury of the Abbé of Roncevaux* which are of the late thirteenth century. The technique of the reliquary we are dealing with in this article does not seem to have been in use before the thirteenth century. At that time the goldsmith worker became skilful enough to produce work independently and he was no longer merely an accessory to the sculptor, to which rôle he had been reduced when he had only to put a metal coating over a statuette which was already executed.

Though this method has produced masterpieces such as the two Virgins in Roncevaux, it was more the work of the sculptor than of the goldsmith. It is different with the group to which the Virgin here reproduced belongs. Here the sculptor's rôle is eclipsed and his work serves only as an inspiration. The most famous of this group is a Virgin in silver called *de Jeanne d'Ercux*, from 1339, which is now in the Louvre, but she is standing and of a later date than ours. If we confine ourselves to Virgins in casted bronze, represented seated, the one that shows most analogies with this Virgin is from the Vermeersch collection in Brussels† measuring only twenty-eight centimetres. She is seated in a similar pose, shows the same slender proportions, and her robe and mantle are draped identically. She also holds an apple in her right hand which the Infant seated on her left knee is trying to reach. The seat in champlevé enamel also shows many analogies and in front is seen the same engraved foliage. Another Virgin from the Vermeersch

collection,* though belonging to the same group and executed in the same technique, does not show as many analogies. The proportions of the body are not as slender and the Virgin, instead of an apple, is holding a flower in her right hand. The form of the seat and its decorations also differ. Similar to the group just mentioned is one in the Louvre‡ twenty-two centimetres high where the Virgin, instead of a flower, holds an apple in her right hand, as in ours. The rectangular seat stands on three legs and is surmounted by a cresting with openings in the form of keyholes. The front is ornamented with enamelled arches; on the side panels is represented the Annunciation and on the back is seen an angel.

Three other Virgins executed by the same technique show many analogies with our group. One of them comes from the Seillières collection.‡ She is seated on a chair showing a similar kind of decoration in champlevé enamel and she wears a costume similar to the one in our group. She is holding a flower in her right hand while supporting on her left knee the crowned Infant Jesus. The second comes from the collection of the Count de la Béraudière,§ from which it passed afterward to the collection of Baron Albert Oppenheim. Here the Virgin is also seated and holding the Infant in a similar way but the proportions and the types differ.

The seat also, though of the same workmanship, shows different subjects in the decoration. The last Virgin,|| *de la Saucetal* (canton de Veyre-Mouton, in Puy de Dôme), shows many analogies with the Virgin we are reproducing. She is of about the same height and though of the fourteenth century she conserves all of the characteristics of the Virgins executed in the thirteenth century. She is seated holding the Infant on her left knee. He is giving the benediction with His right hand while holding a closed book in His left. The seat in champlevé enamel shows two saints on the side panels and on the back an angel.

Most probably there are many other Virgins in existence showing the same technique and style of workmanship, but they are unknown.

* Ernest Rupin: *L'œuvre de Limoges*, page 468, No. 518.

† Ernest Rupin: *L'œuvre de Limoges*, page 469, No. 519, 520.

‡ Giraud: *Les Arts du métal à l'exposition de 1880 de l'union centrale des Beaux Arts*, pl. VIII.

§ Catalogue de la collection du comte de la Béraudière, 1885, page 88, No. 395.

|| Ernest Rupin: *L'œuvre de Limoges*.

* One of the two groups is reproduced in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, 1897, Vol. 2, page 214, in an article by Marguet de Vasselot on "Le Trésor de l'Abbaye de Roncevaux"; the other group is reproduced in Émile Bertaux: *Exposition de Saragose*, 1908, page 247.

† Camille Roddaz: *L'art ancien à l'exposition nationale Belge*, page 25.



MEMORIES
BY CARLE J. BLENNER

HENRY GOLDEN DEARTH
BY CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

It is something more than an idle phrase that tells us the good die young. In so far as anything in our sorry, discrepant world is susceptible to explanation, this matter is susceptible to explanation. The fine nature is less fitted to survive than the coarser nature; it wears itself away through the intensity of its reactions to external shock, and to the intensity of its self-created impressions and appraisals. Science reports that a Mansfield or an Irving, a Keats or a Manet succumbed to one or another of a dozen organic defects; but science does not record the thousand heartaches, the perpetual wear and tear, the wrench and jolt of quotidian defeat, disappointment, disillusion, that went to the premature breaking down of their vitality.

All courage is beautiful; but there is a kind of courage that does not carry a face value for the careless and the superficial scrutiny. The obstacles besetting it are not obvious to the common comprehension; its tragedies are fought out on the lonely battlefields of the spirit. Those nearest and dearest to it are often unaware of its secret hurt and strain, its momentary surrenders, its self-supported rejuvenations. It is a destiny apparently set apart for the artist, in whatever line we find him; and in his patience and perseverance against the overwhelming odds presented him by a world incapable of rising to his standards we find an exhibition of heroism superb in its secret tenacities and integrities of intention.

Henry Golden Dearth possessed this kind of courage. He bore the brunt of the artist's life with so rare a charm and with so bright and amiable a nobility that one grew to rely upon him as one grows to rely upon a stimulant. To know him was to experience a kind of recreation of one's better self. One took one's battered idealisms to him, and brought them away revived. Greater than any triumph he may ever win as an artist was the triumph he won by being the kind of a man he was. I have never known an artist that combined so exquisite an artistry with so exquisite a manliness. Sometimes I think he gave more of his spiritual force to others than he gave to the furthering of his own interests; at all events he spent of the fullness of the spirit, royally, copiously, unstintingly; and in doing so he dissipated, no doubt, a valuable vitality.

Selfishness instinctively divines the need of conserving its vital forces: tap the soul of selfishness, and it gives out a little squeak and hustles off in a distracted flurry of self-preservation. Tap the soul of a man like Dearth, and you start it echoing with a thousand reciprocations and sympathies and encouragements, each one of them resonant and rich as an organ-tone. Of nobility such as this, your miserly, sterile, picayune nature can know nothing; but who shall say that in the long run it is not a generative force greater than any generative force that a sheer beauty of artistic accomplishment has to give us?

I was in the habit of dropping into the studio a couple of times a week; it was a kind of cleansing process to meet Dearth after one had been engaged with the cheap appraisals, sordid calculations and vulgar inadequacies of the world in general. The last time I saw him (and so real was he to me that my senses convey to me no adequate realisation of the fact that I shall see him no more) he had just been told of the gravity of his physical condition. Every instinct in me warned me of the crucial condition of affairs, but I endeavoured to cheer him with adroit assurances. Curiously enough, he said what almost every artist has said: "I have only just begun to find out what I am after, and how to go about accomplishing it." He was working upon a large figure-piece; the most satisfying thing he had accomplished. Under the inauspicious shadow of so cruel a menace, we talked of ultimate matters, and I remember he said: "I do not feel that I have possessed spontaneity. I have had to arrive at my conclusions through a conscious and premeditated exercise of intellectual inspection and calculation." Well, Oscar Wilde said that all art is premeditation; that the great artist expresses himself because he wishes to express himself, not because (in accordance with the popular notion) he is compelled to express himself.

However this may be, Dearth's art (that phase of it upon which his fame will rest in the future) was the outcome of a premeditated desire to differentiate himself from the mass of his contemporaries. His early work, excellent after a fashion, showed him as merely one more of a myriad of painters who were more or less repainting Barbizon. The early stages of the artist are imitative; it is for this reason that we select the later period of an Inness or a Murphy, a Twachtman or a Dearth for our serious considera-

tion. The only thing is that, as an almost invariable rule, the genuine development develops through the promptings of some inarticulate, occult, inner dictation. In Dearth's case (I repeat) he forced originality upon himself; and for this reason one sometimes wonders whether it was a legitimate originality.

Here we enter into the realm of conjecture and personal preference. I, for my part, do not think that those elaborate, curious, bizarre canvases of Dearth's wherein he set down a laborious although highly beautiful reproduction of esoteric and archaic designs, implicatively oriental, represent him at his best. True, if we condemn painting of this character as non-essential and artificial, we condemn seven-tenths of the art of the world. What I mean is that, to me, they contain no really vital impulse. They supply us with a meticulous workmanship and a charm of colour that is insurpassable; but they do not supply us with that indescribable something wherein we feel the quickening of new and quite indispensable forces. What I have in mind passes definition, just as the mysterious matter of personality passes definition, but we know that it exists. It is that inspirational, quivering, compelling something that sometimes infuses the inanimate mediums of artistic communication with a kind of almost living potency, vividly palpable. Again, Dearth's figure-pieces erred through the discrepancy that exists between the quite remote, fantastic loveliness of their backgrounds and the oftentimes banal, conventional and feeble handling of the figure. Lest this recording of adverse criticisms offend, I may say that Dearth had often talked this matter over with me. He was not satisfied himself with this phase of his work. He frankly admitted the experimental quality of these pictures, and at the time of his death he was seeking a more perfect adjustment of so rare a decorative sense with the limitations inherent in the conventional model.

But there was one manifestation of Dearth's art wherein he achieved perfection. In his quite strangely new and consummate studies of pools and rocks, and in his marines, Dearth presented us with a kind of beauty of workmanship and originality of conception that placed him among the finest painters of his generation. In the presence of a couple of marines exhibited at the Montross Galleries, February, 1913, any competent receptivity must have registered an in-

stinctive appreciation of the fact that a something new had come into art, that a new thrill, inexpressibly exquisite, had been vouchsafed us. The worth of certain aspects of Dearth's output may be debatable; the worth of these pictures is indisputable. In them Dearth accomplished the admirable and difficult task of combining an unmistakable originality with an authentic loveliness. Dearth's art, in whatever phase we seek it, is always the art of the supreme gentleman of aesthetics, but in these miraculous studies of swirling waters and spent sea-foam trickling down and about the slippery surfaces of rocks—studies literally dripping with moisture and full of the bite and tang of the harsh salt sea air—Dearth supplies us with a note for which we have no adequate parallel. It is not too much to say that in all art there is nothing quite like this handling of the subject. At the moment, I can not think of any one that has viewed this phase of the sea with so subtle and adroit a comprehension. Dearth's colour sense—unsurpassed in the art of this country—found its most triumphant employment in these sea pieces. They will be sought by collectors of the future in company with the most precious art that this country has produced. It is as though the painter, having detected and extracted a marvellous distillation from the souls of precious stones, had spilt it in a dexterous profusion over the canvas. Dearth has combined in these pictures the textural beauty of a Weir, a Carlsen, a Murphy with a sparkle of colour that Ernest Lawson alone among living American painters has equalled. Individual preferences are not criticism; but if we accept, for a hypothetical criterion by which we may judge the work of art, originality of viewpoint, originality of design and beauty of workmanship, then I should be inclined to choose Inness, Homer, Blake, Blakelock, Murphy, Weir and a marine of Dearth's to represent this country's art in the universal court of aesthetics.

The loss of Henry Dearth represents a loss of incalculable measure to the art world of this country. His activities supplied us with an influence that we could ill afford to lose. There can be no question but that this country must experience some kind of very positive purification and intensification of its spiritual, emotional and aesthetic organism if it is to approximate anything like a really fine, true appreciation of the great, animative, indispensable actualness of

beauty. However our human comprehension may understand and tolerate the pathetic futility that would bribe beauty, we are yet compelled to deplore the spirit manifest in much of this country's attitude towards art. We hear altogether too much of this matter of "collector" and "patron," and so on, as though, in the last analysis, temporal power had anything to give art. There is more of the living reality of art to be found in, say, the Music School Settlement down on the East Side than there is in nine out of every ten collections of paintings in this country. It is easier for the camel to pass through the eye of the needle than it is for the rich man to enter into the kingdom of art. Art is a living thing of the spirit: it is one's pulse-beat; it is compounded of components vivid as sunshine, laughter, the make-believe of little children. It is not a sterile soullessness of dollars and cents gloating like Fafner over the mere external glitter of possession. Dearth stood for an antithesis to this unreal, this spurious attitude. Passionately preoccupied with every phase of beauty, he sought to communicate to those about him something of the inflammatory energy of his appreciations. His enthusiasm for art was contagious; he was never weary of advertising the merits of others. A member of the one authentic aristocracy (the people of fineness of perception and that kind of superlative cultivation which means an innate sense of values), Dearth sought to inculcate something of that sort of meticulous attitude of mind which seeks its decisions from the exercise of a supreme and abstract idealism. I have never known a man more devoted to impersonal integrities. He deplored the common habit of exalting the work of mere names (work too often lacking in intrinsic qualifications); and I know it hurt him to see awards bestowed upon incompetent and trivial effort; but whatever censure he allowed himself was the genuine exasperation of a man infinitely sensitive to fine discriminations. In condemning the work of others, he did not hold it in secret competition with his own work; he placed it in competitive juxtaposition with work upon which Time has set its mark of permanent approval. He was a consistent and redoubtable antagonist of adulterations of taste and of intention. His character, no less than his art, was made of that kind of superfine beauty which helps the world to keep its courage, its idealisms, its cleanliness of purpose.

TENDENCIES OF MODERN ART BY ALEXANDER M. HUDNUT

THE subject of this paper is one that has been much discussed by art-lovers and artists. The conclusions arrived at are so different that possibly the ideas of a modest collector of modern art might be of some interest.

I do not know how the dictionary defines "art," as I have never looked it up. I believe art to be *an expression of everything which is beautiful*. This expression takes different forms. Those with which we are most familiar are painting, sculpture and architecture.

There is a style of performance which has sprung up in recent years, masquerading under the name of art. Do not think for one moment that I include it in my definition of the subject. The grotesque work done by so-called Post-impressionists and Cubists has in my judgment no connection with art, and deserves no recognition whatever. If certain artists are experimenting with various combinations of colours in the hope that they may evolve something, no one can object to it. Experimentation is always permissible, but the art-loving people should not have their intelligence insulted by a display of this stuff in art exhibitions. I cannot speak too strongly in condemnation of juries which pass upon the pictures to be hung in art exhibitions when they allow the display of this sort of work.

There are some picture dealers who for commercial reasons have become identified with this modern movement. Their one idea is to make sales. They estimate that probably seventy-five per cent. of the people who visit their galleries know very little about paintings and have been influenced by the advertising this movement has had. Because of this lack of knowledge they can easily be deceived. Such people will often buy what the salesman recommends. Bizarre effects attract the eye—but may be absolutely lacking in artistic quality. Frequently they do not even have the semblance of anything in nature or sane imagination but are the expression of an assumed madness—an unintelligent reaching out for novelty.

In describing performances of this kind, the salesman will adroitly hint that he pities their inability to see what he sees in the canvas. His explanation is far more unintelligible than the canvas itself. He may say that the canvas represents a small village in France and that after

Tendencies of Modern Art

one looks at it for a sufficient length of time and studies it in different lights the suggestion of the village will gradually unfold.

A few years ago, when the International Art Exhibition was held in the Armory on Lexington Avenue in New York, the public was introduced to the paintings of Matisse and the sculpture of Picasso. Nothing which I have ever seen was so hideous and so far removed from art as the work of these two men. And yet through clever advertising great public curiosity was aroused and such people as saloon-keepers, seeing the interest felt in these grotesque performances, purchased most of this work to decorate their places of business, thinking that if it drew such crowds at an art exhibition it would certainly attract crowds to their saloons.

Matisse, the Post-impressionist, has publicly acknowledged himself a "fakir," and has said that though he did not himself believe in any of this stuff which he manufactured, he knew the public loved to be deceived and, since they were so gullible and so ignorant, he decided that he would turn out the most extreme sort of fake. His followers sprang up like mushrooms.

Anything in the line of a fake has always possessed a peculiar fascination for a certain class of people. Since the war started, artists, and fakers as well, have flocked to America, and we have had a pestilence of this fake art.

Coming back to the subject of real art, the tendency of modern times has undoubtedly been toward impressionism. Twenty-five years ago, people who collected paintings bought the works of Alma-Tadema, Gérôme, and Meissonier, and among American painters they preferred pictures by Bierstadt and the Hudson River school of artists. All of these paintings were realistic. In fact, they were almost photographic. Pictures of that kind to-day are not popular with collectors. The public is gradually becoming educated in art, and they have recognised the basic principle of impressionism, which is that an individual looking at a scene does not see details. The outlines of a tree, for example, are not always sharp and distinct. They are often vague, indistinct and misty. The further away the tree is, the more it merges into merely a spot or shape on the sky for a background. The realistic school of art believe in emphasising details, and it is not true art, because these details are rarely visible to the eye, and should not show in a painting.

It is far more an achievement to place little spots of paint upon a canvas so that at a distance they appear like a man than to place on the canvas a man so perfect in every detail that one might examine him through a magnifying-glass and find his watch-chain and yet not have him take his place in the picture as a whole.

Most of those artists who paint impressionistic pictures and do the best work are men who for years painted in a realistic way and turned out pictures which were almost like photographs. The evolution of an artist is invariably from the realistic school gradually into the impressionistic style of work. The best work done by portrait painters to-day is work done by men like Sargent, who paint broadly and keep details in their proper place. Impressionism is not a modern discovery. It reached a finer and better state in olden times than it ever has in modern times. Take, for example, a man like Velasquez, examine closely some of his finest portraits, and you will notice that details are always subordinated, and that the paint is put on in such a way that it means almost nothing when you stand close to the canvas, but which stands out and indicates exactly what it is intended to indicate if you are a little distance away. Franz Hals also used this style of technique, and Rembrandt, although Rembrandt and Hals are not as good examples as Velasquez. I would therefore sum up my conclusion in this way: that I believe the tendency of modern art both in painting and sculpture is to subordinate details and to indicate and express rather than to reproduce objects photographically upon the canvas. During the past ten years there has been a revival in American art. I can remember a time not very distant when picture collectors would not hang in their galleries paintings by American artists. To-day there are thousands of collectors all over the United States whose galleries are filled with American art, and almost to the exclusion of foreign-painted pictures. It means that American art has "come into its own," and to-day stands in the front rank. No better landscapes have ever been painted than those by our own George Inness, Alexander Wyant, and Homer Martin. These artists are all dead, but among living artists we have men whose paintings will make them immortal.

While art was born in the old country, it has a thrifty grandchild in America, which is growing up rapidly and promises great things for the future.

TEA-TABLE PATRONS AND A CERTAIN TYPE OF PORTRAITIST

It is difficult to conceive a more humiliating position than where a combination of forces occurs between a so-called artist and some ambitious lady, Paquin-gowned, exquisite in address, and possessing a large circle of admiring friends, ladies for the most part with a partiality for social assemblages.

There is a similarity of procedure in almost every case. The portraitist after ingratiating himself adroitly with some angel of means and position succeeds in placing that lady's features very propitiously upon the accommodating canvas. Before arranging sittings, however, there is a distinct understanding that there will be no responsibility attached, and that the joy of painting so interesting a type in such a fascinating frock is more than sufficient compensation. On completion of the sittings the suggestion is thrown out that it would be a charming action on the lady's part if she would consent to play hostess on a certain date when a few friends might like to see the finished portrait. The lady views herself with all her charms, and a few additional ones, peering joyously from beneath a handsome gold frame, overwhelms the artist with an avalanche of sugary comment, and very naturally consents to preside at her own apotheosis. The delighted artist scampers away to Biffany or Baltman to order richly engraved invitation cards bearing the legend "to see the portrait of Mrs. D. Liteful." On the appointed day a motley crowd jostles its silks, satins and broadcloth around the sacred easel which reveals the enchanting vision of Mrs. D. Liteful now so smilingly engaged in pouring tea. Hired-and-tired waiters in cotton gloves deftly hand it along with dainty sandwiches and bonbons to an enthusiastic crowd nobly bent upon the difficult task of commending the picture in correct artistic jargon. Some artists indeed have a little side line of cocktails, selected vintages and choice cigars with which to flatter the palate of any male patron present who may happen to be shy in the presence of a tea-tray.

All this is magnificent, but it does not approximate to any decent conception of art and its ethics. Alas, however, for unimpeachable records, this sycophantic process is in many cases eminently successful, if we judge success purely from the material side. What matters it if the artist

forfeit his artistic conscience and the respect of finer natures, if by aid of such devices he may capture the unwary, and by despoiling the Philistine maintain his garage well stocked with superior makes and have the monthly privilege of handing a hundred-dollar bill to his accomplished cook as well as a handsome commission to those who have assisted in his schemes.

As the painter by the unavoidable dictates of nature must of necessity reveal his own character in his work, it is easy to perceive why so many portraits that one confronts are nothing but enlarged photographs fried in pigment. The serious portraitist who entertains a fitting respect for himself and his art will not condescend to any such tricks of the trade. Far from helping the cause of art, such a hostess is the greatest impediment to-day in America and in other countries as well. The artist should by all means be sociable but should never allow such instincts to act as pushers to his artistic career. The portraitist who cannot "win out" by the reputation his exhibited pictures procure for him will never attain actual success by other means.

Of course, what is said of the social afternoon has no reference to the commissioned portrait which automatically passes from the easel into its new home and would never be seen if not by invitation of the artist or the sitter. That is a very different case, and many a good portraitist would meet with but little recognition if he were not to follow this practise, especially as many people who order portraits require them at once and would not wish to have them publicly displayed. The lady, however, who "sits" in the manner described would be more profitably employed in laundry or department store, for art needs no such patronage. W. H. DE B. N.

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF FINE AND APPLIED ART

THEIR spring exhibition was installed this year at the galleries of the Art Alliance of America as an art exhibit along practical lines, instead of as an amateur school exhibit attempting to show the work of every individual student. This inaugurated a new policy in the art school exhibition.

The first day of the exhibition was dedicated to the Red Cross and fifty cents admission charged, resulting in a fund of about \$500, which was turned over to the Art War Relief Committee as an immediate contribution to the Red Cross fund.

**3^e EMPRUNT
DE LA DÉFENSE NATIONALE**

Souscrivez



*pour la France qui combat !
pour Celle qui chaque jour grandit.*

POSTERS AND WAR WORK:
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
BY HELEN WRIGHT

THE great overwhelming disaster that enshrouds the world is not to be without some compensating results. These may seem insignificant before the appalling suffering of humanity and the great loss of life and beautiful works of art—yet they *will* become of imperishable value to the world—to a world of higher, more ennobling ideals, a world of greater development in science, a world richer in art and letters.

Signs of this have already been revealed, and by another generation, perhaps, we will not

realise that the great war has been the stimulating impetus—but so it will be.

In literature—in poetry in particular—some gems of lasting endurance have been produced. The development in art is yet to show significant beginnings of important possibilities. A flood of posters and lithographs has suddenly appeared, of great virility, depth of feeling and sentiment. Sometimes this sentiment is expressed in bitterness with a sting that carries potency to the cause of democracy and humanity. Again it will manifest itself in a most tender and touching phase with equally convincing purpose. This will all unfold later in painting, architecture and sculpture in refined and chastened form.

Exhibits of posters and lithographs by American and foreign artists and sketches made by soldiers at the front have been held in many cities. It seems appropriate that the Government, in the halls of the Library of Congress, should make a specially fine showing of these pictures that have patriotism and the call to arms

for their theme. For the first time War has called Art to the service of Finance. Finance has often enough been called upon to help Art!

Artists have made graphic the reasons for supporting the country—because it is in danger, because men are leaving their wives and children, because sons are leaving their mothers—for defense against attack, bombardment, fire and murder. They show very plainly that war can not be made without money, that necessities of the combatants must be made or purchased.

The two largest one-man shows are the cartoons by Louis Raemackers, the Hollander, and the *War Work* by our own artist, Joseph Pennell. In addition to these are many posters by Eng-

Posters and War Work: Library of Congress

lish, French, Polish, Russian and Serbian artists.

Louis Raemaekers' influence on the minds of men by his inspired drawings has been practically world-wide. Some one has said that "by his genius his pencil has become a sceptre. He has revealed to the allied nations the true significance of the successive acts of German infamy and helped to harden them to fight the war to the end. The greatness of Raemaekers rests in the fact that he combines all qualities, fervour for the right and a burning indignation against wrong, imagination and artistic power and, not least, an insight which would have made him a brilliant writer if he had not been an artist."

He was working quietly in the peaceful old town of Haarlem when the war broke out. His cartoons first appeared in the Amsterdam *Telegraaf*, and within a year they caught the attention of the world to such an extent that Germany placed a price upon his head, \$10,000 it is said, but, as may be imagined, Raemaekers considers the price embarrassingly low!

His work has appeared regularly in the London *Daily Mail*, *Le Journal* of Paris, as well as in the *Weekly Dispatch* and every week in *Land and Water*, while exhibitions of his drawings have been held in the cities of France, Great Britain, Spain, Italy and the United States.

Pamphlets containing selected drawings have been issued by the million, the text in all tongues, not excepting German and Turkish, and special cartoons have been reproduced on post-cards and lantern films beyond all computation in numbers.

His drawings, most of them in beautiful colour, depict with vividness the atrocities in Belgium, the horror of deportation and enforced labour and all the miseries suffered by France.

He has made inimitable cartoons of the Kaiser and the Crown Prince, drawings of the poilu as a hero and others of infinite tenderness, and he has used Biblical and religious themes as one medium to express his loathing of German godlessness.

An edition de luxe—*The Great War in 1916*, a neutral's indictment—containing sixty cartoons, has been issued by the London Fine Arts Society, and the Century Company has produced a sumptuous edition, published in two volumes, with a foreword by Theodore Roosevelt and an introduction by H. Perry Robinson.

Twenty-four lithographs by the Frenchman, Lucien Jonas—*Les Grandes Vertus Françaises*—show the noble qualities of the French. They

are very fine in drawing and subject, and depict the French soldier under fire, as a sentinel, in the hospital, and as a prisoner—all affecting and heart-stirring scenes.

In one of his drawings a German is holding a pistol at a prisoner's head while the Frenchman declares bravely: "I will tell nothing!" The Frenchman is already badly wounded, his head and arm are bandaged, but his bravery is undaunted; neither threats nor suffering will make him sacrifice his precious country.

August Leroux, the illustrator, strikes a new note in the "*Je Emprunt de la Défense Nationale*." The departing soldier holds high a lovely boy, who clings affectionately with encircling arms; seated at the left, in a delicate sketch, scarcely indicated, is the mother nursing a tiny baby.

Poullbot has made several striking posters full of sentiment as well as humour. One shows the soldier on his way to join his regiment, waving a farewell to his wife and children, who cling to her skirts, the little girl holding a small flag, her brother standing sturdily looking on.

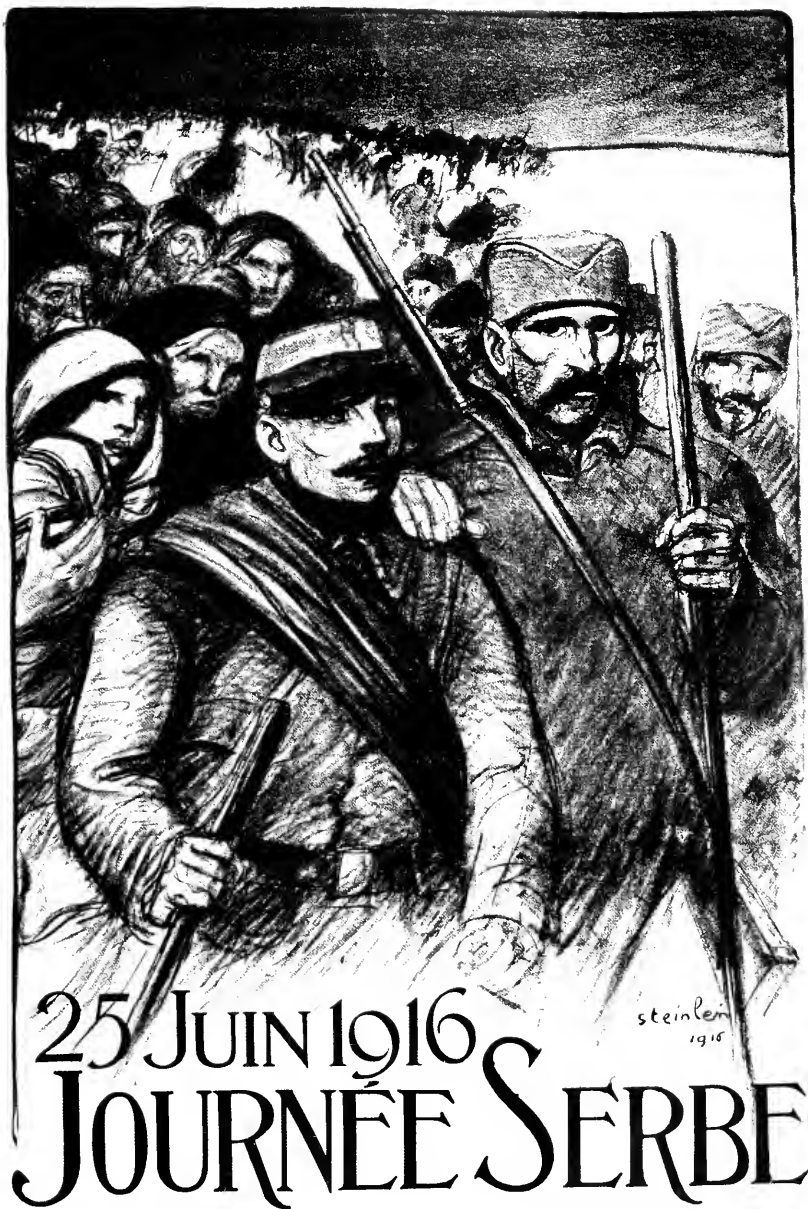
Another charming drawing by the same artist for the *Journée de Paris* represents an exquisite little girl holding a doll dressed as a soldier, badly wounded and bandaged. Her poodle sits by, a small dish held in his mouth, extended for coin. His attitude is one of intense excitement, eager to do his part.

Country, war, heroism, abnegation—all the virtues of the French race in peril, who defends herself by every means in her possession—by the arms of her sons, by the savings of the old people, and the courage of all—are here depicted.

Théophile Steinlen, a Swiss called the "Millet of the Streets," stands first among these foreign artists in his portrayal of the suffering brought on by war. His posters are the most dramatic, and at the same time the most touching.

He saw for himself the retreat by way of Switzerland. When Germany became tired of seeing her victims dying, she sent them back. Steinlen, in his picture *The Return from Jail*, depicts the women and children who had been driven with blows of the rifle, returned pale and emaciated, having tasted of every suffering.

He is always on the side of justice, and Haldane MacFall speaks of Steinlen as being "the voice of Paris, the poet of the people, a man whose achievement is the greatest in all France; a man who has bettered the world, lifted his generation



LAPINA I/P. PARIS

1918. 100% LA GUERRE DE 1914-1918. 100% BORDO

JOURNÉE DE PARIS

AU PROFIT DES
ŒUVRES DE GUERRE
DE L'HÔTEL DE VILLE

14 JUILLET 1917



girl in various attitudes of entreaty or appeal are the favourite themes so far. There are a number that show good draughtsmanship, but they do not compare with the work of the foreigners. Perhaps we are not close enough to the great conflict; the suffering has not yet gripped our hearts and fired our pencils and brushes!

Joseph Pennell's *War Work* stands apart. The Library shows a complete collection of the work in England, as well as in this country. These remarkable lithographs give us, as H. G. Wells says, "The splendours and immensities of forge, gun-pit, furnace and mine-shaft. He shows how great they are and how terrible. Through all these pictures runs one present motif, the motif of the supreme effort of Western civilisation to save itself and the world from the dominance of the reactionary German imperialism that has seized the weapons and resources of modern science."

There are a few strong Russian posters, but it is impossible to enumerate so large and varied an exhibition.

But the necessity has revived and stimulated the almost lost poster art, which a number of years ago held a distinct and important place.

and brought honour to his great people." His understanding, commiseration and sympathy with the poor is constantly expressed in his art, so naturally the war and its attendant tragedies appealed to him strongly. Some one has said that he was born a draughtsman and did not become one, as his grandfather was a painter who had nine sons all more or less successful designers and painters.

The Library collection possesses several of his posters. *Journée Serbe* (1916) shows a crowd of Serbian refugees marching with stern and suffering expressions on their faces.

The list of French poster makers includes Leroux, Redon, Faivre, Besnard, and others.

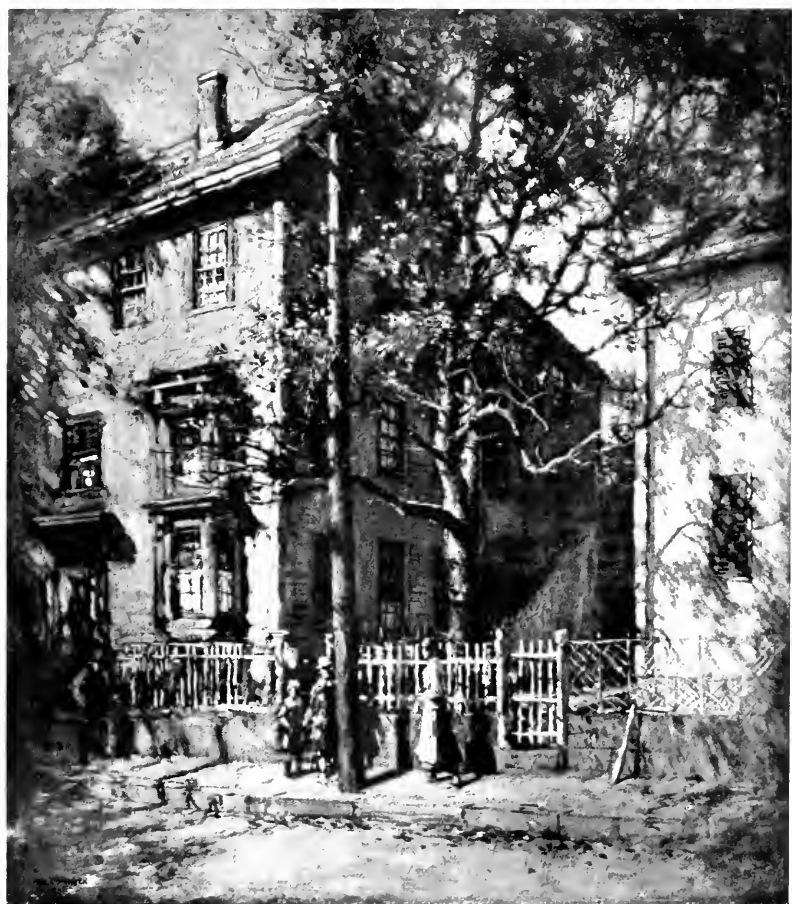
The appeal to the youth of Great Britain and to the United States was made through dramatic composition and colour.

The English are well represented. Edgar Wright has made some good Y. M. C. A. posters—a *Motor Kitchen*, *A Dugout in France*, also a Y. M. C. A. hospital.

The work of the American artists in this field for the most part lacks originality and imagination. Uncle Sam, Liberty, a soldier, and a pretty

EMPRUNT DE DÉFENSE NATIONALE





Exhibited at the Winter Academy, New York 1917-1918

THE OLD GREEN HOUSE
BY PAUL CORNOYER

The Decorative Point of View

SOME PHASES OF THE DECORATIVE POINT OF VIEW BY ROY F. COYLE

ONE would naturally suppose that a knowledge of the creative work of the past would be regarded as a national necessity in the development of character. But that the reverse is most generally accepted as true is attested by the multitude of expressions of opinion from educators. The classics are being gradually dropped from the curricula of universities. Every day one hears demands that young men and young women shall be taught only those facts which will be useful to them in the rather dull business of achieving material success. It would seem to be lacking somewhat in discrimination to begin our history with the Declaration of Independence, and yet that method of considering the subject is just as logical as the consideration of art without a knowledge of the classics. A library that put a ban upon the literature of the past would exclude those great minds that have linked us with eternity. The elimination of the classics from art and literature prevents the moral and intellectual development of the individual and hence of society. On the other hand, irrational and excessive application to the classics results in mental atrophy. In a word, there is no past or present. Time is. There is nothing on earth more modern than the Sermon on the Mount. The quip of the baths of Caracalla is the jest of to-day—the strategy of Thermopylae becomes the tactics of Verdun—Greek fire and Teuton gas are equally up to date. So also art cannot be arbitrarily divided into that which is and that which is past. The designs of the Persian potters of the twelfth century are the designs of Matisse. "The creative work and activities of to-day have as much authority as those of any age." We do not compare with the past in a superior or inferior degree; we are different. The art of the past is not in conflict with the art of the present. Neither are they isolated facts of aesthetic achievement. Art has a more comprehensive meaning than this. "It is the significant and concrete human expression of the period from which it evolved and embodies the spirit and condition of its time."

Yet, curiously enough, although a knowledge of the classics, that is to say, of the authoritative works of the past, is deemed unnecessary, there is a great deal of evidence that we are very

decidedly in their thrall, and there even seems to be a steadily growing deference to anything sufficiently old to have become decrepit. There has grown up a group of people who cannot be happy with anything so recently produced as the work of their own generation. Perhaps this is because we are really conscious of our shortcomings in this matter of sufficient education and have an unadmitted desire to appear sophisticated. That is to say, that, "being all front and no back" so far as art is concerned, we insist upon putting the emphasis upon the front. Of course, that is really intellectual snobbishness combined with laziness of the worst sort. But, whatever may be the psychology, the condition is clear enough. Object to a certain combination of materials or colours and the ready decorator who, if he is clever, is enough of a psychologist to play upon his client's weakness will answer, "Oh, but *they* did that, you know." "*They*" may be anybody from Adam of Eden to Adam of Adelphi Terrace so long as the name is one which has come down to us with authority. This tendency is developed, logically enough, in the so-called period rooms, in which the only period properly applied would be a full stop, and in which faked antiques stand shamelessly as evidence of mental laziness, bad taste, and the vulgar love of display.

The interior of a house is the clearest possible index to the character of the inhabitants, and this despite the fact that there may be discerned in the furnishings the finger of the professional decorator. So here this curiously anomalous condition is revealed in all of its tawdriness—the insufficient knowledge of the antique ranged with a slavish devotion to it. I have in mind one very large house which entailed the expenditure of a fabulous sum of money. It consists in general of a series of rooms grouped about a great central court. Each of these rooms was taken bodily from some stately old house (foreign, of course) and transported to America and set down again. It would have been bad enough if the rooms had all come from one house originally, but they are from different houses and of different periods of design. If art is, as we have said, an expression of the period from which it is evolved, this house is the expression of its owner's notion that the mere possession of money and power together with its vulgar display set him apart from the rest of his fellow men on a plane some-

what higher. I am thankful for the separation. This house is, and I use the adjective after mature deliberation, the most immoral house ever built. It is not honest—it is not a home—it is not even a decent museum; it is a monument to colossal vulgarity.

This furiously enthusiastic adoration of the antique has carried people into the most absurd extravagances. We have seen oak panelling which seems to smack of sack and old leather, and which still bears the ostensible traces of the heavy heels of the cavaliers, placed side by side with delicate Aubusson in which the perfume of the powder of some Watteau shepherdess still lingers. We may walk through houses and by the mere passage of a door be thrust suddenly from one century and one nation into an entirely different era and amongst a people whose language we cannot even remotely understand.

Now all of this is not in the least to say that there are not many people of taste who have assembled antique pieces in groups which have not only had charm but the purest kind of beauty. But in these cases there is always some relationship to be found between the items—something of colour or line or feeling which binds them into one harmonious unity, and this careful and selective juxtaposition of apparently unrelated pieces gains from this harmony a piquance which is often unattainable otherwise.

There are those amongst us, on the other hand, who begin the first chapter of their histories with an account of the New Year's celebration of this year. For them there is no virtue in any period, there is no beauty in any work which is not at least as recent as the day after to-morrow. These people, not realising that throughout the course of the years art has developed for itself a medium of expression, a code, so to speak, which is very easy to learn and through which it may reach the greatest number, have separated themselves wilfully from the past and are dexterously balancing in space at the tip of a slender needle, in which precarious position they are swayed hither and thither by every wind that blows. It was these reckless spirits who gave to us the marvellous art of the modern German school, who furnished us with the neo-Gothic atrocities, and the madness of the Eastlake school, and who had more than a hand in the new art whose banality for a time hypnotised even Paris.

Dress is the most ephemeral thing in the world

and its design need not be taken too seriously; but when certain decorators who have entered the game as one writer has expressed it "via the millinery route" attempt to fasten the same kind of restlessness and purely commercial uncertainty upon interior decoration, we are moved to instant and sharp protest. The thing which has once been beautiful will always be beautiful, and it doesn't matter a bit whether they are using a great deal of enamel this year or whether everything is being done in stripes. If people could realise it, that sort of thing is merely a more or less clumsily evolved trick to stimulate buying. Just now we are in a frenzy of admiration for almost any kind of an antique or near antique of the Spanish and Italian Renaissance. Three or four years ago we were "doing" Georgian rooms. There is nothing and there probably never will be anything like the furniture and the architecture that was produced in our black walnut period. Material, lines, masses and colours were tortured until they screamed, and the culmination was reached when under the influence of a very great architect Romanesque architecture became a fad and furnished an excuse for covering articles of furniture with bandsawed decoration gyrating in drunken ecstasy in every conceivable direction. But it was all very fashionable. Just as the puritanism of the Reformation was followed by a reaction of fearful immorality, and just as this period of immorality gave way in turn to a period of strictest discipline, so this immorality of design gave place to a period in which simplicity was made to include all of the virtues and exclude all of the vices—a period in which poverty of imagination became synonymous with good design. So, having carefully laid the ghost of our once fashionable mission furniture, we are now once more being attracted by the richer designs and colours of the Spanish and Italian Renaissance.

Now one would accept these fallacies with the greatest good-will in the world if it were not for the fact that they constitute an embarrassment to the contemporary worker. They are more, they are deterrent factors. Clear-thinking, sincere men cannot work happily in the manner of an older generation nor are they content to stultify their manhood by imitation, let alone reproduction. They realise keenly the debt which they owe to the past and they are keen to carry on the traditions—but to express their

The Decorative Point of View

own time. They can not understand how beauty may be made subject to the caprice of fashion.

So this is my plea for the sincere worker of our own time. As for me, I glory in this age of ours; I love even its shortcomings; I see great bronze groups in its colossal engineering operations; I thrill to the romance of its fiery chariots and its legions of devils. Its hives of cities, its restless surge of life, its dramatic contrast all clamour for expression. It is an age which should produce tremendous monuments. The producer must live by virtue of the fact that his product is in demand and has a certain market value. All the idealism in the world will not clothe one child. It is all very well to sneer at commercialism as applied to art, but it is highly necessary to the artist's self-respect. Unless the demand is for the beautiful it will not be produced. The Parthenon was not the product of a group of individuals but of an entire nation, and because the nation fed and clothed and housed its artists.

There are two factors which determine the character of any manufactured article—technique and design. A proper standard demands that balanced excellence be accomplished in both of these factors. A table poorly designed but excellently made is only less pitiful than a chair excellently designed and poorly made. Either one is only half of a completed job. So, too, the matter of material, the selection of which properly comes under the head of technique, must be given thoughtful study. To make an elaborately designed and carefully considered chest of poplar or other soft wood is to belittle the completed work before it is well begun. To attempt to duplicate in platinum work which is more easily and better done in silver is a species of vulgarity.

As far as technique is concerned, our contemporary furniture has a tremendous advantage over that of our forefathers. The first modern improvement in method came in the matter of mechanical saws. There is a notion current that all old panelling was made of riven, that is split and hewn, planks. But saws came very early into use. The only difference between hand sawing and machine sawing is that in the latter process the rapidly revolving saw slightly burns the wood as it cuts through, a phenomenon much more clearly to be observed in hard than in soft woods. There are thus left a series of parallel circular scars on the surface which the ordinary process of scraping and sandpapering does not

remove. These marks are invisible on finished work, and only sensitive and highly trained fingers can detect them, although on this evidence many a lurking counterfeit antique has been tried and condemned. There are machines for dovetailing, the process of joining two boards at right angles in such a way that more or less triangular pieces of one board interlock with similar pieces of another. All properly built drawers are dovetailed. There is a remarkable machine for cutting mortises for mortise and tenon joints. This is the joint used in your doors, where the perpendicular and horizontal framing members join. There are mechanical drills, sandpapering machines, planing machines, stickers and shapers. Almost every laborious operation of preparation may be performed by machinery and the result is always more exact than by any manual methods. But the assembling, the joinery, is still and probably always will be done by hand.

What have we lost here and what have we gained? We have gained in speed and accuracy. That means that our furniture is better mechanically—that, if made of proper material properly seasoned, it should be much sturdier and last longer. Moreover, it can be much more cheaply produced.

We have lost what is vaguely termed the human element, the imperfect perfection, the slight and yet interesting variation which gives character to the pieces of Heppelwhite, Shearer and others. This is a real loss, but stop for a minute. Which is more sincere—to take the machine-made article—to let time add all the character it can (and rest assured it will) and to call it what it is; or to take the same piece, bury it, and dig it up again, cover it with dust and then fasten the dust on, high-light it, file it, burn it with acid, shoot it full of minute shot-holes (and call them worm-holes) and then call it an antique? If the human element is desired, it is eminently possible to have pieces made throughout by hand and by one man to-day at prices even slightly less than the older cabinet-makers received, and there are just as capable artisans to produce them. But I don't believe that even the most fastidious would be impractical enough to accept the difference in cost.

The after-treatment or finish of our furniture should also be considered under technique. The methods followed to-day are about the same as formerly. It is becoming difficult to obtain

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certain resins, but there are efficient substitutes. The patine which old pieces properly handled have gained is a thing of joy. But it can be so accurately imitated that only the initiated can distinguish the imposition—that is, if you can justify the imitation.

Contemporary furniture in technique yields to no period. But what about design? Whatever change there is seems to be most decidedly for the better. Furniture designers are studying the antique more closely and are obtaining an improved standard. Of course, the reason is not far to seek. Photography and rapid transit have laid before men the riches of all time. People are consequently demanding better things. Still some men to-day are designing furniture along established lines but which are nevertheless expressive of the present. Frank Brangwyn and several British contemporaries are pioneers. In America half-a-dozen men at the heads of designing departments in great factories may challenge comparison with Boulle, Heppelwhite, Sheraton, Robert Adam, and the rest.

Next to furniture, the most important item in the furnishing of homes is the textile group, including carpets, window hangings, and sometimes wall hangings. Machine work is stronger and more uniform than hand work. Modern machine-woven chenille Axminster rugs will outwear any hand-tufted carpet, Oriental or European. Of course, there again enters the consideration of the human element, but I am not led astray by sentimentalism, even though sympathetic with it. Aside from fabrication of textiles, there is also colouring in the yarn or in the piece. In spite of Ruskin's condemnation of modern dyestuffs, there never was such a wide range of beautiful colours nor such permanent dyes both as regards exposure to light and to washing prior to August, 1914. Indigo and Turkey red, with a number of hitherto unknown related dyestuffs, have been made in the laboratory, identical in chemical character with the vegetable dyestuffs but of a purity which their cruder prototypes never achieved. Even Tyrean purple, that almost priceless dyestuff of the Romans, has been produced synthetically—but its resultant colour is so poor as compared with modern dyes that it is not profitable to manufacture it commercially. There are a whole series of dyes for silk and wool which, while not as permanent as the dyes already mentioned, are permanent enough for all practical purposes.

Then there are plenty of cheap and evanescent dyes with which you are familiar. These dyestuffs are widely used for two reasons: they are cheap and it isn't good merchandising to sell textiles which will never require renewal. People have grown so accustomed to sighing for those wonderful old vegetable dyes which were so fast and so soft in colour, and have so long thought it impossible to get their equals that they have meekly accepted the inferior goods, and it has made good business for the manufacturer of dyed goods. Of course, conditions just at the moment are not good. The best dyes are almost prohibitive in price. I have a recent quotation from New York of sixty dollars a pound for one dyestuff. But this condition will pass, and when it does you will have the best dyes the world ever saw, if you'll only insist upon getting them.

Dyes have been applied to textiles in a multitude of ways. Dipping an entire piece of material into the dye-pot naturally produces a uniform colour. If portions of the material are so treated that the dye is prevented from acting on them, patterns will result. So far as I know, no new technical methods of using dyes to produce patterns have been evolved in modern times, but several ancient processes have been revived, such as tie-dyeing and batik.

Tie-dyeing, practised in Ceylon and adjacent countries time out of mind, consists in tying the fabric in certain places so tightly with loops of thread or string that no dye can penetrate to it. Amazingly intricate patterns were developed with these little spots and rings of colour. Often a tiny stick of wood like a match-stick or a toothpick was used as a core and the material drawn smartly around the fold which was made by the fabric. After immersion in the dye the result was an irregular ring of undyed material. Sometimes an object as large as a marble may be tied in, and in this case the ring will be much larger, of course. Batik, which is a process native to Java, consists in tracing a pattern in wax upon fabric, afterwards immersing the whole in dye. After removal of the wax, the portions which were left clear are of course dyed and the remainder is undyed. By careful arrangement and by successive dyeings, patterns and designs of almost any sort may be produced.

Commercial fabrics are mostly reproductions, largely due to the vogue of "period furnishings" in which reproductions were the only logical

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things to use. But ever since the time of William Morris and Walter Crane there have been a host of designers of textiles whose products will challenge comparison with the work of any period. In the field of so-called craftwork—batik, tie-dyeing, embroidering, block printing, and stenciling—the revival of the textile arts is even more marked. Even tapestry weaving, which is so closely allied to painting, seems about to come into its own again. Here at least you must have modern productions almost entirely, and you may buy and use the fabrics presented to you with the greatest confidence that you are getting at least the equal of anything the world has ever had to offer.

For a century and more we have had a plethora of easel paintings, incidental pictures painted in an individualistic frenzy without reference to their ultimate destination or to any conditions of colour or light or space. If one is lucky enough to own a really fine painting, he should by all means use it in his decorative scheme. Wonderful rooms have been built around one glorious old masterpiece. But in the main it would be much better if certain axial and focal points, which it might seem desirable to enrich more especially, should have paintings (or hangings) designed definitely for them. The Greeks, the Romans, the Italians, all found wall paintings desirable. The Greeks and Romans used them in their homes, but the practise has never been common since, except for a brief period in France. Surely there is no better way to emphasise the charm of a chimney-piece or to lend dignity to the long axis of a room or a hall than to have some painting rich in colour and generous in design which will be a definite factor of the architectural setting and not a mere incidental thing hanging at an impossible angle from spindling wires.

As far as technical methods are concerned, our ground is much less certain here than in the matter of furniture and textiles. There have been treatises enough upon the technique of painting, but none of them are sufficiently exact to enable us to duplicate with any certainty the methods of the old masters. It is clear enough, however, that the colour of all paintings over one hundred years old has changed and in some instances the change has been very considerable. The *Mona Lisa*, for instance, is very little more than a monochrome, and yet Vasari writes enthusiastically of the freshness of this portrait and speaks particu-

larly of the delicate carmines of the lips and cheeks. This change in the reds is the most common of all. The bold restorer who wishes to rejuvenate a painting always begins with the reds. He puts red on the lips, on the cheeks and on the draperies. Good people who are fond of chattering about art always speak of the wonderful reds of the old masters. As a matter of fact these venerable reds are seldom older than the eighteenth century, and in most cases younger even than their admirers. There are records piled upon records of expenses incurred both for the purchase of colour and for the payment of labour in such restoration in the finest and oldest galleries. In fact, the problem of a permanent red has been reserved as a triumph for modern chemistry. The old madder reds which disappear entirely in time and the old mercuric vermilion which oxidises and turns black have given way to our modern cadmium reds which are so new that few painters know of their existence. They are, however, absolutely safe in all combinations and absolutely permanent.

Certainly in the matter of pigments we are just as well off, and in the case of reds infinitely better off than painters of other times. In our method of using our colours, in our craftsmanship, we have just as certainly suffered from the effects of our individualism. The artist hopes to sell his painting some day, but he has no definite commission to execute and no definite responsibility to discharge. As a result his technique has been careless, he has often less knowledge of the infinite vagaries of paint than the average capable journeyman house painter. If he were commissioned to deliver a certain decoration at a certain time and if he were as closely bound as a structural contractor to execute his work with due regard to its permanence, he would promptly begin to school himself in the practise of his craft.

In the matter of design, which is the soul of the art of painting, we have also suffered from this too much individualism. Ralph Adams Cram, writing in a recent number of the *Atlantic*, says that the last century has produced no great art of any kind. Perhaps he is right. Men have been so wrapped and enraptured in expressing themselves, their own petty emotions and reflexes, that they have been unable to express the infinitely greater thing which is their period. It is a most wonderful experience to go out on a glorious day with a sketch-box and to let the

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brush find its own way over the canvas until it has expressed all that the great out-of-doors means to one *personally*, individually, in emotional experience. But what does the result count for propped against the base of the Parthenon. We have been looking *in* too much, and not *out* enough. Our vision has been too personal, too petty. Gradually art has become a cult, an esoteric circle. We take ourselves too seriously and our art not seriously enough. We pretend to release it from the shackles of commercialism and then we try to sell our paintings by devious methods. The layman has aided and abetted the painter. He has been ashamed to confess the superficial nature of his emotional equipment and so he has pretended to understand the cryptic message of the painter. He has rather enjoyed having his artists eccentric, and so they have exaggerated their eccentricity and called it temperament. In a word, art has come upon sorry days. It must be born again.

Your furniture designer, your textile designer, your painter—all of these men's brains function after the same manner. But progress along so extended a front never proceeds equally. Just now, when the textile designers seem to be on the verge of a renaissance, and when the furniture designers are waking up, the painters seem still asleep. But it is all the same. They are all waiting for the sympathy of a public, not for the insincere patronage, nor always for dollars, but for that warmer positive thing. Here they are, the technical secrets of the ages at their fingertips, equipped with tools and materials as men never were before. They are eager to spend themselves fully and entirely, but there is only a limited minority who will find martyrdom a sufficient inducement for continuing to follow the hard paths of their ideals. Without a response from the purchasing public, which is the determining factor, the fire of Prometheus will die at the end of the divine torch for want of fuel to perpetuate it.

How often have we gone into houses designed and decorated after the French styles! As far as I have been able to observe, the French do not live in their homes. Their walls are intended not as friendly protectors and comforters but as backgrounds for entertaining. From the ornate pompousness of Louis XIV to the over-refined delicacy of Louis XVI, the French home had little in common with California life in the twentieth

century. Then why cling to the formulæ of the French? It only results in tying the hands of the men who are called in to execute the work. The Englishman's home is his castle. Every lady has her drawing-room, every man his library or smoking-room. Neither one is remotely like the American living-room, nor adapted to its uses. So why insist that the designer attempt to project himself into the time of George II and so adapt the methods of that day as to meet our problems.

We have really more in common with the early Italian type of decoration, but even here we are stretching the rope of our limitations to the extreme of possibility. It would be a far better thing humbly and earnestly to work out our own salvation. Mistakes will be made. Let us be willing to make mistakes, and correct them cheerfully. No matter the outcome, there will remain the inexpressible thrill which follows any effort of sincerity. Be sincere. After that be fearless. One should not be afraid of a beautifully balanced asymmetrical arrangement.

The designer must bring taste and knowledge. There was a time in France when the entire nation was filled with a furor of religion. All thought of the individual, all consideration was merged into one great romantic tide of worship and adoration for the Virgin. To make fitting houses for the celebration of her rites, all artists, all craftsmen, all workers of any kind, were gladly united into one great army of endeavour. Those who wrought in stone built lofty vaults with buttresses flying out to take the thrust. Fabricators of glass threw all of their jewel-dust into the melting-pots to make windows so that the light within the vaults might be rich in colour. Cunning artificers of iron wrought marvelous screens, sculptors coaxed the stone into fairy beauty, painters laid out great sermons in water-colour. And when they were done the king and the people who had banded together to make it all possible realised that they too, the purchasing public, had a share in the glory. They were co-creators. In the cathedrals of France we have another great epoch in history. All the cunning of the years, all the technical processes of time are at our disposal. Even the altar fire of art still burns. Is the next century to be barren of achievement, is the flame to flicker feebly, almost gutter out, or is there to be a new chapter written which will be a fitting sequel to that of the cathedrals?



Exhibited at the Allied Artists of America, 1918
SICILIAN BANDIT

BY HOWARD L. HILDEBRANDT

IN THE GALLERIES

THE position of the artist when his country is at war is unique in this conflict. In former periods he waited quietly till the strife ceased, and then painted canvases, carved statues, and designed triumphal arches and other structures to commemorate heroes or events. To-day he is doing more than his "bit" in helping his country win the war. Through the medium of the cartoon, he rouses man's indignation against ravages committed by a heartless foe; by means of posters, he makes a wide appeal for the conservation of food and the financial support necessary for victory; by his solution of problems in camouflage, he aids immensely at the battle-front; finally, by means of realistic paintings, he helps in the training of artillerymen. This sentiment, expressed by several speakers, was aptly summed up by Mr. Charles R. Lamb at the dinner of the Municipal Art Society on April 24th, in the galleries of the National Arts Club.

None the less the artist to-day occupies a precarious position. He may do all this patriotic

work and more, but if he ventures out to make sketches, he is at the mercy of any village policeman who bids him "move on" or go to the captain for permission to continue his questionable pursuit. The captain regards the matter from the lofty planes of departmental intelligence or lack of it, promises to attend to the matter and the artist can pack up his things, forfeit his day and depart. This should not be. Why not let the artists register and if duly accredited they should be given general permits to draw and paint where and what they will, with the understanding that the abuse of the privilege would cancel the permit besides exposing them to prosecution. It is undoubtedly to the advantage of the country to humour and not impede the artist when legitimately occupied.

The art season is now in its last gasps and little remains but poorly attended summer exhibitions which the principal dealers lavishly provide. This is really the time to enjoy pictures, nobody jostling you and uttering loud and ill-digested comments upon the different canvases. The Macbeth Galleries above and below are well stocked



A PORTRAIT
BY LEOPOLD G. SEYFFERT

In the Galleries



Exhibited at the Allied Artists of America, 1915

AUTUMN WOODS

BY FRANCIS R. DIXON

with excellent examples of such prominent men in art as Childe Hassam, Alden Weir and Emil Carlsen.

The Independents have once more come and departed. In a convenient site on 42nd Street large business spaces were obtained and cubicled off into numerous compartments to satisfy the alphabetical requirements of A and Z. In such a welter of good, bad and indifferent, the conclusion arrived at coincides with last year's, namely, that alphabetical hanging is suicide and that a picture afraid to face a jury should be afraid to face the public. One cannot enjoy good pictures in evil or adverse surroundings. As previously, most, if not all, of the good things are by artists who are quite able to risk trial by jury at any first-rate exhibition. A piece of statuary by the Russian sculptor, V. R. Sosvice, representing a life-size figure of Eve (see page cxxxv) is a delightful rendering of an old subject and shows fine plastic taste. Ordinarily, Eve as the temptress has one apple as her insignia, but this lady extends one in her right hand whilst the

left conceals a second apple, slightly nibbled, behind her back—a very humorous inference of failure, with the determination to try again.

That veteran artist, Mrs. Coman, now represented at the Brooklyn Museum as well as the Metropolitan, shows a number of characteristic canvases at the Macbeth Galleries. Her sense of space and atmosphere with a beautiful understanding of the relations of blues and greens make her pictures of intimate landscape most attractive. Where other colour schemes are employed, the result is less pleasing.

Visits to the Daniel Gallery, besides affording evidence of excellent work done by some of our more modern painters, fill one with unstinted admiration for a dealer who so whole-heartedly supports a tendency that he believes to be right no matter whether some of his exhibitors are losers, commercially considered. But Mr. Daniel, though quixotic in some directions, counts many tried and successful artists amongst his painter-patrons, such as Marin, Hayley Lever and Lawson.

In the Galleries



Exhibited at the Exhibition of the Independents

EVE

BY V. R. SOSVICE

The Allied Artists for the fourth time have given their annual exhibition, and though it would be beside the mark to refer to it as anything extraordinary, it may still be affirmed that it was an exhibition of merit, excellently hung and full of canvases that would lend distinction to any occasion. The use of the middle gallery for sketches and drawings is exceedingly popular and has helped to make this yearly event a date to look forward to. The Allied Artists are not anarchists or revolutionists but merely a large handful of sincere artists (numbering several Academicians and Associates) who insist upon seeing their pictures hung and suitably hung; tired of the accepted-but-not-hung communication cheerfully accorded them by the Academy of Design, which still persists in maintaining a little gallery totally unsuited to the demands of a metropolis. To stay there is equivalent to running beside a donkey and holding on to its tail instead of vaulting into the saddle.

Division of the twenty-fourth annual exhibition of oil paintings at the Philadelphia Art Club into

three periods, the current one being the third, has proved a success judging from the attendance reported to be very gratifying in spite of war excitements of various kinds going on outside and the rival attraction of the annual show at the Pennsylvania Academy. Invited works, some fifty of them, mainly by well-known artists, with a scattering of others by the cadets of the profession, gave unusual interest to the collection open from May 4th to May 16th. Notably clever among the work of the younger painters was Robert Susan's portrait of his wife; a portrait of a lady, *K. B.*, by Margaret F. Richardson, and *On the Terrace, Portrait of Jack* by Juliet White Gross. The ever-changing colour and movement



PORTRAIT OF
LIEUT. SANTIAGO CAMPUZANO

BY ARTHUR R.
FREEDLANDER



Exhibited at the Allied Artists of America, 1918

MISSSES ELIZABETH AND LILLIAN FRASER

BY JULIO KILENYI

of shipping *From Foreign Ports* was the theme of Alice Worthington Ball's fine canvas. Fred Wagner sent a convincing work in his *Train Shed*, and Elizabeth F. Washington had a good atmospheric *Landscape*. Robert Henri's *Little Indian* was strong and true to the character, and Walter Ufer's figures about *The Mexican Well* formed a picturesque group.

The honour of being the first Chicagoans to be represented by exhibitions of their work at the Arts Club of Chicago belongs to Emil Zettler, sculptor, and Jerome Blum, painter. Mr. Zettler's figure of *Job* was awarded the Potter Palmer gold medal and \$1,000 at the annual exhibition of American artists in the Art Institute a year ago. This was the first time that this important prize had been given for a work of sculpture and to a Western artist. The verdict in favour of Mr. Zettler's *Job*, as being the best art work of the exhibition in any medium, was rendered by a jury of painters and sculptors of national reputation.

This figure of *Job*, in coloured plaster, was a feature of the recent exhibition at the Arts Club.

Among the paintings and sculptures by members of the Graphic Sketch Club on view May 11th to June 2d should be mentioned Cesar Ricciardi's *Portraits of Mrs. Whitney and Daughter* and a group of nudes in an Arcadian landscape painted by Joseph B. Grossman and entitled *The Bathers*. *The New Boulevar*d by Paulette van Rockens; *Old Houses*, *Addingham* by Ricciardi; *Man Chiselling His Own Destiny* by Alvin Polasck; *Bessie*, a girl's head by L. Maraffi, and *Whistling Willie* by Nicholas Romano were among the interesting works of sculpture.

ADVICE ON PAINTINGS.

Mr. Raymond Wyer, who is a recognised authority, will give special attention to letters addressed to this magazine under the above heading.

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